

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

OCTOBER, 1837.

From the Retrospective Review.

MEMOIRS OF PHILIP DE COMINES.

The Memoirs of Philip de Comines: containing the History of Lewis XI. and Charles VIII. of France, and of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, to which Prince he was Secretary: as also the History of Edward IV. and Henry VII. of England; including that of Europe for almost half the Fifteenth Century; with a Supplement, as also several original Treaties, Notes and Observations. And lastly, the Secret History of Lewis XI. out of a book called "The Scandalous Chronicle," and the Life of the Author prefixed to the whole, with Notes upon it, by the famous Sleidan. Faithfully translated from the Edition of Monsieur Godefroy, Historiographer Royal of France. To which are added, Remarks on all the Occurrences relating to England. By Mr. Uvedale. London, 1712.

Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, Edward IV. of England, Francis of Bretagne, "the best humored Prince in the world," are personages who possess sufficient interest, to render us willing to endure for a short time some acquaintance with* Lewis XI., a king notorious for a bad disposition, an unquiet reign, oppressive to his subjects, and disgraceful to himself, and a penitence awakened rather by personal sufferings, at the close of his career, than the genuine repentance of religious sincerity, and honest remorse.

However difficult it might be to speak of such a man and his measures, with that impartial and calm examination, which should ever influence the historian, we cannot forbear to give our full assent to the character given to Philip de Comines in the preface, after which we shall proceed to the examination of his work methodically.

"He commends no man more for being of his own

family or country; nor the Kings themselves in whose court he had been raised, unless the goodness of their actions could justify his relations, and where they were faulty, he never fails to show it. In a word, he is all over like himself, honest, entire, and faithful as he ought to be; what he says is graceful, and his relations are intermixed with many wise sayings. When he falls upon any thing more than ordinarily remarkable, there is an advertisement to the reader, and particularly to young Princes, to consider it seriously, to have a care of what has proved dishonourable or prejudicial to other people, and when he has done, shows them frankly and generously what is their duty. I would not be thought to have insisted too long upon his praise; what I have said is true, and his Excellence will be better discovered by reading his History, in which it is not to be doubted but that those who peruse it will find in it several important and memorable occurrences; and one may venture to recommend him with the greater confidence, because we find but few that imitate him.

"But besides this character that Sleidan gives him, he has another qualification to recommend him to the favour of an Englishman, and that is, that whenever he has occasion of mentioning the English in his history, he always does it after an honourable manner; and though, indeed, he will not allow us to be as cunning politicians as his own countrymen, yet he gives us the character of being a generous, bold-spirited people, highly commends our constitution, and never conceals the grandeur and magnificence of the English nation."

The "Memoirs" of this faithful and accomplished delineator of "his own times" commence with informing us, "that as soon as he was fit for business, he was presented to Charles, Duke of Burgundy (at that time only Count de Charalois) in 1464." It appears, that within three days after thus entering into the service of this remarkable man, Comines was witness to those conversations between him and other great lords in France, which ended in their declaration of war against Lewis, under pretence of the public good. Our author candidly informs us, that the great personages who assumed this character of philanthropic warriors, had each some private object; some near family connexion to oblige, some insult to revenge, some town to regain, or some debt to insist upon, which were at the bottom very prompting principles of action, in addition to the professed and glorious principle of compelling a tyrannical despot to his

* Lewis the Eleventh was the son of Charles the Fortunate, so named from having expelled the English from his dominions, in which he was greatly assisted by the celebrated Joan of Arc. The rebellious conduct of his son embittered all his latter days, and having discovered that, in conjunction with some malcontents, Lewis had laid a plot to poison him, he abstained from all food six days, and when prevailed upon to take it, expired in consequence.

duty.—In this book, we have a digression, which gives a striking picture of the situation not only of the people of whom it speaks, but of many others who have been afflicted with the government of a warlike prince, who is seldom less "a rod" to his enemies than his friends, as may be proved from "Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

"The subjects of the house of Burgundy lived at that time in great plenty and prosperity, grew proud, and wallowed in riches, by reason of the long peace they had enjoyed, and the goodness of their prince, who laid but few taxes upon them; so that in my judgment, if any country might be called then the Land of Promise, it was his country, which abounded in wealth and repose, more than ever it did since, and it is now three and twenty years since their miseries began. The expenses and habits both of women and men were great and extravagant: their entertainments and banquets more profuse and splendid than in any other place that I ever saw. Their baths and their treats for women, lavish and disorderly, and many times immodest: I speak of women of inferior degree. In short, the subjects of that house were then of opinion no prince was able to cope with them, at least to impoverish them: and now in the whole world I do not know any people so desolate and miserable as they are."

After this war had been carried on with such alternate success, as to leave no increase of power on either side, and to no apparent end, save to prove the personal intrepidity and endurance of the Duke of Burgundy, he concluded peace with the King of France; and the second book commences with showing him engaged in besieging the city of Liege. In this war, Lewis took part, in consequence of which he became a prisoner to the duke in the castle of Peronne, and purchased his liberty by making peace with his conqueror, and turning his arms against his late allies, the Liegeois. Our historian's third book introduces us to the affairs of our own country, the support given by the Duke of Burgundy to Edward IV., whose sister he had married, and the aid privately afforded by Lewis to the Earl of Warwick (the king-maker,) whereby he effected, for a period, the imprisonment of his royal master, and restored the crown to Henry VI. An account is also given of the Earl of Warwick's arrival at Calais, and the conduct of the governor, who opposed his entrance. We here learn, that the court of France used to negotiate then, (as it is well known they have frequently done since) by means of the fair sex, as we are told, that "A lady of quality was employed on business of importance, which she accomplished at last, to the utter destruction of the Earl of Warwick and his party."

"This lady was no fool, nor blab of her tongue; and being allowed the liberty of visiting her mistress, the Dutchess of Clarence, she, for that reason, was employed in this secret, rather than a man. Vaucier was a cunning man, and jealous enough; yet this lady was too hard for him, wheedled him, and carried on her intrigues, till she had effected the ruin of the Earl of Warwick, and all his faction: for which reason 'tis no shame for persons in his condition to be suspicious, and keep a watchful eye over all comers and goers; but 'tis a great disgrace to be circumvented, and out-witted, and to lose any thing through one's own negligence or credulity; however, our suspicions ought to be grounded on some foundation, and not to be entertained on every trivial occasion, for that is as bad the other way."

Comines tells us, "King Edward was not a man of any great management, or foresight, but of an invincible courage, and the most beautiful prince mine eyes ever beheld." And it certainly appears in the course of the fourth book, when this king was reinstated in his throne, and had marched into France to take vengeance on Lewis for the part he had acted, that he was indeed capable of being managed by the wily Frenchman, who, through the medium of a valet, dressed up as a herald, prevailed on Edward to accede to that remarkable meeting, which took place between these two monarchs on the bridge of Picquigny; whereon "was built a large wooden grate, somewhat resembling a lion's cage, about breast high, so that the two kings might lean over it, and discourse together;" and where, it appears, Edward, although he had twenty thousand well-equipped fighting men lying within a league, was induced to make a truce for nine years with the man who had assisted his enemies, and insulted him in his misfortunes. As it cannot fail to be gratifying to our national pride to see how formidable the English were to France at this period, even after they had ceased from considering themselves as sovereigns, and had been long suffering from their own desolating civil wars; we again offer an extract, in which is described our own monarch at this singular conference.

"The King of England advanced along the Causey (which I mentioned before) very nobly attended, with the air and presence of a king: there were in his train his brother the Duke of Clarence, the Earl of Northumberland, his chamberlain called the Lord Hastings, his chancellor, and other peers of the realm; among which there were not above four drest in cloth of gold, like himself. The King of England wore a black velvet cap upon his head, with a large flower de luce, made of precious stones, upon it: he was a prince of a noble majestic presence, his person proper and straight, but a little inclining to be fat; I had seen him before, when the Earl of Warwick drove him out of the kingdom, then I thought him much handsomer, and to the best of my remembrance, my eyes had never beheld a more beautiful person. When he came within a little distance of the rail, he pulled off his cap, and bowed himself within half a foot of the ground; and the King of France, who was then leaning over the barrier, received him with abundance of reverence and respect: they embraced through the holes of the grate, and the King of England making him another low bow, the King of France saluted him thus:—'Cousin, you are heartily welcome, there is no person living I was so ambitious of seeing, and God be thanked that this interview is upon so good an occasion.' The King of England returned the compliment in very good French; then the Chancellor of England (who was a prelate, and Bishop of Ely) began his speech with a prophecy (with which the English are always provided,) that at Picquigny a memorable peace was to be concluded between the English and French: after he had finished his harangue, the instrument was produced, which contained the articles the King of France had sent to the King of England. The chancellor demanded of our king, whether he had sent the said articles, and whether he had agreed to them? the king replied, Yes: and King Edward's being produced on our side, he made the same answer. The missal being brought and opened, both the kings laid one of their hands upon the book, and the other upon the true cross, and both of them swore religiously to observe the contents of the truce, which was, that it

should stand firm and good for nine years complete; that the allies on both sides should be comprehended; and that the marriage between their children should be consummated as was stipulated by the said treaty of peace. After the two kings had sworn to observe the treaty, our king, (who had always words at command) told the King of England, in a jocular way, he should be glad to see his majesty at Paris, and that if he would come and divert himself with the ladies, he would assign him the Cardinal of Bourbon for his confessor, who he knew would willingly absolve him, if he should commit any sin by way of love and gallantry. The King of England was extremely pleased with his raillery, and made his majesty several handsome repartees, for he knew the cardinal was a jolly companion. After some discourse to the purpose, our king, to show his authority, commanded us who attended him to withdraw, for he had a mind to have a little private discourse with the King of England. We obeyed, and those who were with the King of England, seeing us retire, did the same, without expecting to be commanded. After the two kings had been alone together for some time, our master called me to him, and asked the King of England if he knew me? the King of England replied he did, named the places where he had seen me, and told the king that formerly I had endeavoured to serve him at Calais, when I was in the Duke of Burgundy's service. The King of France demanded if the Duke of Burgundy refused to be comprehended in the treaty (as might be suspected from his obstinate answer) what the King of England would have him do? The King of England replied, he would offer it him again, and if he refused it then, he would not concern himself any farther, but leave it entirely to themselves. By degrees, the king came to mention the Duke of Bretagne (who, indeed, was the person he aimed at in the question,) and made the same demand about him. The King of England desired he would not attempt any thing against the Duke of Bretagne, for in his distress he never found so true and faithful a friend. The king pressed him no farther, but recalling the company, took his leave of the King of England in the handsomest and most civil terms imaginable, saluted all his attendants in a most particular manner, and both the kings at a time (or very near it) retired from the barrier; and mounting on horseback, the King of France returned to Amiens, and the King of England to his army."

It appears, that the invitation thus given was by no means sincere, for the King of France, speaking of Edward, observes:

"He is a beautiful prince, a great admirer of the ladies, and who knows but some of them may appear to him so witty, so gay, and so charming, as may give him a desire of making us a second visit: his predecessors have been too often in Paris and Normandy already; and I do not care for his company so near, though on the other side of the water I should be ready to value and esteem him as my friend and brother."

It appears, that such was the anxiety of the people for this peace, that superstition was called in its aid, and it was universally reported, that the Holy Ghost had descended on the King of England's tent in the form of a white pigeon, during the conference; an idea scouted by the historian, who displays throughout his work a deep sense of religion, untinged by the errors of his day; and in his observations, evinces profound reflection and rational piety.

The fifth book of these memoirs commences with the Duke of Burgundy's making war upon the Swiss,

from whom he experienced his first material defeat, which was soon followed by a second.

"His concern and distraction for his first defeat at Granson was so great, and made such deep impressions on his spirits, that it threw him into a violent and dangerous fit of sickness; for whereas before, his choler and natural heat was so great, that he drank no wine, only in the morning he took a little tisane, sweetened with conserve of roses, to refresh himself; this sudden melancholy had so altered his constitution, he was now forced to drink the strongest wine that could be got, without any water at all; and to reduce the blood to his heart, his physicians were obliged to apply cupping-glasses to his side; but this (my Lord of Vienna) you know better than I, for your lordship attended on him during the whole course of his illness, and spared no pains that might contribute to his recovery; and it was by your persuasion that the duke was prevailed upon to cut his beard, which was of a prodigious length. In my opinion, his understanding was never so perfect, nor his senses so sedate and composed, after this fit of sickness, as before. So violent are the passions of persons unacquainted with adversity, who never seek the true remedy for their misfortunes, especially princes who are naturally haughty; for in such cases our best method is to have recourse to God, to reflect on the many vile transgressions by which we have offended his Divine Goodness, to humble ourselves before him, and to make an acknowledgment of our faults; for the event of all human affairs is in his power, and at his disposal alone; he determines as it seems best to his heavenly wisdom, and who dares question the justness of his dispensations, or impute any error to him? The second remedy is, to unbosom ourselves freely to some intimate friends, not to keep our sorrows concealed, but to expatiate on every circumstance of them, without being ashamed or reserved, for this mitigates the rigour of our misfortunes, revives the heart, and restores the usual vigour and activity to our dejected spirits. There is another remedy also, and that is labour and exercise, (for as we are but men, those sorrows are to be dissipated with great pains and application both in public and private) which is a much better course than what the duke took, to hide himself and retire from all manner of conversation, for by that means he grew so terrible to his own servants, that none of them durst venture to come near him to give him either counsel or comfort, but suffered him to go on in that melancholy state of life, fearing lest their advising him to the contrary, might have turned to their destruction."

After this, the duke had to contend with conspiracies at home, as well as enemies abroad; and in the course of the next chapter we find, that in consequence of rejecting the advice of his officers, and once more meriting his appellations of "the bold," or "the rash:" this great prince, the last as well as greatest of Burgundy, was slain in battle, near the old town of Nancy, where "the Duke of Lorraine, to his eternal honour, buried him with great pomp and magnificence." He was discovered, after the battle, stripped naked, with several others, with his skull cloven, and a pike in his body, but his identity was fully ascertained by the scars of former wounds, and other peculiarities in his person.

An only daughter was the heir of this great prince, and she appears to have experienced, at a very early period, all those evils his ambition had prepared for her. The enemies he had humbled, particularly the

King of France, sought to wreak their vengeance on her; the towns he had conquered refused their allegiance and tribute to her; and her own conquered army and impoverished subjects were ill able to assist her. Many who were supported by her bounty soon deserted her interest, and those who were faithful to her were persecuted even to death, under the pretext of law, by a party who sought to bestow her hand on one of the many pretenders to it. We can scarcely conceive a young, lovely, and royal female, in a situation of more affecting interest.

"As soon as the Princess of Burgundy (since Dutchess of Austria) had received the news of their condemnation, she came herself in person to the Town-hall, to beg their lives, but finding she could not prevail, she ran into the market-place, where the mob were got together in arms, and the two prisoners upon the scaffold. The young princess was in mourning, her head dressed carelessly (on purpose to move pity and compassion,) and in this posture, with tears in her eyes, and her hair dishevelled, she begged and entreated the people to have pity upon her two servants, and restore them to her again. A great part of the mob were touched with compassion, and would fain have complied with her request, and were willing they should be saved, but others violently opposed it, and they were at push of pike one with another: at last, those who were for the execution, being the stronger party, called out to the executioners to do their office, and immediately both their heads were struck off, and the poor princess returned to her palace very sad and disconsolate, for the loss of two persons in whom she chiefly confided.

"After the Gantois had committed this horrid piece of villany, they removed from about the Princess of Burgundy, the Lord de Ravestein, and the dutchess dowager, Duke Charles's widow, because both of them had signed the letter which the chancellor and the Lord d'Hymbercourt had delivered to the king, as you have heard; so that the citizens had now the sole authority and management of the poor young princess, and well may she be called poor, not only in respect of her great loss of the several towns which had been taken from her, which were irrecoverable by force, by reason of the great power and strength of the king, who was now in possession of them.

The author concludes this book with a long dissertation on the errors of kings, which he affirms arise in general from their education and situation in life; and observes, "that there is a necessity that every prince, or great lord, should have an adversary to restrain, or keep him in fear; or otherwise there would be no living under them, or near them."

The second volume opens with the plans of Lewis to possess himself of the royal orphan's property, his successful "wheedlings of the English, for fear they should interrupt him in his designs," and his offer of the Dauphin (his son, then nine years old, and already contracted to a princess of England) to be the husband of the daughter of the late Duke. This offer was abruptly objected to by Madam Haltenein, first lady of the bedchamber, to whom it was made; for she said truly "there was more need of a man than a boy, that being what her dominions needed more than any thing else;" the historian adds, "it pleased God to appoint her another husband, viz. the Duke of Austria," son of the Emperor Frederick III., "the nearest and most covetous prince, or person, of his time,"

so that it appears the unhappy lady was obliged to supply him with money, and a retinue, before he could wait upon her to consummate the marriage, and that he was little likely to be pleasing to a daughter of Burgundy, "whose tables are nicely served, whose palaces are magnificent, and whose dress was sumptuous. But the Germans are quite of a contrary temper, boorish in their conversation, and nasty in their way of living."

Soon after this marriage, Artois fell into the hands of Lewis, and was followed by several other acquisitions of the same nature; as it appears that the young bridegroom, disliked by his new subjects, and cramped by the sordid spirit of his father, was unable to protect the sovereignty to which he was called. The interesting daughter of Charles the Bold, however, dies within four years of her marriage.

"The fourth year the Princess* died of a fall from her horse, or a fever, but it is certain she fell, and some say, she was breeding! Her death was a mighty loss to her subjects, for she was a person of great honour, affable and generous to all people, and more beloved and respected by her subjects than her husband, as being sovereign of their country. She was a tender and passionate lover of her husband, and of singular reputation for her modesty and virtue. This misfortune happened in the year 1482."

Lewis now pursued new means of increasing his dominions by open war; and although in one great battle we see the Duke of Austria remain master of the field, and in no case desert the duties which, by the death of his wife, had devolved wholly upon him, yet the wily Lewis, by that management, which his historian terms "his great policy and wisdom," gained town after town, of the late Burgundian dominions, and seems to have arrived at nearly all he wished in point of aggrandizement, although at the expense of the true glory of a king (the happiness of his subjects,) when he was seized with an illness, which eventually proved mortal.

This sickness of the king's, or rather his conduct under it, has been frequently the subject of comment by various authors, and serves to prove how difficult it is for a successful bad man to think resignedly of quitting a situation, which he has, however, rendered one of ceaseless turmoil, suspicion, and disquietude. In proportion as Lewis found himself weakened by a wasting disease, and disqualified by repeated fits from attending to the duties of his kingly station, the more closely he grasped at the power, and the evil exercise of that power. In the fear that his incapacity should induce his subjects to deprive him of his rights, he compelled himself to attend to every matter of business which could be brought before him, and though unable to see a single word, would affect to read over all the documents committed to his secretaries. To prove his memory, and assert his right, he dispossessed numbers of his servants of their places and pensions; and gave them to others, who, in their turn, were the slaves of his caprice. Every hour dreading the rebellion he was perhaps conscious of meriting, yet had no cause for fearing, he directed his house to be fortified and guarded, and denied himself farth-

* "She died the second of March, in the year 1482, through an excess of female modesty, choosing rather to die, than suffer a surgeon to set her thigh, which was broken by the fall from her horse."

er air than could be obtained in one narrow court. He had little faith in the aid of medicine, but to one physician, in whose skill he had confidence, he was scarcely better than a slave; and, from superstition, almost paid adoration to an holy hermit, whom he was persuaded could save his life. Indeed, such was his faith in relics, that the holy oil was brought from Rheims, and kept constantly on his cupboard. The pope sent him various articles of assistance from Rome, and even the grand Turk despatched a deputation from Constantinople of holy relics, but which he declined accepting from infidel hands. During a short period of convalescence, he made a pilgrimage to St. Claude, who was his favourite saint; and he regularly maintained, that he was better than he appeared to be, although the evident pain he suffered, and the emaciated appearance of his frame, filled all who beheld him with a mixture of horror and compassion; feelings not a little increased by the melancholy contrast, which the splendour and magnificence of his dress (now become an object of especial care) presented to the feeble and wasted form it covered.

During this season of affected grandeur, and deplorable imbecility, still Lewis preserved his powers of policy, and procured the marriage of his son the Dauphin with a rich heiress, Margaret of Flanders, an object on which he had long set his heart; although his heir was actually betrothed to the daughter of Edward IV. King of England. As Lewis had long and punctually paid to this Monarch, a yearly tribute of fifty thousand crowns, and Edward had ever expressed an earnest desire for the union; his astonishment and indignation, at the conduct of Lewis, it is here said, were such as greatly to affect his health, and added to a surfeit which he had at the time, appears to have produced an apoplectic attack, of which he died after a very short illness, to the joy and relief of the slowly expiring Lewis.

When, however, the awful summons at length arrived, the King sent for his son, gave him much good advice, and departed with decency. The author winds up his character, which is at once fairly and charitably examined, with saying, "I will not accuse him, or say I never saw a better prince, for though he oppress his subjects himself, he never suffered any other person to do it;" and then goes forward to give us a trait, which we quote as indicative, not only of the man, but the times in which he lived.

"After so many fears, sorrows, and suspicions, God, by a kind of miracle, restored him both in body and mind, as is his divine method in such kind of wonders. He took him out of the world in perfect ease, understanding, and memory; having called for all the sacraments himself, discoursing without the least twinge, or expression of pain, to the very last moment of his life. He gave directions for his own burial, appointed who should attend his corpse to the grave, and declared that he desired to die on a Saturday of all days in the week; and that he hoped our Lady would procure him that favour, in whom he had always placed great part of his trust, and served her devoutly. And so it happened, for he died on Saturday the thirtieth of August, 1483, about eight at night, in the castle of Plessis, where his fit took him on the Monday before. . . .

"I knew him, and was entertained in his service in the flower of his age, and the height of his prosperity, yet I never knew him free from labour and care. Of all diversions he loved hunting and hawking in their seasons, but his chief delight was in dogs. As for la-

dies, he never meddled with any in my time; for about the time of my coming to court he lost a son called Joachim, who was born in 1459, for whose death he was extremely afflicted, and made a vow in my presence, never to be concerned with any other woman but the Queen; and though this was no more than what he was obliged to by the canons of our church, yet it was much, that his command of himself should be so great, that he should be able to continue his resolutions so firmly, considering the Queen, (though an excellent Princess in all other respects) was not a person in whom a man could take any great delight.

"In hunting, his eagerness and pain were equal to his pleasure, for his chace was the stag, which he always run down. He rose very early in the morning, rode sometimes a great way to his dogs, and would not leave his sport, let the weather be never so bad; and when he came home at night was always very weary, and generally in a violent passion with some of his courtiers, or huntsmen; for hunting is a sport not always to be managed according to the master's direction; yet in the opinion of most people, he understood it as well as any man of his time. He was continually at his sports, lying up and down in the country villages as his recreations led him, till he was interrupted by the war, which for the most part of the summer was constantly between him and Charles, Duke of Burgundy, and at winter they made a truce."

Nor are we sorry to make a *truce* with such subjects; for battles unredeemed by any of the attributes of heroism, save personal courage; and politics, whose eternal manoeuvres and petty cunning are unrelieved by any great or noble views, soon pall upon the mind, and urge us forward to seek either in the grandeur of tragic incident, or the display of domestic virtue, some repose for the heart, or some solace to the imagination.

The history of Lewis XI. is followed by a supplement, which is so far useful as it gives a general account of the affairs of Europe at this period, and especially those of England, which include the history of Richard III. and the succession of Richmond; of whom he speaks, "as a man who had long suffered in his fortunes, and was without power, money, or right;" but was greatly assisted by Charles, son and successor of Lewis.

The 7th and 8th books of these Memoirs contain the public life of Charles VIII., the last of the line of Valois; the great business of whose life it was to become possessed of the crown of Naples, a point he attained, only from his enemies being still more deficient than himself in the art of war, for of his own ignorance, unadvisedness, and deficiency of all requisites, save personal fortitude, he gave abundant proof. The resolution of his Swiss soldiers, in dragging the cannon over the highest mountains, and difficult passes of the Appennines, is justly extolled, but we are at this time surprised to learn, "our artillery killed not ten in both armies." The author, speaking of his countrymen, says,—"certainly, upon a charge, they are the fiercest nation in the world;" but, he agrees with the Italian authors who assert of the French, "in their attacks they are more than men, but less than women in their retreats."

After suffering much to gain Naples, Charles VIII. lost it to the Spanish crown with less trouble, and spent the remainder of his short life in plans to regain it, and to benefit his subjects by systems of reformation, both in church and state, of a much wiser nature.

He was cut off by an apoplectic stroke, to the great grief of his court and his subjects, being a Prince "of excellent temper, and as it appears, munificent in his gifts and designs.

The author intermixes with his detail of his Royal Master's death, an account of the domestic misfortunes of the Royal Family of Spain, at that time one of great power, who lost both their children within three months; after which, we have a short genealogy of the Kings of France, which concludes the labours of Philip de Comines, lord of Argentum: a laborious, faithful, pious, but somewhat dry, and tedious historian.

The remainder of the second volume is devoted to the *Secret History of Lewis XI.*, otherwise called *The Scandalous Chronicle*, by one John de Tragos. This work opens in a manner so different from that of any Scandalous Chronicle of our own times, that it would be wrong to withhold it.

"To the honour and praise of God, our sweet Saviour and Redeemer, and the blessed glorious Virgin Mary; without whose assistance no good works can be performed. Knowing that several kings, princes, counts, barons, prelates, noblemen, ecclesiastics, and abundance of the common people, are often pleased and delighted in hearing and reading the surprising histories of wonderful things that have happened in divers places, both of this and other Christian states and kingdoms, I applied myself with abundance of pleasure, from the thirty-fifth year of my age, instead of spending my time in sloth and idleness, to writing a history of several remarkable accidents and adventures that happened in France."

Why our present chronicler should term himself or his records *scandalous*, we know not, as they appear to us, after the closest investigation, entirely free from that noxious quality; and no other than simply annals of the times, given by a plain man, in plain language; untinctured by the malevolence of party feeling; and only occasionally naming those self-evident errors which admitted of no toleration in the King's conduct. As much in this detail must necessarily recapitulate the events already mentioned, we shall only offer occasional extracts, wishing that our space would allow of longer quotations, as we certainly consider M. de Troyes a pleasanter writer than the Lord of Argentum.

"About this time, (A. D. 1466,) a war broke out between the Liegeois and the Duke of Burgundy; upon which he immediately took the field with his whole army, and being a little indisposed, was carried in a litter; commanding his son the Count de Charolois, with all the nobles and officers that were with him, to march forward with a strong detachment to invest Dinant, and leave him to come up with the rest of the army. Upon his arrival, the town was formally besieged; which occasioned several sallies and bloody actions on both sides, much to the disadvantage of the Burgundians in the beginning of the siege; but at last, whether by force of arms or treason, the town was taken by the Burgundians; who, only reserving a few of the chief citizens whom they made prisoners of war, turned out men, women, and children, and gave it up to be plundered by their soldiers. Nor were they content with this; they set fire to the churches and the houses, and having burnt and consumed everything they could lay their hands on, they ordered the walls to be demolished, and the fortifications to be blown up; by which

means, the poor inhabitants were reduced to extreme want and necessity, and abundance of young women were forced to betake themselves to a vile and shameful way of living.

"On Tuesday the first of September, (A. D. 1467,) the Queen also came from Roan to Paris by water, and landed at Nostre Dame; where her Majesty was received by all the presidents and counsellors of the court of parliament, the bishop of Paris and several persons of quality, in their robes and formalities. There was also a certain number of persons richly dressed to compliment her on the part of the city; and abundance of the chief citizens and counsellors of Paris went by water to meet her Majesty, in fine gilded boats covered with tapestry and rich silks, in which were placed the queristers of the holy chapel, who sung psalms and anthems after a most heavenly and melodious manner. There was also a great number of trumpets, clarions, and other softer instruments of music, which altogether made a most harmonious concert, and began playing when the Queen and her maids of honour entered the boat, in which the citizens of Paris presented her Majesty with a large stag made in sweet-meats; besides a vast quantity of salvers heaped up with spices and all sorts of delicious fruits; roses, violets, and other perfumes being strewed in the boat, and as much wine as every body would drink. After the Queen had performed her devotions to the Blessed Virgin, she came back to her boat, and went by water to the Celestin's church-gate, where she found abundance of persons of quality more, ready to receive her Majesty, who, immediately upon her landing, with her maids of honour, mounted upon fine easy pads, and rode to the hotel des Tournelles, where the King was at that time, and where she was received with great joy and satisfaction by his Majesty and the whole court, and that night there were public rejoicings and bonfires in Paris, for her Majesty's safe arrival.

"On the fourteenth of September, the King, who had ordered the Parisians to make standards, published a proclamation, commanding all the inhabitants from sixteen to threescore, of what rank or condition soever, to be ready to appear in arms that very day in the fields; and, that those that were not able to provide themselves with helmets, brigandines, &c., should come armed with great clubs, under pain of death; which orders were punctually obeyed, and the greater part of the populace appeared in arms, ranged under their proper standard or banner, in good order and discipline; amounting to fourscore thousand men; thirty thousand of which were armed with coats of mail, helmets, and brigandines, and made a very fine appearance. Never did any city in the world furnish such a vast number of men, for it was computed there were threescore and seven banners or standards of tradesmen, without reckoning those of the court of parliament, exchequer, treasury, mint, and chastelet of Paris, which had under them as many or more soldiers than what belonged to the tradesmen's banners. A prodigious quantity of wine was ordered out of Paris, to comfort and refresh this vast body of men, which took up a vast tract of ground; extending themselves from the Lay-stall between St. Anthony's gate, and that of the Temple as far as the Town-ditch upwards to the Wine-press; and from thence along the walls of St. Anthoine des Champs, to the Grange de Ruilly; and from thence, to Conflans; and from Conflans, back again by the Grange-aux-Merciers, all along the river Seine, quite to the royal bulwark over against the Tower of Billy; and from thence, all along the Town-ditch on the outside to the Bastille and St. Anthony's

gate. In short, it was almost incredible to tell what a vast number of people there were in arms before Paris, yet the number of those within was pretty near as great."

We soon after find war declared, "by the ceremony of a naked sword in one hand, and burning torch in the other, signifying, that this was a war of blood and fire."

"About that time, (A. D. 1471,) great quarrels and contests arose in England, between Henry of Lancaster king of England, the prince of Wales his son, the Earl of Warwick, and the rest of the Lords of the kingdom, who were of King Henry's side, against Edward de la March, who had usurped the Crown from Henry. This civil war had occasioned already abundance of murder and bloodshed, and was not like to be at an end yet, for in June, 1471, the king received certain advice from England, that Edward de la March, with a puissant army of English, Easterlings, Picardians, Flemings, and other nations that the Duke of Burgundy had sent him, had taken the field, and was going to oppose king Henry's forces, which were commanded by the Earl of Warwick, the Prince of Wales, and several Lords of that party. In short, the battle was bravely fought, and a vast number of men were killed and wounded on both sides, but at last Edward de la March gained the victory, and king Henry's army, partly by the treachery of the Duke of Clarence, and partly for want of conduct, was entirely defeated. The poor young Prince of Wales, who was a lovely youth, was barbarously murdered after the action was over, and the valiant Earl of Warwick, finding himself betrayed, and scorning to fly, rushed violently into the thickest of his enemies, and was killed upon the spot. Thus died this great man, who was so desirous of serving his king and country, and who had cost king Henry so much money to bring him over and fix him in his interest."

On the subject of the Duke of Burgundy's death, he is apparently better acquainted than his predecessor; and, after describing the battle and the losses of the Burgundians, the pursuit of the Swiss, &c. he informs us, that,

"On Monday, which was twelfth-day, (A. D. 1476,) the Count di Campobasso met with a page that was taken prisoner, belonging to the Count de Chalon, who was with the Duke of Burgundy in the battle. This lad, upon examination, confessed the Duke of Burgundy was killed; and the next day, upon diligent search after him, they found him stripped stark naked, and the bodies of fourteen men more in the same condition, at some distance from each other. The Duke was wounded in three places, and his body was known and distinguished from the rest by six particular marks; the chiefest of which was, the want of his upper teeth before, which were beaten out with a fall; the second was a scar in his throat, occasioned by the wound he received at the battle of Mont P'Her; the third was, his great nails, which he always wore longer than any of his courtiers; the fourth was another scar upon his left shoulder; the fifth was a fistula in his right groin, and the last was a nail that grew into his little toe. And upon seeing all these abovementioned marks upon his body, his physician, the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, the Bastard of Burgundy, M. Olivier de la Marche, his chaplain, and several other officers that were taken prisoners by the Duke of Lorraine, unanimously agreed it was the body of their lord and master, the Duke of Burgundy."

With this extract, we conclude our survey of a work which we consider valuable for its authenticity, and the simplicity, piety, and honesty with which it is given, rather than the subjects it embraces, or the amusement it bestows.

LORD BACON.

From the Edinburgh Review.

*The works of Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England. A new Edition. By BASIL MONTAGU, Esq. Sixteen Vols. 8vo. London: 1825-1834.**

We return our hearty thanks to Mr. Montagu, as well for his very valuable edition of Lord Bacon's Works, as for the instructive Life of the immortal author, contained in the last volume. We have much to say on the subject of this Life, and will often find ourselves obliged to dissent from the opinions of the biographer. But about his merit as a collector of the materials out of which opinions are formed, there can be no dispute; and we readily acknowledge that we are in a great measure indebted to his minute and accurate researches, for the means of refuting what we cannot but consider his errors.

The labour which has been bestowed on this volume, has been a labour of love. The writer is evidently enamoured of the subject. It fills his heart. It constantly overflows from his lips and his pen. Those who are acquainted with the Courts in which Mr. Montagu practises with so much ability and success, well know how often he enlivens the discussion of a point of law by citing some weighty aphorism, or some brilliant illustration, from the *De Augmentis* or the *Novum Organum*. The Life before us, doubtless, owes much of its value to the honest and generous enthusiasm of the writer. This feeling has stimulated his activity; has sustained his perseverance; has called forth all his ingenuity and eloquence; but, on the other hand, we must frankly say, that it has, to a great extent, perverted his judgment.

We are by no means without sympathy for Mr. Montagu even in what we consider as his weakness. There is scarcely any delusion which has a better claim to be indulgently treated than that under the influence of which a man ascribes every moral excellence to those who have left imperishable monuments of their genius. The causes of this error lie deep in the inmost recesses of human nature. We are all inclined to judge of others as we find them. Our

* Though we are quite aware that the unusual length of this article may be apt, notwithstanding the highly recommendatory nature of its subject, to startle some of our readers, we cannot bring ourselves to think it possible that there is any intelligent scholar, who, on perusal, could wish it shorter. Without shortening we could, no doubt, have divided it. The intellectual repast might well furnish two plentiful courses. But this would have been contrary to our general practice; and more likely, we think, to disappoint than to gratify those we are most anxious to please. We therefore present it entire and at once, confident that we shall receive the thanks of the best class of readers for doing so.

[In the Museum we are obliged to divide it. The first part relating to Bacon's personal character, will be relieved in the next No. by a view of the great philosopher and friend of humanity.]

estimate of a character always depends much on the manner in which that character affects our own interests and passions. We find it difficult to think well of those by whom we are thwarted or depressed; and we are ready to admit every excuse for the vices of those who are useful or agreeable to us. This is, we believe, one of those allusions to which the whole human race is subject, and which experience and reflection can only partially remove. It is, in the phraseology of Bacon, one of the *idola tribus*. Hence it is, that the moral character of a man eminent in letters, or in the fine arts, is treated,—often by contemporaries,—almost always by posterity,—with extraordinary tenderness. The world derives pleasure and advantage from the performances of such a man. The number of those who suffer by his personal vices is small, even in his own time, when compared with the number of those to whom his talents are a source of gratification. In a few years all those whom he has injured disappear. But his works remain, and are a source of delight to millions. The genius of Sallust is still with us. But the Numidians whom he plundered, and the unfortunate husbands who caught him in their houses at unseasonable hours, are forgotten. We suffer ourselves to be delighted by the keenness of Clarendon's observation, and by the sober majesty of his style, till we forget the oppressor and the bigot in the historian. Falstaff and Tom Jones have survived the gamekeepers whom Shakspeare cudgelled, and the landladies whom Fielding bilked. A great writer is the friend and benefactor of his readers; and they cannot but judge of him under the deluding influence of friendship and gratitude. We all know how unwilling we are to admit the truth of any disgraceful story about a person whose society we like, and from whom we have received favours,—how long we struggle against evidence,—how fondly, when the facts cannot be disputed, we cling to the hope that there may be some explanation or some extenuating circumstance with which we are unacquainted. Just such is the feeling which a man of liberal education naturally entertains towards the great minds of former ages. The debt which he owes to them is incalculable. They have guided him to truth. They have filled his mind with noble and graceful images. They have stood by him in all vicissitudes—comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude. These friendships are exposed to no danger from the occurrences by which other attachments are weakened or dissolved. Time glides by; fortune is inconstant; tempers are soured; bonds which seem indissoluble are daily sundered by interest, by emulation or by caprice. But no such cause can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest of human intellects. That placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. With the dead there is no rivalry. In the dead there is no change. Plato is never sullen. Cervantes is never petulant. Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. Dante never stays too long. No difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero. No heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet.

Nothing, then, can be more natural than that a person of sensibility and imagination should entertain a respectful and affectionate feeling towards those great men with whose minds he holds daily communion.

Yet nothing can be more certain than that such men have not always deserved, in their own persons, to be regarded with respect or affection. Some writers, whose works will continue to instruct and delight mankind to the remotest ages, have been placed in such situations, that their actions and motives are as well known to us as the actions and motives of one human being can be known to another; and unhappily their conduct has not always been such as an impartial judge can contemplate with approbation. But the fanaticism of the devout worshipper of genius is proof against all evidence and all argument. The character of his idol is matter of faith; and the province of faith is not to be invaded by reason. He maintains his superstition with a credulity as boundless, and a zeal as unscrupulous, as can be found in the most ardent partisans of religious or political factions. The most overwhelming proofs are rejected; the plainest rules of morality are explained away; extensive and important portions of history are completely distorted—the enthusiast misrepresents facts with all the effrontery of an advocate, and confounds right and wrong with all the dexterity of a Jesuit—and all this only in order that some man who has been in his grave for ages may have a fairer character than he deserves.

Middleton's "Life of Cicero" is a striking instance of the influence of this sort of partiality. Never was there a character which it was easier to read than that of Cicero. Never was there a mind keener or more critical than that of Middleton. Had the Doctor brought to the examination of his favourite statesman's conduct but a very small part of the acuteness and severity which he displayed when he was engaged in investigating the high pretensions of Epiphanius and Justin Martyr, he could not have failed to produce a most valuable history of a most interesting portion of time. But this most ingenious and learned man, though

"So wary held and wise
That, as 'twas said, he scarce received
For gospel what the church believed,"

had a superstition of his own. The great Iconoclast was himself an idolater. The great *Avvocato del Diavolo*, while he disputed, with no small ability, the claims of Cyprian and Athanasius to a place in the Calendar, was himself composing a lying legend in honour of St. Tully! He was holding up as a model of every virtue a man whose talents and acquirements, indeed, can never be too highly extolled, and who was by no means destitute of amiable qualities, but whose whole soul was under the dominion of a girlish vanity, and a craven fear. Actions for which Cicero himself, the most eloquent and skilful of advocates, could contrive no excuse,—actions which in his confidential correspondence he mentioned with remorse and shame,—are represented by his biographer as wise, virtuous, heroic. The whole history of that great revolution which overthrew the Roman aristocracy,—the whole state of parties,—the character of every public man, is elaborately misrepresented, in order to make out something which may look like a defence of one most eloquent and accomplished Trimmer.

The volume before us reminds us now and then of the "Life of Cicero." But there is this marked difference. Dr. Middleton evidently had an uneasy consciousness of the weakness of his cause, and therefore

resorted to the most disingenuous shifts,—to unpardonable distortions and suppressions of facts. Mr. Montagu's faith is sincere and implicit. He practices no trickery. He conceals nothing. He puts the facts before us in the full confidence that they will produce on our minds the effect which they have produced on his own. It is not till he comes to reason from facts to motives that his partiality shows itself; and then he leaves Middleton himself far behind. His work proceeds on the assumption that Bacon was an eminently virtuous man. From the tree Mr. Montagu judges of the fruit. He is forced to relate many actions, which, if any man but Bacon had committed them, nobody would have dreamed of defending,—actions which are readily and completely explained by supposing Bacon to have been a man whose principles were not strict, and whose spirit was not high,—actions which can be explained in no other way, without resorting to some grotesque hypothesis for which there is not a tittle of evidence. But any hypothesis is, in Mr. Montagu's opinion, more probable than that his hero should ever have done any thing very wrong.

This mode of defending Bacon seems to us by no means *Baconian*. To take a man's character for granted, and then from his character to infer the moral quality of all his actions, is surely a process the very reverse of that which is recommended in the *Novum Organum*. Nothing, we are sure, could have led Mr. Montagu to depart so far from his master's precepts, except zeal for his master's honour. We shall follow a different course. We shall attempt, with the valuable assistance which Mr. Montagu has afforded us, to frame such an account of Bacon's life as may enable our readers correctly to estimate his character.

It is hardly necessary to say that Francis Bacon was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, who held the great seal of England during the first twenty years of the reign of Elizabeth. The fame of the father has been thrown into shade by that of the son. But Sir Nicholas was no ordinary man. He belonged to a set of men whom it is easier to describe collectively than separately; whose minds were formed by one system of discipline; who belonged to one rank in society, to one university, to one party, to one sect, to one administration; and who resembled each other so much in talents, in opinions, in habits, in fortunes, that one character, we had almost said one life, may, to a considerable extent, serve for them all.

They were the first generation of statesmen by profession that England produced. Before their time the division of labour had, in this respect, been very imperfect. Those who had directed public affairs had been, with few exceptions, warriors or priests; warriors whose rude courage was neither guided by science nor softened by humanity,—priests whose learning and abilities were habitually devoted to the defence of tyranny and imposture. The Hotspurs, the Nevilles, the Cliffords,—rough, illiterate, and unreflecting,—brought to the council board the fierce and imperious disposition which they had acquired amidst the tumult of predatory war, or in the gloomy repose of the garrisoned and moated castle. On the other side was the calm and subtle prelate,—versed in all that was then considered as learning,—trained in the Schools to manage words, and in the Confessional to manage hearts,—seldom superstitious, but skilful in practising on the superstition of others,—false as it

was natural that a man should be whose profession imposed on all who were not saints, the necessity of being hypocrites,—selfish as it was natural that a man should be who could form no domestic ties, and cherish no hope of legitimate posterity,—more attached to his order than to his country, and guiding the politics of England with a constant side glance at Rome. But the increase of wealth, the progress of knowledge, and the reformation of religion produced a great change. The nobles ceased to be military chieftains; the priests ceased to possess a monopoly of learning; and a new and remarkable species of politicians appeared.

These men came from neither of the classes which had, till then, almost exclusively furnished ministers of state. They were all laymen; yet they were all men of learning, and they were all men of peace. They were not members of the aristocracy. They inherited no titles, no large domains, no armies of retainers, no fortified castles. Yet they were not low men, such as those whom princes, jealous of the power of a nobility, have sometimes raised from forges, and cobblers' stalls, to the highest situations. They were all gentlemen by birth. They had all received a liberal education. It is a remarkable fact that they were all members of the same university. The two great national seats of learning had even then acquired the characters which they still retain. In intellectual activity, and in readiness to admit improvements, the superiority was then, as it has ever since been, on the side of the less ancient and splendid institution. Cambridge had the honour of educating those celebrated Protestant Bishops whom Oxford had the honour of burning; and at Cambridge were formed the minds of all those statesmen to whom chiefly is to be attributed the secure establishment of the reformed religion in the north of Europe.

The statesmen of whom we speak passed their youth surrounded by the incessant din of theological controversy. Opinions were still in a state of chaotic anarchy,—intermingling, separating, advancing, receding. Sometimes the stubborn bigotry of the Conservatives seemed likely to prevail. Then the impetuous onset of the Reformers for a moment carried all before it. Then again the resisting mass made a desperate stand, arrested the movement, and forced it slowly back. The vascillation which at that time appeared in English legislation, and which it has been the fashion to attribute to the caprice and to the power of one or two individuals, was truly a national vacillation. It was not only in the mind of Henry that the new theology obtained the ascendancy at one time, and that the lessons of the nurse and of the priest regained their influence at another. It was not only in the House of Tudor that the husband was exasperated by the opposition of the wife,—that the son dissented from the opinions of the father,—that the brother persecuted the sister,—that one sister persecuted another. The principles of Conservation and Reform carried on their warfare in every part of society,—in every congregation, in every school of learning, round the hearth of every private family, in the recesses of every reflecting mind.

It was in the midst of this ferment that the minds of the persons whom we are describing were developed. They were born Reformers. They belonged by nature to that order of men who always form the front ranks in the great intellectual progress. They were, therefore, one and all, Protestants. In

religious matters, however, though there is no reason to doubt that they were sincere, they were by no means zealous. None of them chose to run the smallest personal risk during the reign of Mary. None of them favoured the unhappy attempt of Northumberland in favour of his daughter-in-law. None of them shared in the desperate councils of Wyatt. They contrived to have business on the Continent; or, if they staid in England, they heard Mass and kept Lent with great decorum. When those dark and perilous years had gone by, and when the crown had descended to a new sovereign, they took the lead in the reformation of the Church. But they proceeded not with the impetuosity of theologians, but with the calm determination of statesmen. They acted, not like men who considered the Romish worship as a system too offensive to God, and too destructive of souls to be tolerated for an hour; but like men who regarded the points in dispute among Christians, as in themselves unimportant; and who were not restrained by any scruple of conscience from professing, as they had before professed, the Catholic faith of Mary, the Protestant faith of Edward, or any of the numerous intermediate combinations which the caprice of Henry, and the temporizing policy of Cranmer, had formed out of the doctrines of both the hostile parties. They took a deliberate view of the state of their own country and of the Continent. They satisfied themselves as to the leaning of the public mind; and they chose their side. They placed themselves at the head of the Protestants of Europe, and staked all their fame and fortunes on the success of their party.

It is needless to relate how dexterously, how resolutely, how gloriously they directed the politics of England during the eventful years which followed,—how they succeeded in uniting their friends and separating their enemies,—how they humbled the pride of Philip,—how they backed the unconquerable spirit of Coligni,—how they rescued Holland from tyranny,—how they founded the maritime greatness of their country,—how they out-witted the artful politicians of Italy, and tamed the ferocious chieftains of Scotland. It is impossible to deny that they committed many acts which would justly bring on a statesman of our time censures of the most serious kind. But, when we consider the state of morality in their age, and the unscrupulous character of the adversaries against whom they had to contend, we are forced to admit, that it is not without reason that their names are still held in veneration by their countrymen.

There were, doubtless, many diversities in their intellectual and moral character. But there was a strong family likeness. The constitution of their minds was remarkably sound. No particular faculty was pre-eminently developed; but manly health and vigour were equally diffused through the whole.

They were men of letters. Their minds were by nature and by exercise well-fashioned for speculative pursuits. It was by circumstances rather than by any strong bias of inclination, that they were led to take a prominent part in active life. In active life, however, no men could be more perfectly free from the faults of mere theorists and pedants. No men observed more accurately the signs of the times. No men had a greater practical acquaintance with human nature. Their policy was generally characterized rather by vigilance, by moderation, and by firmness, than by invention, or by the spirit of enterprise.

They spoke and wrote in a manner worthy of their excellent sense. Their eloquence was less copious and less ingenious, but far purer and more manly than that of the succeeding generation. It was the eloquence of men who had lived with the first Translators of the Bible, and with the authors of the Book of Common Prayer. It was luminous, dignified, solid, and very slightly tainted with that affectation which deformed the style of the ablest men of the next age. If, as sometimes chanced, they were under the necessity of taking a part in those theological controversies on which the dearest interests of kingdoms were then staked, they acquitted themselves as if their whole lives had been passed in the Schools and the Convocation.

There was something in the temper of these celebrated men which secured them against the proverbial inconstancy both of the court and of the multitude. No intrigue, no combination of rivals, could deprive them of the confidence of their Sovereign. No parliament attacked their influence. No mob coupled their names with any odious grievance. Their power ended only with their lives. In this respect, their fate presents a most remarkable contrast to that of the enterprising and brilliant politicians of the preceding, and of the succeeding generation. Burleigh was minister during forty years. Sir Nicholas Bacon held the great seal more than twenty years. Sir Thomas Smith was Secretary of State eighteen years;—Sir Francis Walsingham about as long. They all died in office, and in the full enjoyment of public respect and royal favour. Far different had been the fate of Wolsey, Cromwell, Norfolk, Somerset, and Northumberland. Far different also was the fate of Essex, of Raleigh, and of the still more illustrious man whose life we propose to consider.

The explanation of this circumstance is perhaps contained in the motto which Sir Nicholas Bacon inscribed over the entrance of his hall at Gorhambury,—*Mediocria firma*. This maxim was constantly borne in mind by himself and his colleagues. They were more solicitous to lay the foundations of their power deep, than to raise the structure to a conspicuous but insecure height. None of them aspired to be sole Minister. None of them provoked envy by an ostentatious display of wealth and influence. None of them affected to outshine the ancient aristocracy of the kingdom. They were free from that childish love of titles which characterized the successful courtiers of the generation which preceded them, and that which followed them. As to money, none of them could, in that age, justly be considered as rapacious. Some of them would, even in our time, deserve the praise of eminent disinterestedness. Their fidelity to the State was incorruptible. Their private morals were without stain.—Their households were sober and well governed.

Among these statesmen Sir Nicholas Bacon was generally considered as ranking next to Burleigh. He was called by Camden, "*Sacris conciliis alterum columnen*;" and by George Buchanan,

"*Diu Britannici
Regni secundum columnen.*"

The second wife of Sir Nicholas, and the mother of Francis Bacon, was Anne, one of the daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke,—a man of distinguished learning, who had been tutor to Edward the Sixth. Sir Anthony had paid considerable attention to the education of his

daughters, and lived to see them all splendidly and happily married. Their classical acquirements made them conspicuous even among the women of fashion of that age. Katherine, who became Lady Killigrew, wrote Latin Hexameters and Pentameters which would appear with credit in the *Muse Etonensis*. Mildred, the wife of Lord Burleigh, was described by Roger Ascham as the best Greek scholar among the young women of England, Lady Jane Grey always excepted. Anne, the mother of Francis Bacon, was distinguished both as a linguist and as a theologian. She corresponded in Greek with Bishop Jewel, and translated his *Apologia* from the Latin, so correctly, that neither he nor Archbishop Parker could suggest a single alteration.* She also translated a series of sermons on fate and free-will from the Tuscan of Bernardo Ochino. This fact is the more curious, as Ochino was one of that small and audacious band of Italian reformers,—anathematized alike by Wittenberg, by Geneva, by Zurich, and by Rome,—from which the Socinian sect deduces its origin.

Lady Bacon was doubtless a lady of highly cultivated mind after the fashion of her age. But we must not suffer ourselves to be deluded into the belief, that she and her sisters were more accomplished women than many who are now living. On this subject there is, we think, much misapprehension.—We have often heard men who wish, as almost all men of sense wish, that women should be highly educated, speak with rapture of the English ladies of the sixteenth century, and lament that they can find no modern damsel resembling those fair pupils of Aschan and Aylmer who compared, over their embroidery, the styles of Isocrates and Lysias, and who, while the Horns were sounding, and the Dogs in full cry, sat in the lonely Oriel, with eyes rivetted to that immortal page which tells how meekly and bravely the first great martyr of intellectual liberty took the cup from his weeping gaoler. But surely these complaints have very little foundation. We would by no means disparage the ladies of the sixteenth century, or their pursuits. But we conceive that those who extol them at the expense of the women of our time forget one very obvious and very important circumstance. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, and Edward the Sixth, a person who did not read Greek and Latin could read nothing, or next to nothing. The Italian was the only modern language which possessed any thing that could be called a literature. All the valuable books then extant in all the vernacular dialects of Europe would hardly have filled a single shelf. England did not yet possess Shakspeare's plays, and the Fairy Queen; nor France Montaigne's Essays; nor Spain Don Quixote. In looking round a well-furnished library, how few English or French books can we find which were extant when Lady Jane Gray and Queen Elizabeth received their education. Chaucer, Gower, Froissart, Comines, Rabelais, nearly complete the list. It was therefore absolutely necessary that a woman should be uneducated, or classically educated. Indeed, without a knowledge of one of the ancient languages no person could then have any clear notions of what was passing in the political, the literary, or the religious world. The Latin was in the sixteenth century all and more than all than the French was in the eighteenth. It was the language of Courts, as well as

of the Schools. It was the language of diplomacy; it was the language of theological and political controversy. Being a fixed language, while the living languages were in a state of fluctuation,—being universally known to the learned and the polite,—it was employed by almost every writer who aspired to a wide and durable reputation. A person who was ignorant of it was shut out from all acquaintance,—not merely with Cicero and Virgil, not merely with heavy treatises on canon-law and school divinity,—but with the most interesting memoirs, state papers, and pamphlets of his own time;—nay, even with the most admired poetry and the most popular squibs which appeared on the fleeting topics of the day,—with Buchanan's complimentary verses, with Erasmus's dialogues, with Hutten's epistles.

This is no longer the case. All political and religious controversy is now conducted in the modern languages. The ancient tongues are used only in comments on the ancient writers. The great productions of Athenian and Roman genius are indeed still what they were. But though their positive value is unchanged, their relative value, when compared with the whole mass of mental wealth possessed by mankind, has been constantly falling. They were the intellectual all of our ancestors. They are but a part of our treasures. Over what tragedy could Lady Jane Gray have wept—over what comedy could she have smiled, if the ancient dramatists had not been in her library? A modern reader can make shift without *Œdipus* and *Medea*, while he possesses *Othello* and *Hamlet*. If he knows nothing of *Pyrgopolynices* and *Thraso*, he is familiar with *Bobadil*, and *Bessus*, and *Pistol*, and *Parolles*. If he cannot enjoy the delicious irony of *Plato*, he may find some compensation in that of *Pascal*. If he is shut out from *Nepheleocœcygia*, he may take refuge in *Lilliput*.—We are guilty, we hope, of no irreverence towards those great nations to which the human race owes art, science, taste, civil and intellectual freedom, when we say, that the stock bequeathed by them to us has been so carefully improved that the accumulated interest now exceeds the principal. We believe that the books which have been written in the languages of western Europe, during the last two hundred and fifty years, are of greater value than all the books, which at the beginning of that period were extant in the world. With the modern languages of Europe, English women are at least as well acquainted as English men. When, therefore, we compare the acquirements of Lady Jane Gray and those of an accomplished young woman of our own time, we have no hesitation in awarding the superiority to the latter. We hope that our readers will pardon this digression. It is long; but it can hardly be called unseasonable, if it tends to convince them that they are mistaken in thinking that their great-grandmothers were superior women to their sisters and their wives.

Francis Bacon, the youngest son of Sir Nicholas, was born at York House, his father's residence in the Strand, on the 22d of January, 1561. His health was very delicate, and to this circumstance may be partly attributed that gravity of carriage, and that love of sedentary pursuits, which distinguished him from other boys. Every body knows how much his premature readiness of wit, and sobriety of deportment, amused the Queen; and how she used to call him her young Lord Keeper. We are told that while

* Strype's Life of Parker.

still a mere child he stole away from his playfellows to a vault in St. James's fields, for the purpose of investigating the cause of a singular echo which he had observed there. It is certain that, at only twelve, he busied himself with very ingenious speculations on the art of legerdemain,—a subject which, as Professor Dugald Stewart has most justly observed, merits much more attention from philosophers than it has ever received.—These are trifles. But the eminence which Bacon afterwards attained renders them interesting.

In the thirteenth year of his age he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge.—That celebrated school of learning enjoyed the peculiar favour of the Lord Treasurer, and the Lord Keeper; and acknowledged the advantages which it derived from their patronage in a public letter which bears date just a month after the admission of Francis Bacon.* The master was Whitgift, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, a narrow-minded, mean, and tyrannical priest, who gained power by servility and adulation, and employed it in persecuting with impartial cruelty those who agreed with Calvin about Church Government, and those who differed from Calvin touching the doctrine of reprobation. He was now in a chrysalis state—putting off the worm and putting on the dragon-fly—a kind of intermediate grub between sycophant and oppressor. He was indemnifying himself for the court which he found it expedient to pay to the Ministers by exercising much petty tyranny within his own college. It would be unjust, however, to deny him the praise of having rendered about this time one important service to letters.—He stood up manfully against those who wished to make Trinity College a mere appendage to Westminster school, and by this act—the only good act, as far as we remember of his long public life,—he saved the noblest place of education in England from the degrading fate of King's College and New College.

It has often been said that Bacon, while still at college, planned that great intellectual revolution with which his name is inseparably connected. The evidence on this subject, however, is hardly sufficient to prove what is in itself so improbable as that any definite scheme of that kind should have been so early formed, even by so powerful and active a mind. But it is certain that after a residence of three years at Cambridge, Bacon departed, carrying with him a profound contempt for the course of study pursued there; a fixed conviction that the system of academic education in England was radically vicious; a just scorn for the trifles on which the followers of Aristotle had wasted their powers, and no great reverence for Aristotle himself.

In his sixteenth year he visited Paris, and resided there for some time, under the care of Sir Amias Paulet, Elizabeth's minister at the French court, and one of the ablest and most upright of the many valuable servants whom she employed. France was at that time in a deplorable state of agitation. The Huguenots and the Catholics were mustering all their force for the fiercest and most protracted of their many struggles: while the Prince, whose duty it was to protect and to restrain both, had by his vices and follies degraded himself so deeply that he had no authority over either. Bacon, however, made a tour

through several provinces, and appears to have passed some time at Poitiers. We have abundant proof that during his stay on the Continent he did not neglect literary and scientific pursuits. But his attention seems to have been chiefly directed to statistics and diplomacy. It was at this time that he wrote those Notes on the State of Europe which are printed in his works. He studied the principles of the art of deciphering with great interest; and invented one cipher so ingenious that, many years later, he thought it deserving of a place in the *De Augmentis*. In February, 1580, while engaged in these pursuits, he received intelligence of the almost sudden death of his father, and instantly returned to England.

His prospects were greatly overcast by this event. He was most desirous to obtain a provision which might enable him to devote himself to literature and politics. He applied to the Government, and it seems strange that he should have applied in vain. His wishes were moderate. His hereditary claims on the administration were great.—He had himself been favourably noticed by the Queen. His uncle was Prime Minister. His own talents were such as any minister might have been eager to enlist in the public service. But his solicitations were unsuccessful. The truth is: that the Cecils disliked him, and did all that they could decently do to keep him down. It has never been alleged that Bacon had done anything to merit this dislike; nor is it at all probable that a man whose temper was naturally mild, whose manners were courteous, who, through life, nursed his fortunes with the utmost care, and who was fearful even to a fault of offending the powerful,—would have given any just cause of displeasure to a kinsman who had the means of rendering him essential service, and of doing him irreparable injury. The real explanation, we have no doubt, is this: Robert Cecil, the Treasurer's second son, was younger by a few months than Bacon. He had been educated with the utmost care; had been initiated, while still a boy, in the mysteries of diplomacy and court-intrigue; and was just at this time about to be produced on the stage of public life. The wish nearest to Burleigh's heart was that his own greatness might descend to this favourite child. But even Burleigh's fatherly partiality could hardly prevent him from perceiving that Robert, with all his abilities and acquirements, was no match for his cousin Francis. This seems to us the only rational explanation of the Treasurer's conduct. Mr. Montagu is more charitable. He supposes that Burleigh was influenced merely by affection for his nephew, and was "little disposed to encourage him to rely on others rather than on himself, and to venture on the quicksands of politics, instead of the certain profession of the law." If such were Burleigh's feelings, it seems strange that he should have suffered his son to venture on those quicksands from which he so carefully preserved his nephew. But the truth is, that if Burleigh had been so disposed, he might easily have secured to Bacon a comfortable provision which should have been exposed to no risk. And it is equally certain, that he showed as little disposition to enable his nephew to live by a profession, as to enable him to live without a profession.—That Bacon himself attributed the conduct of his relatives to jealousy of his superior talents, we have not the smallest doubt. In a letter, written many years after to Villiers, he expresses himself thus:—"Countenance, encourage,

* Strype's Life of Whitgift.

and advance able men in all kinds, degrees, and professions. For in the time of the *Cecil*s, the father and the son, able men were by design and of purpose suppressed."

Whatever Burleigh's motives might be, his purpose was unalterable. The supplications which Francis addressed to his uncle and aunt were earnest, humble, and almost servile. He was the most promising and accomplished young man of his time. His father had been the brother-in-law, the most useful colleague, the nearest friend of the minister. But all this availed poor Francis nothing. He was forced much against his will, to betake himself to the study of the law. He was admitted at Gray's Inn, and, during some years, he laboured there in obscurity.

What the extent of his legal attainments may have been it is difficult to say. It was not hard for a man of his powers to acquire that very moderate portion of technical knowledge which, when joined to quickness, tact, wit, ingenuity, eloquence, and knowledge of the world, is sufficient to raise an advocate to the highest professional eminence. The general opinion appears to have been that which was on one occasion expressed by Elizabeth. "Bacon," said she, "had a great wit and much learning; but in law sheweth to the uttermost of his knowledge, and is not deep." The *Cecil*s, we suspect, did their best to spread this opinion by whispers and insinuations. Coke openly proclaimed it with that rancorous insolence which was habitual to him. No reports are more readily believed than those which disparage genius and soothe the envy of conscious mediocrity. It must have been inexpressibly consoling to a stupid sergeant,—the forerunner of him who, a hundred and fifty years later, "shook his head at Murray as a wit;" to know that the most profound thinker, and the most accomplished orator of the age, was very imperfectly acquainted with the law touching *bastard eigné* and *mulier puiisé*, and confounded the right of free fishery with that of common of piscary.

It is certain that no man in that age, or indeed during the century and a half which followed, was better acquainted with the philosophy of law. His technical knowledge was quite sufficient, with the help of his admirable talents, and his insinuating address, to procure clients. He rose very rapidly into business, and soon entertained hopes of being called within the bar. He applied to Lord Burleigh for that purpose, but received a testy refusal. Of the grounds of that refusal we can, in some measure, judge by Bacon's answer, which is still extant. It seems that the old Lord, whose temper, age and gout had by no means altered for the better, and who omitted no opportunity of marking his dislike of the showy, quick-witted young men of the rising generation, took this opportunity to read Francis a very sharp lecture on his vanity, and want of respect for his betters. Francis returned a most submissive reply, thanked the Treasurer for the admonition, and promised to profit by it.—Strangers meanwhile were less unjust to the young barrister than his nearest kinsmen had been. In his twenty-sixth year he became a bencher of his Inn; and two years later he was appointed Lent reader. At length, in 1590, he obtained for the first time some show of favour from the Court. He was sworn in Queen's counsel extraordinary. But this mark of

honour was not accompanied by any pecuniary emolument. He continued, therefore, to solicit his powerful relatives for some provision which might enable him to live without drudging at his profession. He bore with a patience and serenity which, we fear, bordered on meanness, the morose humours of his uncle, and the sneering reflections which his cousin cast on speculative men, lost in philosophical dreams, and too wise to be capable of transacting public business. At length the *Cecil*s were generous enough to procure for him the reversion of the Registrarship of the Star Chamber. This was a lucrative place; but as many years elapsed before it fell in, he was still under the necessity of labouring for his daily bread.

In the Parliament which was called in 1593, he sat as member for the county of Middlesex, and soon attained eminence as a debater. It is easy to perceive from the scanty remains of his oratory, that the same compactness of expression and richness of fancy which appear in his writings characterized his speeches; and that his extensive acquaintance with literature and history enabled him to entertain his audience with a vast variety of illustrations and allusions which were generally happy and apposite, but which were probably not least pleasing to the taste of that age when they were such as would now be thought childish or pedantic. It is evident also that he was, as indeed might have been expected, perfectly free from those faults which are generally found in an advocate who, after having risen to eminence at the bar, enters the House of Commons; that it was his habit to deal with every great question, not in small detached portions, but as a whole; that he refined little, and that his reasonings were those of a capacious rather than a subtle mind. Ben Johnson, a most unexceptionable judge, has described his eloquence in words, which, though often quoted, will bear to be quoted again. "There happened in my time one noble speaker who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, where he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end." From the mention which is made of *judges*, it would seem that Johnson had heard Bacon only at the bar. Indeed we imagine that the House of Commons was then almost inaccessible to strangers. It is not probable that a man of Bacon's nice observation would speak in Parliament exactly as he spoke in the Court of King's Bench. But the graces of manner and language must, to a great extent, have been common between the Queen's Counsel and the Knight of the Shire.

Bacon tried to play a very difficult game in politics. He wished to be at once a favourite at Court and popular with the multitude. If any man could have succeeded in this attempt, a man of talents so rare, of judgment so prematurely ripe, of temper so calm, and of manners so plausible, might have been expected to succeed. Nor indeed did he wholly fail. Once, however, he indulged in a burst of patriotism which cost him a long and bitter remorse, and which he never

* See page 61, Vol. XII. of the present edition.

ventured to repeat. The Court asked for large subsidies, and for speedy payment. The remains of Bacon's speech breathe all the spirit of the Long Parliament. "The gentlemen," said he, "must sell their plate, and the farmers their brass pots, ere this will be paid; and for us, we are here to search the wounds of the realm, and not to skin them over. The dangers are these. First, we shall breed discontent and endanger her Majesty's safety, which must consist more in the love of the people than their wealth. Secondly, this being granted in this sort, other princes hereafter will look for the like; so that we shall put an evil precedent on ourselves and on our posterity; and in histories, it is to be observed, of all nations the English are not to be subject, base, or taxable." The Queen and her ministers resented this outbreak of public spirit in the highest manner. Indeed, many an honest member of the House of Commons had, for a much smaller matter, been sent to the Tower by the proud and hot-blooded Tudors. The young patriot condescended to make the most abject apologies. He adjured the Lord Treasurer to show some favour to his poor servant and ally. He bemoaned himself to the Lord Keeper, in a letter which may keep in countenance the most unmanly of the epistles which Cicero wrote during his banishment. The lesson was not thrown away. Bacon never offended in the same manner again.

He was now satisfied that he had little to hope from the patronage of those powerful kinsmen whom he had solicited during twelve years with such meek pertinacity; and he began to look towards a different quarter. Among the courtiers of Elizabeth had lately appeared a new favourite,—young, noble, wealthy, accomplished, eloquent, brave, generous, aspiring,—a favourite who had obtained from the grey-headed queen such marks of regard as she had scarce vouchsafed to Leicester in the season of the passions; who was at once the ornament of the palace and the idol of the city; who was the common patron of men of letters and of men of the sword; who was the common refuge of the persecuted Catholic and of the persecuted Puritan. The calm prudence which had enabled Burleigh to shape his course through so many dangers, and the vast experience which he had acquired in dealing with two generations of colleagues and rivals, seemed scarcely sufficient to support him in this new competition; and Robert Cecil sickened with fear and envy as he contemplated the rising fame and influence of Essex.

The history of the factions which, towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth, divided her court and her council, though pregnant with instruction, is by no means interesting or pleasing. Both parties employed the means which are familiar to unscrupulous statesmen; and neither had, or even pretended to have, any important end in view. The public mind was then reposeing from one great effort, and collecting strength for another. That impetuous and appalling rush with which the human intellect had moved forward in the career of truth and liberty, during the fifty years which followed the separation of Luther from the communion of the Church of Rome, was now over. The boundary between Protestantism and Popery had been fixed very nearly where it still remains. England, Scotland, the Northern kingdoms were on one side; Ireland, Spain, Portugal, Italy, on the other. The line of demarcation ran, as it still

runs, through the midst of the Netherlands, of Germany, and of Switzerland,—dividing province from province, electorate from electorate, and canton from canton. France might be considered as a debateable land, in which the contest was still undecided. Since that time, the two religions have done little more than maintain their ground. A few occasional incursions have been made. But the general frontier remains the same. During two hundred and fifty years no great society has risen up like one man, and emancipated itself by one mighty effort from the enthralled superstition of ages. This spectacle was common in the middle of the sixteenth century. Why has it ceased to be so? Why has so violent a movement been followed by so long a repose? The doctrines of the Reformers are not less agreeable to reason or to revelation now than formerly. The public mind is assuredly not less enlightened now than formerly. Why is it that Protestantism, after carrying every thing before it in a time of comparatively little knowledge and little freedom, should make no perceptible progress in a reasoning and tolerant age;—that the Luthers, the Calvins, the Knoxes, the Zwingles, should have left no successors,—that during two centuries and a half fewer converts should have been brought over from the Church of Rome than at the time of the Reformation were sometimes gained in a year? This has always appeared to us one of the most curious and interesting problems in history. On some other occasion we may perhaps attempt to solve it. At present, it is enough to say, that at the close of Elizabeth's reign, the Protestant party,—to borrow the language of the Apocalypse,—had left its first love and had ceased to do its first works.

The great struggle of the sixteenth century was over. The great struggle of the seventeenth century had not commenced. The confessors of Mary's reign were dead. The members of the Long Parliament were still in their cradles. The Papists had been deprived of all power in the state. The Puritans had not yet attained any formidable extent of power. True it is, that a student well acquainted with the history of the next generation, can easily discern in the proceedings of the last Parliaments of Elizabeth the germ of great and ever-memorable events. But to the eye of a contemporary nothing of this appeared. The two sections of ambitious men who were struggling for power differed from each other on no important public question. Both belonged to the Established Church. Both professed boundless loyalty to the Queen. Both approved the war with Spain. There is not, as far as we are aware, any reason to believe that they entertained different views concerning the succession to the Crown. Certainly, neither faction had any great measure of reform in view. Neither attempted to redress any public grievance. The most odious and pernicious grievance under which the nation then suffered was a source of profit to both, and was defended by both with equal zeal. Raleigh held a monopoly of cards,—Essex a monopoly of sweet wines. In fact, the only ground of quarrel between the parties was, that they could not agree as to their respective shares of power and patronage.

Nothing in the political conduct of Essex entitles him to esteem; and the pity with which we regard his early and terrible end is diminished by the consideration, that he put to hazard the lives and fortunes of his most attached friends, and endeavoured to throw the

whole country into confusion for objects purely personal. Still, it is impossible not to be deeply interested for a man so brave, high-spirited, and generous;—for a man who, while he conducted himself towards his sovereign with a boldness such as was then found in no other subject, conducted himself towards his dependents with a delicacy such as has rarely been found in any other patron. Unlike the vulgar herd of benefactors, he desired to inspire, not gratitude, but affection. He tried to make those whom he befriended feel towards him as towards an equal. His mind, ardent, susceptible, naturally disposed to admiration of all that is great and beautiful, was fascinated by the genius and the accomplishments of Bacon. A close friendship was soon formed between them,—a friendship destined to have a dark, a mournful, a shameful end.

In 1594, the office of Attorney-general became vacant, and Bacon hoped to obtain it. Essex made his friend's cause his own,—sued, expostulated, promised, threatened,—but all in vain. It is probable that the dislike felt by the Cecils for Bacon had been increased by the connexion which he had lately formed with the Earl. Robert was then on the point of being made Secretary of State. He happened one day to be in the same coach with Essex, and a remarkable conversation took place between them. "My Lord," said Sir Robert, "the Queen has determined to appoint an Attorney-General without more delay. I pray your Lordship to let me know whom you will favour." "I wonder at your question," replied the Earl. "You cannot but know that resolutely, against all the world, I stand for your cousin, Francis Bacon,"—"Good Lord!" cried Cecil, unable to bridle his temper, "I wonder your Lordship should spend your strength on so unlikely a matter. Can you name one precedent of so raw a youth promoted to so great a place?" This objection came with a singularly bad grace from a man who, though younger than Bacon, was in daily expectation of being made Secretary of State. The blot was too obvious to be missed by Essex, who seldom forbore to speak his mind. "I have made no search," said he, "for precedents of young men who have filled the office of Attorney-General. But I could name to you, Sir Robert, a man younger than Francis, less learned, and equally inexperienced, who is suing and striving with all his might for an office of far greater weight." Sir Robert had nothing to say but that he thought his own abilities equal to the place which he hoped to obtain; and that his father's long services deserved such a mark of gratitude from the Queen,—as if his abilities were comparable to his cousin's, or as if Sir Nicholas Bacon had done no service to the State. Cecil then hinted that if Bacon would be satisfied with the Solicitorship, that might be of easier digestion to the Queen. "Digest me no digestions," said the generous and ardent Earl. "The Attorneyship for Francis is that I must have; and in that I will spend all my power, might, authority, and amity; and with tooth and nail procure the same for him against whomsoever; and whosoever getteth this office out of my hands for any other, before he have it, it shall cost him the coming by. And this be you assured of, Sir Robert, for now I fully declare myself; and for my own part, Sir Robert, I think strange both of my Lord Treasurer and you, that can have the mind to seek the preference of a stranger before so near a kinsman; for if you weigh in a balance the parts every way of his competitor and him, only ex-

cepting five poor years of admitting to a house of court before Francis, you shall find that in all other respects whatsoever no comparison between them."

When the office of Attorney-General was filled up, the Earl pressed the Queen to make Bacon Solicitor-General, and, on this occasion, the old Lord Treasurer professed himself not unfavourable to his nephew's pretensions. But after a contest which lasted more than a year and a half, and in which Essex, to use his own words, "spent all his power, might, authority, and amity," the place was given to another. Essex felt this disappointment keenly, but found consolation in the most munificent and delicate liberality. He presented Bacon with an estate, worth near two thousand pounds, situated at Twickenham; and this, as Bacon owned many years after, "with so kind and noble circumstances as the manner was worth more than the matter."

It was soon after these events that Bacon first appeared before the public as a writer. Early in 1597 he published a small volume of Essays, which was afterwards enlarged by successive editions to many times its original bulk. This little work was, as it well deserved to be, exceedingly popular. It was reprinted in a few months; it was translated into Latin, French, and Italian; and it seems to have at once established the literary reputation of its author. But though Bacon's reputation rose, his fortunes were still depressed. He was in great pecuniary difficulties; and, on one occasion was arrested in the street at the suit of a goldsmith, for a debt of £300, and was carried to a spunging-house in Coleman Street.

The kindness of Essex was in the meantime indefatigable. In 1596 he sailed on his memorable expedition to the coast of Spain. At the very moment of his embarkation, he wrote to several of his friends, commending to them, during his own absence, the interests of Bacon. He returned, after performing the most brilliant military exploit that was achieved on the Continent by English arms during the long interval which elapsed between the battle of Agincourt and that of Blenheim. His valour, his talents, his humane and generous disposition, had made him the idol of his countrymen, and had extorted praise from the enemies whom he had conquered.* He had always been proud and headstrong; and his splendid success seems to have rendered his faults more offensive than ever. But to his friend Francis he was still the same. Bacon had some thoughts of making his fortune by marriage; and had begun to pay court to a widow of the name of Hatton. The eccentric manners and violent temper of this woman made her a disgrace and a torment to her connexions. But Bacon was not aware of her faults, or was disposed to overlook them for the sake of her ample fortune. Essex pleaded his friend's cause with his usual ardour. The letters which the Earl addressed to Lady Hatton and to her mother are still extant, and are highly honourable to him. "If," he wrote, "she were my sister or my daughter, I protest I would as confidently resolve to further it as I now persuade you." And again—"If my faith be anything, I protest, if I had one as near me as she is to you, I had rather match her with him, than with men of far greater titles." The suit, happily for Bacon, was unsuccessful. The lady indeed was kind to him in more ways than one. She rejected him, and

* See Cervantes's *Novela de la Espanola Inglesa*.

accepted his enemy. She married that narrow-minded, bad-hearted pedant, Sir Edward Coke, and did her best to make him as miserable as he deserved to be.

The fortunes of Essex had now reached their height, and began to decline. He possessed indeed all the qualities which raise men to greatness rapidly. But he had neither the virtues nor the vices which enable men to retain greatness long. His frankness, his keen sensibility to insult and injustice, were by no means agreeable to a sovereign naturally impatient of opposition, and accustomed, during forty years, to the most extravagant flattery, and the most abject submission. The daring and contemptuous manner in which he bade defiance to his enemies excited their deadly hatred. His administration in Ireland was unfortunate, and in many respects highly blameable. Though his brilliant courage, and his impetuous activity, fitted him admirably for such enterprises as that of Cadiz, he did not possess the caution, patience, and resolution, necessary for the conduct of a protracted war;—in which difficulties were to be gradually surmounted, in which much discomfort was to be endured, and in which few splendid exploits could be achieved. For the civil duties of his high place he was still less qualified. Though eloquent and accomplished, he was in no sense a statesman. The multitude, indeed, still continued to regard even his faults with fondness. But the Court had ceased to give him credit, even for the merit which he really possessed. The person on whom, during the decline of his influence, he chiefly depended,—to whom he confided his perplexities, whose advice he solicited, whose intercession he employed,—was his friend Bacon. The lamentable truth must be told. This friend, so loved, so trusted, bore a principal part in ruining the Earl's fortunes, in shedding his blood, and in blackening his memory.

But let us be just to Bacon. We believe that, to the last, he had no wish to injure Essex. Nay, we believe that he sincerely exerted himself to serve Essex, as long as he thought he could serve Essex without injuring himself. The advice which he gave to his noble benefactor was generally most judicious. He did all in his power to dissuade the Earl from accepting the Government of Ireland. "For," says he, "I did as plainly see his overthrow, chained as it were by destiny to that journey, as it is possible for a man to ground a judgment upon future contingents." The prediction was accomplished. Essex returned in disgrace. Bacon attempted to mediate between his friend and the Queen; and, we believe, honestly employed all his address for that purpose. But the task which he had undertaken was too difficult, delicate, and perilous, even for so wary and dexterous an agent. He had to manage two spirits, equally proud, resentful, and ungovernable. At Essex House, he had to calm the rage of a young hero, incensed by multiplied wrongs and humiliations: and then to pass to Whitehall for the purpose of soothing the peevishness of a sovereign, whose temper, never very gentle, had been rendered morbidly irritable by age, by declining health, and by the long habit of listening to flattery and exacting implicit obedience. It is hard to serve two masters. Situated as Bacon was, it was scarcely possible for him to shape his course so as not to give one or both of his employers reason to complain. For a time he acted as fairly as, in circumstances so embarrassing, could reasonably be expected. At length, he found that while he was trying to prop the fortunes

of another, he was in danger of shaking his own. He had disobliged both the parties whom he wished to reconcile. Essex thought him wanting in zeal as a friend—Elizabeth thought him wanting in duty as a subject. The Earl looked on him as a spy of the Queen, the Queen as a creature of the Earl. The reconciliation which he had laboured to effect appeared utterly hopeless. A thousand signs, legible to eyes far less keen than his, announced that the fall of his patron was at hand. He shaped his course accordingly. When Essex was brought before the council to answer for his conduct in Ireland, Bacon, after a feint attempt to excuse himself from taking part against his friend, submitted himself to the Queen's pleasure, and appeared at the bar in support of the charges. But a darker scene was behind. The unhappy young nobleman, made reckless by despair, ventured on a rash and criminal enterprise, which rendered him liable to the highest penalties of the law. What course was Bacon to take? This was one of those conjunctures which show what men are. To a highminded man, wealth, power, court-favour, even personal safety, would have appeared of no account, when opposed to friendship, gratitude, and honour. Such a man would have stood by the side of Essex at the trial,—would have "spent all his power, might, authority, and amity" in soliciting a mitigation of the sentence,—would have been a daily visitor at the cell,—would have received the last injunctions and the last embrace on the scaffold,—would have employed all the powers of his intellect to guard from insult the fame of his generous, though erring friend. An ordinary man would neither have incurred the danger of succouring Essex, nor the disgrace of assailing him. Bacon did not even preserve neutrality. He appeared as counsel for the prosecution. In that situation, he did not confine himself to what would have been amply sufficient to procure a verdict. He employed all his wit, his rhetoric, and his learning,—not to ensure a conviction, for the circumstances were such that a conviction was inevitable,—but to deprive the unhappy prisoner of all those excuses which, though legally of no value, yet tended to diminish the moral guilt of the crime; and which, therefore, though they could not justify the peers in pronouncing an acquittal, might incline the Queen to grant a pardon. The Earl urged as a palliation of his frantic acts, that he was surrounded by powerful and inveterate enemies, that they had ruined his fortunes, that they sought his life, and that their persecutions had driven him to despair. This was true, and Bacon well knew it to be true. But he affected to treat it as an idle pretence. He compared Essex to Pisistratus, who, by pretending to be in imminent danger of assassination, and by exhibiting self-inflicted wounds, succeeded in establishing tyranny at Athens. This was too much for the prisoner to bear. He interrupted his ungrateful friend, by calling on him to quit the part of an advocate,—to come forward as a witness, and tell the Lords whether, in old times, he, Francis Bacon, had not under his own hand, repeatedly asserted the truth of what he now represented as idle pretexts. It is painful to go on with this lamentable story. Bacon returned a shuffling answer to the Earl's question: and, as if the allusion to Pisistratus were not sufficiently offensive, made another allusion still more unjustifiable. He compared Essex to Henry Duke of Guise, and the rash attempt in the city, to the day of the barricades at Paris. Why Bacon had recourse to such a topic it is

difficult to say. It was quite unnecessary for the purpose of obtaining a verdict. It was certain to produce a strong impression on the mind of the haughty and jealous princess on whose pleasure the Earl's fate depended. The faintest allusion to the degrading tutelage in which the last Valois had been held by the house of Lorraine, was sufficient to harden her heart against a man who in rank, in military reputation, in popularity among the citizens of the capital, bore some resemblance to the Captain of the League. Essex was convicted. Bacon made no effort to save him, though the Queen's feelings were such, that he might have pleaded his benefactor's cause, possibly with success, certainly without any serious danger to himself. The unhappy nobleman was executed. His fate excited strong, perhaps unreasonable feelings of compassion and indignation. The Queen was received by the citizens of London with gloomy looks and faint acclamations. She thought it expedient to publish a vindication of her late proceedings. The faithless friend who had assisted in taking the Earl's life was now employed to murder the Earl's fame. The Queen had seen some of Bacon's writings and had been pleased with them. He was accordingly selected to write "A Declaration of the practices and treasons attempted and committed by Robert Earl of Essex," which was printed by authority. In the succeeding reign, Bacon had not a word to say in defence of this performance—a performance, abounding in expressions which no generous enemy would have employed respecting a man who had so dearly expiated his offences. His only excuse was, that he wrote it by command,—that he considered himself as a mere secretary,—that he had particular instructions as to the way in which he was to treat every part of the subject,—and that, in fact, he had furnished only the arrangement and the style.

We regret to say, that the whole conduct of Bacon, through the course of these transactions, appears to Mr. Montagu not merely excusable, but deserving of high admiration. The integrity and benevolence of this gentleman are so well known, that our readers will probably be at a loss to conceive by what steps he can have arrived at so extraordinary a conclusion; and we are half afraid that they will suspect us of practising some artifice upon them, when we report the principal arguments which he employs.

In order to get rid of the charge of ingratitude, Mr. Montagu attempts to show, that Bacon lay under greater obligations to the Queen than to Essex. What these obligations were it is not easy to discover. The situation of Queen's Counsel, and a remote reversion, were surely favours very far below Bacon's personal and hereditary claims. They were favours which had not cost the Queen a groat, nor had they put a groat into Bacon's purse. It was necessary to rest Elizabeth's claims to gratitude on some other ground; and this Mr. Montagu felt. "What perhaps was her greatest kindness," says he, "instead of having hastily advanced Bacon, she had, with a continuance of her friendship, made him bear the yoke in his youth. Such were his obligations to Elizabeth." Such indeed they were. Being the son of one of her oldest and most faithful ministers—being himself the ablest and most accomplished young man of his time—he had been condemned by her to drudgery, to obscurity, to poverty. She had depreciated his acquirements. She had checked him in the most imperious manner,

when in Parliament he ventured to act an independent part. She had refused to him the professional advancement to which he had a just claim. To her it was owing that while younger men,—not superior to him in extraction, and far inferior to him in every kind of personal merit,—were filling the highest offices of the state, adding manor to manor, rearing palace after palace, he was lying at a spunging-house for a debt of three hundred pounds. Assuredly if Bacon owed gratitude to Elizabeth, he owed none to Essex. If the Queen really was his best friend, the Earl was his worst enemy. We wonder that Mr. Montagu did not press this argument a little further. He might have maintained, that Bacon was fully justified in revenging himself on a man who had attempted to rescue his youth from the salutary yoke imposed on it by the Queen,—who had wished to advance him hastily,—who, not content with attempting to inflict the Attorney-Generalship upon him, had been so cruel as to present him with a landed estate.

Again, we can hardly think Mr. Montagu serious when he tells us, that Bacon was bound for the sake of the public not to destroy his own hopes of advancement; and that he took part against Essex from a wish to obtain power which might enable him to be useful to his country. We really do not know how to refute such arguments except by stating them. Nothing is impossible which does not involve a contradiction. It is barely possible that Bacon's motives for acting as he did on this occasion, may have been gratitude to the Queen for keeping him poor; and a desire to benefit his fellow-creatures in some high situation. And there is a possibility that Bonner may have been a good Protestant, who, being convinced that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church, heroically went through all the drudgery and infamy of persecution, that he might inspire the English people with an intense and lasting hatred of Popery. There is a possibility that Jeffries may have been an ardent lover of liberty, and that he may have beheaded Algernon Sydney, and burned Elizabeth Gaunt, only in order to produce a reaction which might lead to the limitation of the prerogative. There is a possibility that Thurtell may have killed Weare, only in order to give the youth of England an impressive warning against gaming and bad company. There is a possibility that Fauntleroy may have forged powers of attorney, only in order that his fate might turn the attention of the public to the defects of the penal law. These things, we say, are possible. But they are so extravagantly improbable, that a man who should act on such suppositions, would be fit only for Saint Luke's. And we do not see why suppositions on which no rational man would act in ordinary life, should be admitted into history.

Mr. Montagu's notion that Bacon desired power only in order to do good to mankind, appears somewhat strange to us, when we consider how Bacon afterwards used power, and how he lost it. Surely the service which he rendered to mankind by taking Lady Wharton's broad pieces, and Sir John Kennedy's cabinet, was not of such vast importance as to sanctify all the means which might conduce to that end. If the case were fairly stated, it would, we much fear, stand thus:—Bacon was a servile advocate, that he might be a corrupt judge.

Mr. Montagu conceives that none but the ignorant and unreflecting can think Bacon censurable for any

thing that he did as counsel for the Crown; and maintains that no advocate can justifiably use any discretion as to the party for whom he appears. We will not at present inquire whether the doctrine which is held on this subject, by English lawyers, be or be not agreeable to reason and morality;—whether it be right that a man should, with a wig on his head, and a band round his neck, do for a guinea what, without those appendages, he would think it wicked and infamous to do for an empire;—whether it be right that, not merely believing but knowing a statement to be true, he should do all that can be done by sophistry, by rhetoric, by solemn asseveration, by indignant exclamation, by gesture, by play of features, by terrifying one honest witness, by perplexing another, to cause a jury to think that statement false. It is not necessary on the present occasion to decide these questions. The professional rules, be they good or bad, are rules to which many wise and virtuous men have conformed and are daily conforming. If, therefore, Bacon did no more than these rules required of him, we shall readily admit that he was blameless. But we conceive that his conduct was not justifiable according to any professional rules that now exist or that ever existed in England. It has always been held, that in criminal cases, in which the prisoner was denied the help of counsel, and above all, in capital cases, the advocate for the prosecution was both entitled, and bound, to exercise a discretion. It is true that, after the Revolution, when the Parliament began to make inquiry for the innocent blood which had been shed by the last Stuarts, a feeble attempt was made to defend the lawyers who had been accomplices in the murder of Sir Thomas Armstrong, on the ground that they had only acted professionally. The wretched sophism was silenced by the execrations of the House of Commons. "Things will never be well done," said Mr. Foley, "till some of that profession be made examples." "We have a new sort of monsters in the world," said the younger Hampden, "haranguing a man to death. These I call bloodhounds. Sawyer is very criminal and guilty of this murder." "I speak to discharge my conscience," said Mr. Garraway. "I will not have the blood of this man at my door. Sawyer demanded judgment against him and execution. I believe him guilty of the death of this man. Do what you will with him." "If the profession of the law," said the elder Hampden, "gives a man authority to murder at this rate, it is the interest of all men to rise and exterminate that profession." Nor was this language held only by unlearned country gentlemen. Sir William Williams, one of the ablest and most unscrupulous lawyers of the age, took the same view of the case. He had not hesitated, he said, to take part in the prosecution of the Bishops, because they were allowed counsel. But he maintained, that where the prisoner was not allowed counsel, the Counsel for the Crown was bound to exercise a discretion; and that every lawyer who neglected this distinction was a betrayer of the law. But it is unnecessary to cite authority. It is known to everybody who has ever looked into a court of quarter-sessions, that lawyers do exercise a discretion in criminal cases; and it is plain to every man of common sense, that if they did not exercise such a discretion, they would be a more hateful body of men than those braves who used to hire out their stilettoes in Italy.

Bacon appeared against a man who was indeed guilty of a great offence, but who had been his bene-

factor and friend. He did more than this. Nay, he did more than a person who had never seen Essex would have been justified in doing. He employed all the art of an advocate in order to make the prisoner's conduct appear more inexcusable, and more dangerous to the state, than it really had been. All that professional duty could, in any case, have required of him, would have been to conduct the cause so as to ensure a conviction. But from the nature of the circumstances there could not be the smallest doubt that the Earl would be found guilty. The character of the crime was unequivocal. It had been committed recently—in broad day-light—in the streets of the capital—in the presence of thousands. If ever there was an occasion on which an advocate had no temptation to resort to extraneous topics for the purpose of blinding the judgment, and inflaming the passions of a tribunal, this was that occasion. Why then resort to arguments which, while they could add nothing to the strength of the case, considered in a legal point of view, tended to aggravate the moral guilt of the fatal enterprise, and to excite fear and resentment in that quarter from which alone the Earl could now expect mercy? Why remind the audience of the arts of the ancient tyrants? Why deny, what everybody knew to be the truth, that a powerful faction at court had long sought to effect the ruin of the prisoner? Why, above all, institute a parallel between the unhappy culprit and the most wicked and most successful rebel of the age? Was it absolutely impossible to do all that professional duty required without reminding a jealous sovereign of the League, of the barricades, and of all the humiliations which a too powerful subject had heaped on Henry the Third?

But if we admit the plea which Mr. Montagu urges in defence of what Bacon did as an Advocate, what shall we say of the "Declaration of the Treasons of Robert Earl of Essex?" Here at least there was no pretence of professional obligation. Even those who may think it the duty of a lawyer to hang, draw, and quarter his benefactors, for a proper consideration, will hardly say that it is his duty to write abusive pamphlets against them, after they are in their graves. Bacon excused himself by saying that he was not answerable for the matter of the book, and that he furnished only the language. But why did he endow such purposes with words? Could no hack-writer, without virtue or shame, be found to exaggerate the errors, already so dearly expiated, of a gentle and noble spirit! Every age produces those links between the man and the baboon. Every age is fertile of Cacanens, of Gildons, and of Antony Pasquins. But was it for Bacon so to prostitute his intellect? Could he not feel that while he rounded and pointed some period dictated by the envy of Cecil, or gave a plausible form to some slander invented by the dastardly malignity of Cobham, he was not sinning merely against his friend's honour and his own? Could he not feel that letters, eloquence, philosophy, were all degraded in his degradation?

The real explanation of all this is perfectly obvious; and nothing but a partiality amounting to a ruling passion could cause any body to miss it. The moral qualities of Bacon were not of high order. We do not say that he was a bad man. He was not inhuman or tyrannical. He bore with meekness his high civil honours, and the far higher honours gained by his intellect. He was very seldom, if ever, provoked

into treating any person with malignity and insolence. No man more readily held up the left cheek to those who had smitten the right. No man was more expert at the soft answer which turneth away wrath. He was never accused of intemperance in his pleasures. His even temper, his flowing courtesy, the general respectability of his demeanour, made a favourable impression on those who saw him in situations which do not severely try the principles. His faults were—we write it with pain—coldness of heart and meanness of spirit. He seems to have been incapable of feeling strong affection, of facing great dangers, of making great sacrifices. His desires were set on things below.

Wealth, precedence, titles, patronage,—the mace, the seals, the coronet,—large houses, fair gardens, rich manors, massy services of plate, gay hangings, curious cabinets,—had as great attractions for him as for any of the courtiers who dropped on their knees in the dirt when Elizabeth passed by, and then hastened home to write to the King of Scots that her Grace seemed to be breaking fast. For these objects he had stooped to every thing and endured every thing. For these he had sued in the humblest manner, and when unjustly and ungraciously repulsed, had thanked those who had repulsed him, and had begun to sue again. For these objects, as soon as he found that the smallest show of independence in Parliament was offensive to the Queen, he had abased himself to the dust before her, and implored forgiveness, in terms better suited to a convicted thief than to a knight of the shire. For these he joined, and for these he forsook Lord Essex. He continued to plead his patron's cause with the Queen as long as he thought that by pleading that cause he might serve himself. Nay—he went further—for his feelings, though not warm, were kind—he pleaded that cause as long as he thought he could plead it without injury to himself. But when it became evident that Essex was going headlong to his ruin, Bacon began to tremble for his own fortunes. What he had to fear would not, indeed, have been very alarming to a man of lofty character. It was not death. It was not imprisonment. It was the loss of court favour. It was the being left behind by others in the career of ambition. It was the having leisure to finish the *Instauratio Magna*. The Queen looked coldly on him. The courtiers began to consider him as a marked man. He determined to change his line of conduct, and to proceed in a new course with so much vigour as to make up for lost time. When once he had determined to act against his friend, knowing himself to be suspected, he acted with more zeal than would have been necessary or justifiable if he had been employed against a stranger. He exerted his professional talents to shed the Earl's blood, and his literary talents to blacken the Earl's memory. It is certain that his conduct excited at the time great and general disapprobation. While Elizabeth lived, indeed, this disapprobation, though deeply felt, was not loudly expressed. But a great change was at hand.

The health of the Queen had long been decaying; and the operation of age and disease was now assisted by acute mental suffering. The pitiable melancholy of her last days has generally been ascribed to her fond regret for Essex. But we are disposed to attribute her dejection partly to physical causes, and partly to the conduct of her courtiers and ministers. They did all in their power to conceal from her the intrigues which they were carrying on at the Court of Scotland.

But her keen sagacity was not to be so deceived. She did not know the whole. But she knew that she was surrounded by men who were impatient for that new world which was to begin at her death,—who had never been attached to her by affection,—and who were now but very slightly attached to her by interest. Prostration and flattery could not conceal from her the cruel truth, that those whom she had trusted and promoted had never loved her, and were fast ceasing to fear her. Unable to avenge herself, and too proud to complain, she suffered sorrow and resentment to prey on her heart, till, after a long career of power, prosperity and glory, she died sick and weary of the world.

James mounted the throne; and Bacon employed all his address to obtain for himself a share of the favour of his new master. This was no difficult task. The faults of James, both as a man and as a prince, were numerous; but insensibility to the claims of genius and learning was not amongst them. He was indeed made up of two men,—a witty, well-read scholar, who wrote, disputed, and harangued,—and a nervous, drivelling idiot, who acted. If he had been a Canon of Christ Church, or a Prebendary of Westminster, it is not improbable that he would have left a highly respectable name to posterity,—that he would have distinguished himself among the translators of the Bible, and among the Divines who attended the Synod of Dort,—that he would have been regarded by the literary world as no contemptible rival of Vossius and Casaubon. But fortune placed him in a situation in which his weakness covered him with disgrace; and in which his accomplishments brought him no honour. In a college, much eccentricity and childishness would have been readily pardoned in so learned a man. But all that learning could do for him on the throne, was to make people think him a pedant as well as a fool.

Bacon was favourably received at Court; and soon found that his chance of promotion was not diminished by the death of the Queen. He was solicitous to be knighted—for two reasons—which are somewhat amusing. The King had already dubbed half London, and Bacon found himself the only untitled person in his mess at Gray's Inn. This was not very agreeable to him. He had also, to quote his own words, “found an Alderman's daughter, a handsome maiden, to his liking.” On both these grounds, he begged his cousin Robert Cecil, “if it might please his good Lordship” to use his interest in his behalf. The application was successful. Bacon was one of three hundred gentlemen who, on the coronation-day, received the honour, if it is to be so called, of knighthood. The handsome maiden, a daughter of Alderman Barnham, soon after consented to become Sir Francis's lady.

The death of Elizabeth, though on the whole it improved Bacon's prospects, was in one respect an unfortunate event for him. The new King had always felt kindly towards Lord Essex, who had been zealous for the Scotch succession; and, as soon as he came to the throne, began to show favour to the house of Devereux, and to those who had stood by that house in its adversity. Every body was now at liberty to speak out respecting those lamentable events in which Bacon had borne so large a share. Elizabeth was scarcely cold when the public feeling began to manifest itself by marks of respect towards Lord South-

ampt. That accomplished nobleman, who will be remembered to the latest ages as the generous and discerning patron of Shakspeare, was held in honour by his contemporaries, chiefly on account of the devoted affection which he had borne to Essex. He had been tried and convicted together with his friend; but the Queen had spared his life, and, at the time of her death, he was still a prisoner. A crowd of visitors hastened to the Tower to congratulate him on his approaching deliverance. With that crowd Bacon could not venture to mingle. The multitude loudly condemned him; and his conscience told him that the multitude had but too much reason. He excused himself to Southampton by letter, in terms which, if he had, as Mr. Montagu conceives, done only what as a subject and an advocate he was bound to do, must be considered as shamefully servile. He owns his fear that his attendance would give offence, and that his professions of regard would obtain no credit. "Yet," says he, "it is as true as a thing that God knoweth, that this great change hath wrought in me no other change towards your Lordship than this, that I may safely be that to you now which I was truly before."

How Southampton received these apologies we are not informed. But it is certain that the general opinion was pronounced against Bacon in a manner not to be misunderstood. Soon after his marriage he put forth a defence of his conduct, in the form of a Letter to the Earl of Devon. This tract seems to us to prove only the exceeding badness of a cause for which such talents could do so little.

It is not probable that Bacon's Defence had much effect on his contemporaries. But the unfavourable impression which his conduct had made appears to have been gradually effaced. Indeed it must be some very peculiar cause that can make a man like him long unpopular. His talents secured him from contempt, his temper and his manners from hatred. There is scarcely any story so black that it may not be got over by a man of great abilities, whose abilities are united with caution, good-humour, patience, and affability,—who pays daily sacrifice to Nemesis, who is a delightful companion, a serviceable though not an ardent friend, and a dangerous yet a placable enemy. Waller in the next generation was an eminent instance of this. Indeed Waller had much more than may at first sight appear in common with Bacon. To the higher intellectual qualities of the great English philosopher,—to the genius which has made an immortal epoch in the history of science,—Waller had indeed no pretensions. But the mind of Waller, as far as it extended, coincided with that of Bacon, and might, so to speak, have been cut out of that of Bacon. In the qualities which make a man an object of interest and veneration to posterity, there was no comparison between them. But in the qualities by which chiefly a man is known to his contemporaries there was a striking similarity. Considered as men of the world, as courtiers, as politicians, as associates, as allies, as enemies, they had nearly the same merits and the same defects. They were not malignant. They were not tyrannical. But they wanted warmth of affection and elevation of sentiment. There were many things which they loved better than virtue, and which they feared more than guilt. Yet after they had stooped to acts of which it is impossible to read the account in the most partial narratives without strong disapprobation and contempt, the public still continued to

regard them with a feeling not easily to be distinguished from esteem. The hyperbole of Juliet seemed to be verified with respect to them. "Upon their brows shame was ashamed to sit." Every body seemed as desirous to throw a veil over their misconduct as if it had been his own. Clarendon, who felt, and who had reason to feel, strong personal dislikes towards Waller, speaks of him thus:—"There needs no more to be said to extol the excellence and power of his wit and pleasantness of his conversation, than that it was of magnitude enough to cover a world of very great faults,—that is, so to cover them that they were not taken notice of to his reproach,—viz., a narrowness in his nature to the lowest degree,—an abjectness and want of courage to support him in any virtuous undertaking,—an insinuation and servile flattery to the height the vainest and most imperious nature could be contented with. . . . It had power to reconcile him to those whom he had most offended and provoked, and continued to his age with that rare felicity, that his company was acceptable where his spirit was odious, and he was at least pitied where he was most detested." Much of this, with some softening, might, we fear, be applied to Bacon. The influence of Waller's talents, manners, and accomplishments, died with him; and the world has pronounced an unbiassed sentence on his character. A few flowing lines are not bribe sufficient to pervert the judgment of posterity. But the influence of Bacon is felt and will long be felt over the whole civilized world. Leniently as he was treated by his contemporaries, posterity has treated him more leniently still. Turn where we may, the trophies of that mighty intellect are full in view. We are judging Manlius in sight of the Capitol.

Under the reign of James, Bacon grew rapidly in fortune and favour. In 1604 he was appointed King's Counsel, with a fee of forty pounds a-year; and a pension of sixty pounds a-year was settled upon him. In 1607 he became Solicitor-General; in 1612 Attorney-General. He continued to distinguish himself in Parliament, particularly by his exertions in favour of one excellent measure on which the King's heart was set,—the union of England and Scotland. It was not difficult for such an intellect to discover many irresistible arguments in favour of such a scheme. He conducted the great case of the *Post Nati* in the Exchequer Chamber; and the decision of the judges,—a decision the legality of which may be questioned, but the beneficial effect of which must be acknowledged,—was in a great measure attributed to his dexterous management. While actively engaged in the House of Commons and in the courts of law, he still found leisure for letters and philosophy. The noble treatise on the "Advancement of Learning," which at a later period was expanded into the *De Augmentis*, appeared in 1605. The "Wisdom of the Ancients,"—a work which, if it had proceeded from any other writer, would have been considered as a masterpiece of wit and learning, but which adds little to the fame of Bacon, was printed in 1609. In the mean time the *Novum Organum* was slowly proceeding. Several distinguished men of learning had been permitted to see sketches or detached portions of that extraordinary book; and though they were not generally disposed to admit the soundness of the author's views, they spoke with the greatest admiration of his genius. Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder of the most magnificent

of English libraries, was among those stubborn Conservatives who considered the hopes with which Bacon looked forward to the future destinies of the human race as utterly chimerical; and who regarded with distrust and aversion the innovating spirit of the new schismatics in philosophy. Yet even Bodley after perusing the *Cogitata et Visa*—one of the most precious of those scattered leaves out of which the great oracular volume was afterwards made up—acknowledged that in “those very points, and in all proposals and plots in that book, Bacon showed himself a master-workman;” and that “it could not be gainsaid but all the treatise over did abound with choice conceits of the present state of learning, and with worthy contemplations of the means to procure it.” In 1612 a new edition of the “E-says” appeared, with additions surpassing the original collection both in bulk and quality. Nor did these pursuits distract Bacon’s attention from a work the most arduous, the most glorious, and the most useful that even his mighty powers could have achieved, “the reducing and re-compiling,” to use his own phrase, “of the laws of England.”

Unhappily he was at that very time employed in perverting those laws to the vilest purposes of tyranny. When Oliver St. John was brought before the Star Chamber for maintaining that the King had no right to levy benevolences, and was for his manly and constitutional conduct sentenced to imprisonment during the royal pleasure, and to a fine of five thousand pounds, Bacon appeared as counsel for the prosecution.—About the same time he was deeply engaged in a still more disgraceful transaction. An aged clergyman of the name of Peacham, was accused of treason on account of some passages of a sermon which was found in his study. The sermon, whether written by him or not, had never been preached. It did not appear that he had any intention of preaching it. The most servile lawyers of those servile times were forced to admit that there were great difficulties both as to the facts and as to the law. Bacon was employed to remove those difficulties. He was employed to settle the question of law by tampering with the Judges, and the question of fact by torturing the prisoner. Three judges of the Court of King’s Bench were tractable. But Coke was made of different stuff. Pedant, bigot, and savage as he was, he had qualities which bore a strong, though a very disagreeable resemblance to some of the highest virtues which a public man can possess. He was an exception to a maxim which we believe to be generally true,—that those who trample on the helpless are disposed to cringe to the powerful. He behaved with gross rudeness to his juniors at the bar, and with execrable cruelty to prisoners on trial for their lives. But he stood up manfully against the King and the King’s favourites. No man of that age appeared to so little advantage when he was opposed to an inferior, and was in the wrong. But, on the other hand, it is but fair to admit that no man of that age made so creditable a figure when he was opposed to a superior, and happened to be in the right. On such occasions, his half-suppressed insolence and his impracticable obstinacy had a respectable and interesting appearance, when compared with the abject servility of the bar and of the bench. On the present occasion he was stubborn and surly. He declared that it was a new and a highly improper practice in the Judges to confer with a law-officer of the crown about

capital cases which they were afterwards to try; and for some time he resolutely kept aloof. But Bacon was equally artful and persevering. “I am not wholly out of hope,” said he, in a letter to the King, “that my Lord Coke himself, when I have in some dark manner put him in doubt that he shall be left alone, will not be singular.” After some time Bacon’s dexterity was successful; and Coke, sullenly and reluctantly, followed the example of his brethren. But in order to convict Peacham it was necessary to find facts as well as law. Accordingly, this wretched old man was put to the rack; and, while undergoing the horrible infliction, was examined by Bacon, but in vain. No confession could be wrung out of him; and Bacon wrote to the king, complaining that Peacham had a dumb devil. At length the trial came on. A conviction was obtained; but the charges were so obviously futile, that the government could not, for very shame, carry the sentence into execution; and Peacham was suffered to languish away the short remainder of his life in a prison.

All this frightful story Mr. Montagu relates fairly. He neither conceals nor distorts any material fact. But he can see nothing deserving of condemnation in Bacon’s conduct. He tells us most truly that we ought not to try the men of one age by the standard of another.—that Sir Matthew Hale is not to be pronounced a bad man, because he left a woman to be executed for witchcraft,—that posterity will not be justified in censuring judges of our time, for selling offices in their courts, according to the established practice, bad as that practice was,—and that Bacon is entitled to similar indulgence. “To persecute the lover of truth,” says Mr. Montagu, “for opposing established customs, and to censure him in after ages for not having been more strenuous in opposition, are errors which will never cease until the pleasure of self-elevation from the depression of superiority is no more.”

We have no dispute with Mr. Montagu about the general proposition. We assent to every word of it. But does it apply to the present case? Is it true that in the time of James I. it was the established practice for the law-officers of the Crown to hold private consultations with the judges, touching capital cases which those judges were afterwards to try? Certainly not. In the very page in which Mr. Montagu asserts that “the influencing a judge out of court seems at that period scarcely to have been considered as improper,” he gives the very words of Sir Edward Coke on the subject. “I will not thus declare what may be my judgment by these auricular confessions of new and pernicious tendency, and not according to the customs of the realm.” Is it possible to imagine that Coke,—who had himself been Attorney-General during thirteen years, who had conducted a far greater number of important state-prosecutions than any other lawyer named in English history, and who had passed with scarcely any interval from the Attorney-Generalship to the first seat in the first criminal court in the realm,—could have been startled at an invitation to confer with the crown-lawyers, and could have pronounced the practice new, if it had really been an established usage? We well know that where property only was at stake, it was then a common, though a most culpable practice, in the judges to listen to private solicitation. But the practice of tampering with judges in order to procure capital convictions, we be-

lieve to have been new, first, because Coke, who understood those matters better than any man of his time, asserted it to be new; and, secondly, because neither Bacon nor Mr. Montagu has shown a single precedent.

How then stands the case? Even thus:—Bacon was not conforming to an usage then generally admitted to be proper. He was not even the last lingering adherent of an old abuse. It would have been sufficiently disgraceful to such a man to be in this last situation. Yet this last situation would have been honourable compared with that in which he stood. He was guilty of attempting to introduce into the courts of law an odious abuse for which no precedent could be found. Intellectually, he was better fitted than any man that England has ever produced for the work of improving her institutions. But, unhappily, we see that he did not scruple to exert his great powers for the purpose of introducing into those institutions new corruptions of the foulest kind.

The same, or nearly the same, may be said of the torturing of Peacham. If it be true that in the time of James I. the propriety of torturing prisoners was generally allowed, we should admit this as an excuse, though we should admit it less readily in the case of such a man as Bacon than in the case of an ordinary lawyer or politician. But the fact is, that the practice of torturing prisoners was then generally acknowledged by lawyers to be illegal, and was execrated by the public as barbarous. More than thirty years before Peacham's trial, that practice was so loudly condemned by the voice of the nation, that Lord Burleigh found it necessary to publish an apology for having occasionally resorted to it.* But though the dangers which then threatened the government were of a very different kind from those which were to be apprehended from anything that Peacham could write, though the life of the Queen and the dearest interests of the state were in jeopardy, though the circumstances were such that all ordinary laws might seem to be superseded by that highest law, the public safety, the apology did not satisfy the country: and the Queen found it expedient to issue an order positively forbidding the torturing of state-prisoners on any pretence whatever. From that time, the practice of torturing, which had always been unpopular, which had always been illegal, had also been unusual. It is well known that in 1638, only fourteen years after the time when Bacon went to the Tower to listen to the yells of Peacham, the judges decided that Felton, a criminal who neither deserved nor was likely to obtain any extraordinary indulgence, could not lawfully be put to the question. We therefore say that Bacon stands in a very different situation from that in which Mr. Montagu tries to place him. Bacon was here distinctly behind his age. He was one of the last of the tools of power who persisted in a practice the most barbarous and the most absurd that has ever disgraced jurisprudence,—in a practice of which, in the preceding generation, Elizabeth and her ministers had been ashamed,—in a practice which, a few years later, no sycophant in all the Inns of Court had the heart, or the forehead, to defend.

Bacon far behind his age! Bacon far behind Sir Edward Coke! Bacon clinging to exploded abuses! Bacon withstanding the progress of improvement!

* This paper is contained in the *Harleian Miscellany*. It is dated 1583.

Bacon struggling to push back the human mind! The words seem strange. They sound like a contradiction in terms. Yet the fact is even so: and the explanation may be readily found by any person who is not blinded by prejudice. Mr. Montagu cannot believe that so extraordinary a man as Bacon could be guilty of a bad action,—as if history were not made up of the bad actions of extraordinary men,—as if all the most noted destroyers and deceivers of our species, all the founders of arbitrary governments and false religions, had not been extraordinary men,—as if nine-tenths of the calamities which have befallen the human race had any other origin than the union of high intelligence with low desires.

Bacon knew this well. He has told us that there are persons, "*scientia tanquam angeli alati, cupiditibus vero tanquam serpentes qui humi reptant*:"* and it did not require his admirable sagacity and his extensive converse with mankind to make the discovery. Indeed, he had only to look within. The difference between the soaring angel, and the creeping snake, was but a type of the difference between Bacon the philosopher and Bacon the Attorney-General.—Bacon seeking for Truth, and Bacon seeking for the Seals. Those who survey only one-half of his character may speak of him with unmixed admiration or with unmixed contempt. But those only judge of him correctly, who take in at one view Bacon in speculation and Bacon in action. They will have no difficulty in comprehending how one and the same man should have been far before his age and far behind it,—in one line the boldest and most useful of innovators,—in another line the most obstinate champion of the foulest abuses. In his library, all his rare powers were under the guidance of an honest ambition,—of an enlarged philanthropy,—of a sincere love of truth. There, no temptation drew him away from the right course. Thomas Aquinas could pay no fees—Duns Scotus could confer no peerages. The "*Master of the Sentences*" had no rich reversion in his gift. Far different was the situation of the great philosopher when he came forth from his study and his laboratory to mingle with the crowd which filled the galleries of Whitehall. In all that crowd there was no man equally qualified to render great and lasting services to mankind. But in all that crowd there was not a heart more set on things which no man ought to suffer to be necessary to his happiness,—on things which can often be obtained only by the sacrifice of integrity and honour. To be the leader of the human race in the career of improvement,—to found on the ruins of ancient intellectual dynasties a more prosperous and more enduring empire,—to be revered to the latest generations as the most illustrious among the benefactors of mankind,—all this was within his reach. But all this availed him nothing while some quibbling special pleader was promoted before him to the bench,—while some heavy country gentleman took precedence of him by virtue of a purchased coronet,—while some pander, happy in a fair wife, could obtain a more cordial salute from Buckingham,—while some buffoon, versed in all the latest scandal of the court, could draw a louder laugh from James.

During a long course of years, his unworthy ambition was crowned with success. His sagacity early enabled him to perceive who was likely to become the

* *De Augmentis*, Lib. v. cap. 1.

most powerful man in the kingdom. He probably knew the King's mind before it was known to the King himself, and attached himself to Villiers, while the less discerning crowd of courtiers still continued to fawn on Somerset. The influence of the younger favourite became greater daily. The contest between the rivals might, however, have lasted long, but for that frightful crime which, in spite of all that could be effected by the research and ingenuity of historians, is still covered with so mysterious an obscurity. The descent of Somerset had been a gradual and almost imperceptible lapse. It now became a headlong fall; and Villiers, left without a competitor, rapidly rose to a height of power such as no subject since Wolsey had attained.

There were many points of resemblance between the two celebrated courtiers who, at different times, extended their patronage to Bacon. It is difficult to say whether Essex or Villiers was the more eminently distinguished by those graces of person and manner which have always been rated in courts at much more than their real value. Both were constitutionally brave; and both, like most men who are constitutionally brave, were open and unreserved. Both were rash and headstrong. Both were destitute of the abilities and the information which are necessary to statesmen. Yet both, trusting to the accomplishments which had made them conspicuous in tilt-yards and ball-rooms, aspired to rule the state. Both owed their elevation to the personal attachment of the sovereign; and in both cases this attachment was of so eccentric a kind, that it perplexed observers,—that it still continues to perplex historians,—and that it gave rise to much scandal which we are inclined to think unfounded. Each of them treated the sovereign whose favour he enjoyed with a rudeness which approached to insolence. This petulance ruined Essex, who had to deal with a spirit naturally as proud as his own, and accustomed, during nearly half a century, to the most respectful observance. But there was a wide difference between the haughty daughter of Henry and her successor. James was timid from the cradle. His nerves, naturally weak, had not been fortified by reflection or by habit. His life, till he came to England, had been a series of mortifications and humiliations. With all his high notions of the origin and extent of his prerogatives, he was never his own master for a day. In spite of his kingly title,—in spite of his despotic theories, he was to the last a slave at heart. Villiers treated him like one; and this course, though adopted, we believe, merely from temper, succeeded as well as if it had been a system of policy formed after mature deliberation.

In generosity, in sensibility, in capacity for friendship, Essex far surpassed Buckingham. Indeed, Buckingham can scarcely be said to have had any friend, with the exception of the two princes, over whom successively he exercised so wonderful an influence. Essex was to the last adored by the people. Buckingham was always a most unpopular man; except, perhaps, for a very short time after his return from the childish visit to Spain. Essex fell a victim to the rigour of the government amidst the lamentations of the people. Buckingham, execrated by the people, and solemnly declared a public enemy by the representatives of the people, fell by the hand of one of the people, and was lamented by none but his master.

The way in which the two favourites acted towards Bacon was highly characteristic, and may serve to illustrate the old and true saying,—that a man is generally more inclined to feel kindly towards one on whom he has conferred favours than towards one from whom he has received them. Essex loaded Bacon with benefits, and never thought that he had done enough. It never seems to have crossed the mind of the powerful and wealthy noble that the poor barrister whom he treated with such munificent kindness was not his equal. It was, we have no doubt, with perfect sincerity that he declared, that he would willingly give his sister or daughter in marriage to his friend. He was in general more than sufficiently sensible of his own merits; but he did not seem to know that he had ever deserved well of Bacon. On that cruel day when they saw each other for the last time at the bar of the Lords, the Earl taxed his perfidious friend with unkindness and insincerity, but never with ingratitude. Even in such a moment, more bitter than the bitterness of death, that noble heart was too great to vent itself in such a reproach.

Villiers, on the other hand, owed much to Bacon. When their acquaintance began, Sir Francis was a man of mature age, of high station, and of established fame as a politician, an advocate, and a writer. Villiers was little more than a boy, a younger son of a house then of no great note. He was but just entering on the career of court favour; and none but the most discerning observers could as yet perceive that he was likely to distance all his competitors. The countenance and advice of a man so highly distinguished as the Attorney-General, must have been an object of the highest importance to the young adventurer. But though Villiers was the obliged party, he was less warmly attached to Bacon and far less delicate in his conduct towards him than Essex had been.

To do the new favourite justice, he early exerted his influence in behalf of his illustrious friend. In 1616, Sir Francis was sworn of the Privy Council; and in March, 1617, on the retirement of Lord Brackley, was appointed Keeper of the Great Seal.

On the 7th of May, the first day of term, he rode in state to Westminster Hall, with the Lord Treasurer on his right hand, the Lord Privy Seal on his left,—a long procession of students and ushers before him,—and a crowd of peers, privy-councillors, and judges, following in his train. Having entered his court, he addressed the splendid auditory in a grave and dignified speech, which proves how well he understood those judicial duties which he afterwards performed so ill. Even at that moment, the proudest moment of his life in the estimation of the vulgar, and, it may be, even in his own,—he cast back a look of lingering affection toward those noble pursuits from which, as it seemed, he was about to be estranged. "The depth of the three long vacations," said he, "I would reserve in some measure free from business of estate, and for studies, arts, and sciences, to which of my own nature I am most inclined."

The years during which Bacon held the Great Seal were among the darkest and most shameful in English history. Every thing at home and abroad was mismanaged. First came the execution of Raleigh, an act which, if done in a proper manner, might have been defensible, but which, under all the circumstances, must be considered as a dastardly murder. Worse was behind—the war of Bohemia—the suc-

cesses of Tilly and Spinola—the Palatinate conquered—the king's son-in-law in exile—the house of Austria dominant on the Continent—the Protestant religion and the liberties of the Germanic body trodden under foot. In the mean time, the wavering and cowardly policy of England furnished matter of ridicule to all the nations of Europe. The love of peace which James professed would, even when indulged to an impolitic excess, have been respectable, if it had proceeded from tenderness for his people. But the truth is, that while he had nothing to spare for the defence of the natural allies of England, he resorted without scruple to the most illegal and oppressive devices, for the purpose of enabling Buckingham and Buckingham's relations to out-hine the ancient aristocracy of the realm. Benevolences were exacted. Patents of monopoly were multiplied. All the resources which could have been employed to replenish a beggared Exchequer, at the close of a ruinous war, were put in motion during this season of ignominious peace.

The vices of the administration must be chiefly ascribed to the weakness of the King, and to the levity and violence of the favourite. But it is impossible to acquit the Lord Keeper. For those odious patents, in particular, which passed the Great Seal while it was in his charge, he must be held answerable. In the speech which he made on first taking his seat in his court, he had pledged himself to discharge this important part of his functions with the greatest caution and impartiality. He had declared that he "would walk in the light"—"that men should see that no particular turn or end led him, but a general rule;" and Mr. Montagu would have us believe that Bacon acted up to these professions. He says that "the power of the favourite did not deter the Lord Keeper from staying grants and patents when his public duty demanded this interposition." Does Mr. Montagu consider patents of monopoly as good things? or does he mean to say that Bacon staid every patent of monopoly that came before him? Of all patents in our history, the most disgraceful was that which was granted to Sir Giles Mompesson,—supposed to be the original of Massinger's "Over-reach," and to Sir Francis Mitchell, from whom "Justice Greedy" is supposed to have been drawn,—for the exclusive manufacturing of gold and silver lace. The effect of this monopoly was of course that the metal employed in the manufacture was adulterated, to the great loss of the public. But this was a trifle. The patentees were armed with powers as great as have ever been given to farmers of the revenue in the worst governed countries. They were authorized to search houses, and to arrest interlopers; and these formidable powers were used for purposes viler than even those for which they were given—for the wreaking of old grudges, and for the corrupting of female chastity. Was not this a case in which public duty demanded the interposition of the Lord Keeper? And did the Lord Keeper interpose? He did. He wrote to inform the King, that he "had considered of the fitness and convenience of the gold and silver thread business"—"that it was convenient that it should be settled"—that he "did conceive apparent likelihood that it would redound much to his Majesty's profit"—that, therefore, "it were good it were settled with all convenient speed." The meaning of all this was, that certain of the house of Villiers were to go shares with "Over-reach" and

"Greedy" in the plunder of the public. This was the way in which, when the favourite pressed for patents,—lucrative to his relations and to his creatures, ruinous and vexatious to the body of the people,—the chief guardian of the laws interposed. Having assisted the patentees to obtain this monopoly, Bacon assisted them also in the steps which they took for the purpose of guarding it. He committed several people to close confinement for disobeying his tyrannical edict. It is needless to say more. Our readers are now able to judge whether, in the matter of patents, Bacon acted conformably to his professions, or deserved the praise which his biographer has bestowed on him.

In his judicial capacity his conduct was not less reprehensible. He suffered Buckingham to dictate many of his decisions. Bacon knew as well as any man, that a judge who listens to private solicitations, is a disgrace to his post. He had himself, before he was raised to the woolsack, represented this strongly to Villiers, then just entering on his career. "By no means," said Sir Francis, in a letter of advice addressed to the young courtier,—"by no means be you persuaded to interpose yourself, either by word or letter, in any cause depending in any court of justice, nor suffer any great man to do it where you can hinder it. If it should prevail, it perverts justice; but, if the judge be so just and of such courage, as he ought to be, as not to be inclined thereby, yet it always leaves a taint of suspicion behind it." Yet he had not been Lord Keeper a month when Buckingham began to interfere in Chancery suits, and his interference was, as might have been expected, successful.

Mr. Montagu's reflections on the excellent passage which we have quoted above are exceedingly amusing. "No man," says he, "more deeply felt the evils which then existed of the interference of the Crown and of statesmen to influence judges. How beautifully did he admonish Buckingham, regardless as he proved of all admonition!" We should be glad to know how it can be expected that admonition will be regarded by him who receives it, when it is altogether neglected by him who gives it. We do not defend Buckingham, but what was his guilt to Bacon's? Buckingham was young, ignorant, thoughtless,—dizzy with the rapidity of his ascent and the height of his position. That he should be eager to serve his relations, his flatterers, his mistresses—that he should not fully apprehend the immense importance of a pure administration of justice—that he should think more about those who were bound to him by private ties than about the public interest—all this was perfectly natural, and not altogether unpardonable. Those who entrust a petulant, hot-blooded, ill-informed lad with power, are more to blame than he for the mischief which he may do with it. How could it be expected of a lively page, raised by a wild freak of fortune to the first influence in the empire, that he should have bestowed any serious thought on the principles which ought to guide judicial decisions? Bacon was the ablest public man then living in Europe. He was nearly sixty years old. He had thought much, and to good purpose, on the general principles of law. He had for many years borne a part daily in the administration of justice. It was impossible that a man with a tinge of his sagacity and experience, should not have known, that a judge who suffers friends or patrons to dictate his decrees, violates the plainest rules of

duty. In fact, as we have seen, he knew this well: he expressed it admirably. Neither on this occasion nor on any other could his bad actions be attributed to any defect of the head. They sprang from quite a different cause.

A man who stooped to render such services to others was not likely to be scrupulous as to the means by which he enriched himself. He and his dependents accepted large presents from persons who were engaged in Chancery suits. The amount of the plunder which he collected in this way it is impossible to estimate. There can be no doubt that he received very much more than was proved on his trial, though, it may be, less than was suspected by the public. His enemies stated his illicit gains at a hundred thousand pounds. But this was probably an exaggeration.

It was long before the day of reckoning arrived. During the interval between the second and third Parliaments of James, the nation was absolutely governed by the Crown. The prospects of the Lord Keeper were bright and serene. His great place rendered the splendour of his talents even more conspicuous; and gave an additional charm to the serenity of his temper, the courtesy of his manners, and the eloquence of his conversation. The pillaged suitor might mutter. The austere Puritan patriot might, in his retreat, lament that one on whom God had bestowed without measure all the abilities which qualify men to take the lead in great reforms, should be found among the adherents of the worst abuses. But the murmurs of the suitor, and the lamentations of the patriot, had scarcely any avenue to the ears of the powerful. The King, and the minister who was the King's master, smiled on their illustrious flatterer. The whole crowd of courtiers and nobles sought his favour with emulous eagerness. Men of wit and learning hailed with delight the elevation of one who had so signally shown that a man of profound learning and of brilliant wit might understand, far better than any plodding dunce, the art of thriving in the world.

Once, and but once, this course of prosperity was for a moment interrupted. It should seem that even Bacon's brain was not strong enough to bear without some discomposure the inebriating effect of so much good fortune. For some time after his elevation, he showed himself a little wanting in that wariness and self-command to which, more than even to his transcendent talents, his elevation was to be ascribed. He was by no means a good hater. The temperature of his revenge, like that of his gratitude, was scarcely ever more than lukewarm. But there was one person whom he had long regarded with an animosity which, though studiously suppressed, was perhaps the stronger for the suppression. The insults and injuries which, when a young man struggling into note and professional practice, he had received from Sir Edward Coke, were such as might move the most pleasurable nature to resentment. About the time at which Bacon received the Seals, Coke had, on account of his contumacious resistance to the royal pleasure, been deprived of his seat in the Court of King's Bench, and had ever since languished in retirement. But Coke's opposition to the Court, we fear, was the effect, not of good principles, but of a bad temper. Perverse and testy as he was, he wanted true fortitude and dignity of character. His obstinacy, unsupported by virtuous motives, was not proof against disgrace. He solicited a reconciliation with the favourite, and his solicitations

were successful. Sir John Villiers, the brother of Buckingham, was looking out for a rich wife. Coke had a large fortune and an unmarried daughter. A bargain was struck. But Lady Coke—the lady whom twenty years before Essex had wooed on behalf of Bacon—would not hear of the match. A violent and scandalous family quarrel followed. The mother carried the girl away by stealth. The father pursued them, and regained possession of his daughter by force. The king was then in Scotland, and Buckingham had attended him thither. Bacon was, during their absence, at the head of affairs in England. He felt towards Coke as much malevolence as it was in his nature to feel towards any body. His wisdom had been laid to sleep by prosperity. In an evil hour he determined to interfere in the disputes which agitated his enemy's household. He declared for the wife, countenanced the Attorney-General in filing an information in the Star Chamber against the husband, and wrote strongly to the King and the favourite against the proposed marriage. The language which he used in those letters shows that, sagacious as he was, he did not quite know his place;—that he was not fully acquainted with the extent either of Buckingham's power, or of the change which the possession of that power had produced in Buckingham's character. He soon had a lesson which he never forgot. The favourite received the news of the Lord Keeper's interference with feelings of the most violent resentment, and made the King even more angry than himself. Bacon's eyes were at once opened to his error, and to all its possible consequences. He had been elated, if not intoxicated, by greatness. The shock sobered him in an instant. He was all himself again. He apologized submissively for his interference. He directed the Attorney-General to stop the proceedings against Coke. He sent to tell Lady Coke that he could do nothing for her. He announced to both the families that he was desirous to promote the connexion. Having given these proofs of contrition, he ventured to present himself before Buckingham. But the young upstart did not think that he had yet sufficiently humbled an old man who had been his friend and his benefactor,—who was the highest civil functionary in the realm, and the most eminent man of letters in the world. It is said that on two successive days Bacon repaired to Buckingham's house—that on two successive days he was suffered to remain in an antechamber among foot-boys, seated on an old wooden box, with the Great Seal of England at his side; and that when at length he was admitted, he flung himself on the floor, kissed the favourite's feet, and vowed never to rise till he was forgiven. Sir Anthony Weldon, on whose authority this story rests, is likely enough to have exaggerated the meanness of Bacon and the insolence of Buckingham. But it is difficult to imagine that so circumstantial a narrative, written by a person who avers that he was present on the occasion, can be wholly without foundation; and, unhappily, there is little in the character either of the favourite or of the Lord Keeper to render the narrative improbable. It is certain that a reconciliation took place on terms humiliating to Bacon, who never more ventured to cross any purpose of any body who bore the name of Villiers. He put a strong curb on those angry passions which had for the first time in his life mastered his prudence. He went through the forms of a reconciliation with Coke, and did his best,

by seeking opportunities of paying little civilities, and by avoiding all that could produce collision, to tame the untameable ferocity of his old enemy.

In the main, however, his life, while he held the Great Seal, was, in outward appearance, most enviable. In London he lived with great dignity at York-House, the venerable mansion of his father. Here it was that, in January, 1620, he celebrated his entrance into his sixtieth year amidst a splendid circle of friends. He had then exchanged the appellation of Keeper for the higher title of Chancellor. Ben Jonson was one of the party, and wrote on the occasion some of the happiest of his rugged rhymes. All things, he tells us, seemed to smile about the old house,—“the fire, the wine, the men.” The spectacle of the accomplished host, after a life marked by no great disaster, entering on a green old age, in the enjoyment of riches, power, high honours, undiminished mental activity, and vast literary reputation, made a strong impression on the poet, if we may judge from those well-known lines—

“England’s high Chancellor, the destined heir,

In his soft cradle, to his father’s chair,

Whose even thread the fates spin round and full

Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.”

In the intervals of rest which Bacon’s political and judicial functions afforded, he was in the habit of retiring to Gorbamby. At that place his business was literature, and his favourite amusement gardening, which in one of his most pleasing Essays he calls “the purest of human pleasures.” In his magnificent grounds he erected, at a cost of ten thousand pounds, a retreat to which he repaired when he wished to avoid all visitors, and to devote himself wholly to study. On such occasions, a few young men of distinguished talents were sometimes the companions of his retirement. And among them his quick eye soon discerned the superior abilities of Thomas Hobbes. It is not probable, however, that he fully appreciated the powers of his disciple, or foresaw the vast influence, both for good and for evil, which that most vigorous and acute of human intellects was destined to exercise on the two succeeding generations.

In January, 1621, Bacon had reached the zenith of his fortunes. He had just published the *Novum Organum*; and that extraordinary book had drawn forth the warmest expressions of admiration from the ablest men in Europe. He had obtained honours of a widely different kind, but perhaps not less valued by him. He had been created Baron Verulam. He had subsequently been raised to the higher dignity of Viscount St. Albans. His patent was drawn in the most flattering terms, and the Prince of Wales signed it as a witness. The ceremony of investiture was performed with great state at Theobalds, and Buckingham condescended to be one of the chief actors. Posterity has felt that the greatest of English philosophers could derive no accession of dignity from any title which James could bestow; and, in defiance of the royal letters patent, has obstinately refused to degrade Francis Bacon into Viscount St. Albans.

In a few weeks was signally brought to the test the value of those objects for which Bacon had sullied his integrity, had resigned his independence, had violated the most sacred obligations of friendship and gratitude, had flattered the worthless, had persecuted the innocent, had tampered with judges, had tortured

prisoners, had plundered suitors, had wasted on paltry intrigues all the powers of the most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed on any of the children of men. A sudden and terrible reverse was at hand. A Parliament had been summoned. After six years of silence the voice of the nation was again to be heard. Only three days after the pageant which was performed at Theobalds in honour of Bacon, the houses met.

Want of money had, as usual, induced the King to convoke his Parliament. But it may be doubted whether, if he or his ministers had been at all aware of the state of public feeling, they would not have tried any expedient, or borne with any inconvenience, rather than have ventured to face the deputies of a justly exasperated nation. But they did not discern those times. Indeed almost all the political blunders of James, and of his more unfortunate son, arose from one great error. During the fifty years which preceded the Long Parliament a great and progressive change was taking place in the public mind. The nature and extent of this change was not in the least understood by either of the first two Kings of the House of Stuart, or by any of their advisers. That the nation became more and more discontented every year, that every House of Commons was more unmanageable than that which had preceded it,—were facts, which it was impossible not to perceive. But the Court could not understand why these things were so. The Court could not see that the English people, and the English Government, though they might once have been well suited to each other, were suited to each other no longer,—that the nation had outgrown its old institutions, was every day more uneasy under them, was pressing against them, and would soon burst through them. The alarming phenomena, the existence of which no sycophant could deny, were ascribed to every cause except the true. “In my first Parliament,” said James, “I was a novice. In my next, there was a kind of beasts called *undertakers*,”—and so forth. In the third Parliament he could hardly be called a novice, and those beasts, the *undertakers*, did not exist. Yet his third Parliament gave him more trouble than either the first or the second.

The Parliament had no sooner met than the House of Commons proceeded, in a temperate and respectful, but most determined manner, to discuss the public grievances. Their first attacks were directed against those odious patents, under cover of which Buckingham and his creatures had pillaged and oppressed the nation. The vigour with which these proceedings were conducted spread dismay through the Court. Buckingham thought himself in danger, and, in his alarm, had recourse to an adviser who had lately acquired considerable influence over him,—Williams, Dean of Westminster. This person had already been of great use to the favourite in a very delicate matter. Buckingham had set his heart on marrying Lady Catherine Manners, daughter and heiress of the Earl of Rutland. But the difficulties were great. The Earl was haughty and impracticable, and the young lady was a Catholic. Williams soothed the pride of the father, and found arguments which, for a time at least, quieted the conscience of the daughter. For these services he had been rewarded with considerable preferment in the Church; and he was now rapidly rising to the same place in the regard of

Buckingham which had been formerly occupied by Bacon.

Williams was one of those who are wiser for others than for themselves. His own public life was unfortunate, and was rendered unfortunate by his strange want of judgment and self-command at several important conjunctures. But the counsel which he gave on this occasion showed no want of worldly wisdom. He advised the favourite to abandon all thoughts of defending the monopolies—to find some foreign embassy for his brother Sir Edward, who was deeply implicated in the villanies of Mompesson—and to leave the other offenders to the justice of Parliament. Buckingham received this advice with the warmest expressions of gratitude, and declared that a load had been lifted from his heart. He then repaired with Williams to the royal presence. They found the King engaged in earnest consultation with Prince Charles. The plan of operations proposed by the Dean was fully discussed, and approved in all its parts.

The first victims whom the Court abandoned to the vengeance of the Commons were Sir Giles Mompesson and Sir Francis Michell. It was some time before Bacon began to entertain any apprehensions. His talents and his address gave him great influence in the house,—of which he had lately become a member,—as indeed they must have done in any assembly. In the House of Commons he had many personal friends and many warm admirers. But at length, about six weeks after the meeting of Parliament, the storm burst.

A committee of the lower house had been appointed to inquire into the state of the Courts of Justice. On the 15th of March, the chairman of that committee, Sir Robert Philips, member for Bath, reported that great abuses had been discovered. "The person," said he, "against whom these things are alleged is no less than the Lord Chancellor,—a man so endued with all parts, both of nature and art, as that I will say no more of him, being not able to say enough." Sir Robert then proceeded to state, in the most temperate manner, the nature of the charges. A person of the name of Aubrey had a case depending in Chancery. He had been almost ruined by law-expenses, and his patience had been exhausted by the delays of the court. He received a hint from some of the hangers-on of the Chancellor, that a present of one hundred pounds would expedite matters. The poor man had not the sum required. However, having found out an usurer who accommodated him with it at high interest, he carried it to York-House. The Chancellor took the money, and his dependents assured the suitor that all would go right. Aubrey was, however, disappointed; for, after considerable delay, "a killing decree" was pronounced against him. Another suitor of the name of Egerton complained that he had been induced by two of the Chancellor's jacks to make his Lordship a present of four hundred pounds; and that, nevertheless, he had not been able to obtain a decree in his favour. The evidence to these facts was overwhelming. Bacon's friends could only entreat the house to suspend its judgment, and to send up the case to the Lords, in a form less offensive than an impeachment.

On the 19th of March the King sent a message to the Commons, expressing his deep regret that so eminent a person as the Chancellor should be suspected

of misconduct. His Majesty declared that he had no wish to screen the guilty from justice, and proposed to appoint a new kind of tribunal, consisting of eighteen commissioners, who might be chosen from among the members of the two houses, to investigate the matter. The Commons were not disposed to depart from the regular course of proceeding. On the same day they held a conference with the Lords, and delivered in the heads of the accusation against the Chancellor. At this conference Bacon was not present. Overwhelmed with shame and remorse, and abandoned by all those in whom he had weakly put his trust, he shut himself up in his chamber from the eyes of men. The dejection of his mind soon disordered his body. Buckingham, who visited him by the King's order, "found his Lordship very sick and heavy." It appears from a pathetic letter which the unhappy man addressed to the Peers on the day of the conference, that he neither expected nor wished to survive his disgrace. During several days he remained in his bed, refusing to see any human being. He passionately told his attendants to leave him,—to forget him,—never again to name his name,—never to remember that there had been such a man in the world. In the mean time, fresh instances of corruption were every day brought to the knowledge of his accusers. The number of charges rapidly increased from two to twenty-three. The Lords entered on the investigation of the case with laudable alacrity. Some witnesses were examined at the bar of the house. A select committee was appointed to take the depositions of others; and the inquiry was rapidly proceeding, when, on the 26th of March, the King adjourned the Parliament for three weeks.

This measure revived Bacon's hopes. He made the most of his short respite. He attempted to work on the feeble mind of the King. He appealed to all the strongest feelings of James,—to his fears, to his vanity, to his high notions of prerogative. Would the Solomon of the age commit so gross an error as to encourage the encroaching spirit of Parliament? Would God's anointed, accountable to God alone, pay homage to the clamorous multitude? "Those," he exclaimed, "who now strike at the Chancellor will soon strike at the Crown. I am the first sacrifice. I wish I may be the last." But all his eloquence and address were employed in vain. Indeed, whatever Mr. Montagu may say, we are firmly convinced that it was not in the King's power to save Bacon, without having recourse to measures which would have convulsed the realm. The crown had not sufficient influence in Parliament to procure an acquittal, in so clear a case of guilt. And to dissolve a Parliament which is universally allowed to have been one of the best Parliaments that ever sat,—which had acted liberally and respectfully towards the Sovereign, and which enjoyed in the highest degree the favour of the people, only in order to stop a grave, temperate, and constitutional inquiry into the personal integrity of the first judge in the kingdom,—would have been a measure more scandalous and absurd than any of those which were the ruin of the House of Stuart. Such a measure, while it would have been as fatal to the Chancellor's honour as a conviction, would have endangered the very existence of the monarchy. The King, acting by the advice of Williams, very properly refused to engage in a dangerous struggle with his people, for the purpose of saving from legal condem-

nation a minister whom it was impossible to save from dishonour. He advised Bacon to plead guilty, and promised to do all in his power to mitigate the punishment. Mr. Montagu is exceedingly angry with James on this account. But though we are, in general, very little inclined to admire that Prince's conduct, we really think that his advice was, under all the circumstances, the best advice that could have been given.

On the 17th of April the houses reassembled, and the Lords resumed their inquiries into the abuse of the Court of Chancery. On the 22d, Bacon addressed to the Peers a letter, which Prince Charles condescended to deliver. In this artful and pathetic composition, the Chancellor acknowledged his guilt in guarded and general terms, and, while acknowledging, endeavoured to palliate it. This, however, was not thought sufficient by his judges. They required a more particular confession, and sent him a copy of the charges. On the 30th, he delivered a paper, in which he admitted, with few and unimportant reservations, the truth of the accusations brought against him, and threw himself entirely on the mercy of his peers. "Upon advised consideration of the charges," said he, "descending into my own conscience, and calling my memory to account so far as I am able, I do plainly and ingenuously confess, that I am guilty of corruption, and do renounce all defence."

The Lords came to a resolution that the Chancellor's confession appeared to be full and ingenuous, and sent a committee to inquire of him whether it was really subscribed by himself. The deputies, among whom was Southampton, the common friend many years before of Bacon and Essex, performed their duty with great delicacy. Indeed, the agonies of such a mind, and the degradation of such a name, might well have softened the most obdurate natures. "My lords," said Bacon, "it is my act, my hand, my heart. I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed." They withdrew: and he again retired to his chamber in the deepest dejection. The next day, the sergeant-at-arms and usher of the House of Lords came to conduct him to Westminster Hall, where sentence was to be pronounced. But they found him so unwell that he could not leave his bed; and this excuse for his absence was readily accepted. In no quarter does there appear to have been the smallest desire to add to his humiliation. The sentence was, however, severe,—the more severe, no doubt, because the lords knew that it would not be executed, and that they had an excellent opportunity of exhibiting, at small cost, the inflexibility of their justice, and their abhorrence of corruption. Bacon was condemned to pay a fine of forty thousand pounds, and to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure. He was declared incapable of holding any office in the State, or of sitting in Parliament, and he was banished for life from the verge of the court. In such misery and shame ended that long career of worldly wisdom and worldly prosperity!

Even at this pass Mr. Montagu does not desert his hero. He seems indeed to think that the attachment of an editor ought to be as devoted as that of Mr. Moore's lovers; and cannot conceive what biography was made for

"if 't is not the same
Through grief and through danger, through sin and
through shame."

He assures us that Bacon was innocent, that he had the means of making a perfectly satisfactory defence,—that when he "plainly and ingenuously confessed that he was guilty of corruption," and when he afterwards solemnly affirmed that his confession was "his act, his hand, his heart," he was telling a great lie,—and that he refrained from bringing forward proofs of his innocence because he durst not disobey the King and the favourite, who, for their own selfish objects, pressed him to plead guilty.

Now, in the first place, there is not the smallest ground to believe that, if James and Buckingham thought Bacon had a good defence, they would have prevented him from making it. What conceivable motive had they for doing so? Mr. Montagu perpetually repeats that it was their interest to sacrifice Bacon. But he overlooks an obvious distinction. It was their interest to sacrifice Bacon on the supposition of his guilt; but not on the supposition of his innocence.—James was very properly unwilling to run the risk of protecting his Chancellor against the Parliament. But if the Chancellor had been able, by force of argument, to obtain acquittal from the Parliament, we have no doubt that both the King and Villiers would have heartily rejoiced. They would have rejoiced, not merely on account of their friendship for Bacon, which seems, however, to have been as sincere as most friendships of that sort, but on selfish grounds. Nothing could have strengthened the Government more than such a victory. The King and the favourite abandoned the Chancellor because they were unable to avert his disgrace and unwilling to share it. Mr. Montagu mistakes effect for cause. He thinks that Bacon did not prove his innocence, because he was not supported by the Court. The truth evidently is, that the Court did not venture to support him, because he could not prove his innocence.

Again, it seems strange that Mr. Montagu should not perceive that, while attempting to vindicate Bacon's reputation, he is really casting on it the foulest of all aspersions. He imputes to his idol a degree of meanness and depravity more loathsome than judicial corruption itself. A corrupt judge may have many good qualities. But a man who, to please a powerful patron, solemnly declares himself guilty of corruption when he knows himself to be innocent, must be a monster of servility and impudence. Bacon was,—to say nothing of his highest claims to respect,—a gentleman, a nobleman, a scholar, a statesman, a man of the first consideration in society, a man far advanced in years. Is it possible to believe that such a man would, to gratify any human being, irreparably ruin his own character by his own act? Imagine a grey-headed judge, full of years and honours, owning with tears, with pathetic assurances of his penitence and of his sincerity, that he has been guilty of shameful mal-practices,—repeatedly asseverating the truth of his confession, subscribing it with his own hand, submitting to conviction, receiving a humiliating sentence and acknowledging its justice,—and all this when he has it in his power to show that his conduct has been irreproachable! The thing is incredible. But if we admit it to be true, what must we think of such a man,—if, indeed, he deserves the name of man, who thinks any thing that kings and minions can bestow more precious than honour, or any thing that they can inflict more terrible than infamy?

Of this most disgraceful imputation we fully acquit

Bacon. He had no defence; and Mr. Montagu's affectionate attempt to make a defence for him has altogether failed.

The grounds on which Mr. Montagu rests the case are two,—the first, that the taking of presents was usual, and,—what he seems to consider as the same thing,—not discreditable; the second, that these presents were not taken as bribes.

Mr. Montagu brings forward many facts in support of his first proposition. He is not content with showing that many English judges formerly received gifts from suitors, but collects similar instances from foreign nations and ancient times. He goes back to the commonwealths of Greece, and attempts to press into his service a line of Homer, and a sentence of Plutarch, which, we fear, will hardly serve his turn. The gold of which Homer speaks was not intended to fee the judges, but was paid into court for the benefit of the successful litigant; and the gratuities which Pericles, as Plutarch states, distributed amongst the members of the Athenian tribunals, were legal wages, paid out of the public revenue. We can supply Mr. Montagu with passages much more in point. Hesiod, who, like poor Aubrey, had "a killing decree" made against him in the Chancery of Asera, was so uncivil as to designate the learned persons who presided in that court, as *βασίλειες διαπορεύουσιν*. Plutarch and Diodorus have handed down to the latest ages, the respectable name of Anytus, the son of Anthemius, the first defendant who, eluding all the safeguards which the ingenuity of Solon could devise, succeeded in corrupting a bench of Athenian judges. We are, indeed, so far from grudging Mr. Montagu the aid of Greece, that we will give him Rome into the bargain. We acknowledge, that the honourable senators who tried Verres, received presents which were worth more than the fee-simple of York House and Gorhambury together; and that the no less honourable senators and knights who professed to believe in the *alibi* of Clodius, obtained marks still more extraordinary of the esteem and gratitude of the defendant. In short, we are ready to admit that before Bacon's time, and in Bacon's time, judges were in the habit of receiving gifts from suitors.

But is this a defence? We think not. The robberies of Cacus and Barabbas are no justification for those of Turpin. The conduct of the two men of Belial who swore away the life of Naboth, has never been cited as an excuse for the perjuries of Oates and Dangerfield. Mr. Montagu has confounded two things which it is necessary carefully to distinguish from each other, if we wish to form a correct judgment of the characters of men of other countries and other times. That an immoral action is, in a particular society, generally considered as innocent, is a good plea for an individual who being one of that society, and having adopted the notions which prevail among his neighbours, commits that action. But the circumstance that a great many people are in the habit of committing immoral actions, is no plea at all. We should think it unjust to call St. Louis a wicked man, because in an age in which toleration was generally regarded as a sin, he persecuted heretics. We should think it unjust to call Cowper's friend, John Newton, a hypocrite and a monster, because, at a time when the slave-trade was commonly considered by the most respectable people as an innocent and beneficial traffic, he went, largely provided with hymn-books and hand-

cuffs, on a Guinea voyage. But the circumstance that there are fifty thousand thieves in London is no excuse for a fellow who is caught breaking into a shop. No man is to be blamed for not making discoveries in morality—for not finding out that something which every body else thinks to be good is really bad. But if a man does that which he and all around him know to be bad, it is no excuse for him that others have done the same. We should be ashamed of spending so much time in pointing out so clear a distinction, but that Mr. Montagu seems altogether to overlook it.

Now, to apply these principles to the case before us; let Mr. Montagu prove that, in Bacon's age, the practices for which Bacon was punished were generally considered as innocent; and we admit that he has made out his point. But this we defy him to do. That these practices were common, we admit. But they were common just as all wickedness to which there is strong temptation always was, and always will be common. They were common just as theft, cheating, perjury, adultery, have always been common. They were common, not because people did not know what was right, but because people liked to do what was wrong. They were common, though prohibited by law. They were common, though condemned by public opinion. They were common, because in that age law and public opinion united had not sufficient force to restrain the greediness of powerful and unprincipled magistrates. They were common, as every crime will be common when the gain to which it leads is great, and the chance of disgrace and punishment small. But though common, they are universally allowed to be altogether unjustifiable; they were in the highest degree odious; and, though many were guilty of them, none had the audacity publicly to avow and defend them.

We could give a thousand proofs that the opinion then entertained concerning these practices, was such as we have described. But we will content ourselves with calling a single witness—honest Hugh Latimer. His sermons—preached more than seventy years before the inquiry into Bacon's conduct—abound with the sharpest invectives against those very practices of which Bacon was guilty, and which, as Mr. Montagu seems to think, nobody ever considered as blameable till Bacon was punished for them. We could easily fill twenty pages with the homely but just and forcible rhetoric of the brave old bishop. We shall select a few passages as fair specimens, and no more than fair specimens, of the rest. "*Omnes diligunt munera*. They all love bribes. Bribery is a princely kind of thieving. They will be waged by the rich, either to give sentence against the poor, or to put off the poor man's cause. This is the noble theft of princes and magistrates. They are bribe-takers. *Nowadays they call them gentle rewards. Let them leave their colouring and call them by their Christian name—bribes.*" And again—"Cambyses was a great emperor, such another as our master is. He had many lord deputies, lord presidents, and lieutenants under him. It is a great while ago since I read the history. It chanced he had under him in one of his dominions a briber, a gift-taker, a gratifier of rich men; he followed gifts as fast as he that followed the pudding, a handmaker in his office to make his son a great man, as the old saying is: Happy is the child whose father goeth to the devil. The cry of the poor widow came to the emperor's ear, and caused him to slay the judge quick, and laid his

skin in the chair of judgment, that all judges that should give judgment afterward should sit in the same skin. Surely it was a goodly sign, a goodly monument, the sign of the judge's skin. *I pray God we may once see the skin in England.* "I am sure," says he in another sermon, "this is *scala inferni*, the right way to hell, to be covetous, to take bribes, and pervert justice. If a judge should ask me the way to hell, I would show him this way. First, let him be a covetous man; let his heart be poisoned with covetousness. Then let him go a little further and take bribes; and, lastly, pervert judgment. Lo, here is the mother, and the daughter, and the daughter's daughter. Avarice is the mother; she brings forth bribe-taking, and bribe-taking perverting of judgment. There lacks a fourth thing to make up the mess, which, so help me God, if I were judge, should be *hangum tuum*, a Tyburn tippet to take with him; as it were the judge of the King's Bench, my Lord Chief Judge of England,—*yea, an it were my Lord Chancellor himself, to Tyburn with him.*" We will quote but one more passage. "He that took the silver basin and ewer for a bribe, thinketh that it will never come out. But he may now know that I know it, and I know it not alone; there be more beside me that know it. Oh, briber and bribery! He was never a good man that will so take bribes. Nor can I believe that he that is a briber will be a good justice. It will never be merry in England till we have the skins of such. *For what needeth bribing where men do their things uprightly?*"

This was not the language of a great philosopher who had made new discoveries in moral and political science. It was the plain talk of a plain man, who sprang from the body of the people, who sympathized strongly with their wants and their feelings, and who holdly uttered their opinions. It was on account of the fearless way in which stout-hearted old Hugh exposed the misdeeds of men in ermine tippets, and gold collars, that the Londoners cheered him, as he walked down the Strand to preach at Whitehall,—struggled for a touch of his gown, and bawled, "Have at them, father Latimer." It is plain, from the passages which we have quoted, and from fifty others which we might quote, that, long before Bacon was born, the accepting of presents by a judge was known to be a wicked and shameful act,—that the fine words under which it was the fashion to veil such corrupt practices, were even then seen through by the common people,—that the distinction on which Mr. Montagu insists between corampliments and bribes, was even then laughed at as a mere "colouring." There may be some oratorical exaggeration in what Latimer says about the Tyburn tippet and the sign of the judge's skin; but the fact that he ventured to use such expressions is amply sufficient to prove, that the gift-taking judges, the receivers of silver basins and ewers, were regarded as such pests of the commonwealth, that a venerable divine might, without any breach of Christian charity, publicly pray to God for their detection and condign punishment.

Mr. Montagu tells us, most justly, that we ought not to transfer the opinions of our own age to a former age. But he has, himself, committed a greater error than that against which he has cautioned his readers. Without any evidence,—nay, in the face of the strongest evidence,—he ascribes to the people of a former age, a set of opinions which no people ever held. But any hypothesis is in his view more probable than that

Bacon should have been a dishonest man. We firmly believe, that if papers were to be discovered which should irresistibly prove that Bacon was concerned in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, Mr. Montagu would tell us that, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, it was not thought improper in a man to put arsenic into the broth of his friends, and that we ought to blame, not Bacon, but the age in which he lived.

But why should we have recourse to any other evidence, when the proceeding against Bacon is, itself, the best evidence on the subject? When Mr. Montagu tells us, that we ought not to transfer the opinions of our age to Bacon's age, he appears altogether to forget, that it was by men of Bacon's own age that Bacon was prosecuted, tried, convicted, and sentenced. Did not they know what their own opinions were? Did not they know whether they thought the taking of gifts by a judge a crime or not? Mr. Montagu complains bitterly that Bacon was induced to abstain from making a defence. But, if Bacon's defence resembled that which is made for him in the volume before us, it would have been unnecessary to trouble the House with it. The Lords and Commons did not want Bacon to tell them the thoughts of their own hearts,—to inform them that they did not consider such practices as those in which they had detected him, as at all culpable. Mr. Montagu's proposition may indeed be fairly stated thus: It was very hard that Bacon's contemporaries should think it wrong in him to do what they did not think it wrong in him to do. Hard indeed; and withal somewhat improbable. Will any person say that the Commons who impeached Bacon for taking presents, and the Lords who sentenced him to fine, imprisonment, and degradation for taking presents, did not know that the taking of presents was a crime? Or, will any person say that Bacon did not know what the whole House of Commons and the whole House of Lords knew? Nobody who is not prepared to maintain one of these absurd propositions can deny that Bacon committed what he knew to be a crime.

It cannot be pretended that the Houses were seeking occasion to ruin Bacon; and that they therefore brought him to punishment on charges which they themselves knew to be frivolous. In no quarter was there the faintest indication of a disposition to treat him harshly. Through the whole proceeding there was no symptom of personal animosity or of factious violence in either House. Indeed, we will venture to say that no State-Trial in our history is more creditable to all who took part in it, either as prosecutors or judges. The decency, the gravity, the public spirit,—the justice moderated but not unnerved by compassion,—which appeared in every part of the transaction, would do honour to the most respectable public men of our own times. The accusers, while they discharged their duty to their constituents by bringing the misdeeds of the Chancellor to light, spoke with admiration of his many eminent qualities. The Lords, while condemning him, complimented him on the ingenuousness of his confession, and spared him the humiliation of a public appearance at their bar. So strong was the contagion of a good feeling, that even Sir Edward Coke, for the first time in his life, behaved like a gentleman. No criminal ever had more temperate prosecutors than Bacon. No criminal ever had more favourable judges. If he was convicted, it was be-

cause it was impossible to acquit him without offering the grossest outrage to justice and common sense.

Mr. Montagu's other argument, namely, that Bacon, though he took *gifts*, did not take *bribes*, seems to us as futile as that which we have considered. Indeed, we might be content to leave it to be answered by the plainest man among our readers. Demosthenes noticed it with contempt more than two thousand years ago. Latimer, we have seen, treated the sophistry with similar disdain. "Leave colouring," said he, "and call these things by their Christian names—bribes." Mr. Montagu attempts—somewhat unfairly, we must say—to represent the presents which Bacon received, as similar to the perquisites which suitors paid to the members of the Parliaments of France. The French magistrate had a legal right to his fee; and the amount of the fee was regulated by law. Whether this be a good mode of remunerating judges is not the question. But what analogy is there between payments of this sort and the presents which Bacon received,—presents which were not sanctioned by the law, which were not made under the public eye, and of which the amount was regulated only by private bargain between the magistrate and the suitor? Again, it is mere trifling to say that Bacon could not have meant to act corruptly, because he employed the agency of men of rank, of bishops, privy councillors, and members of Parliament; as if the whole history of that generation was not full of the low actions of high people;—as if it was not notorious that men as exalted in rank as any of the decoys Bacon employed, had pimped for Somerset, and poisoned Overbury.

But, says Mr. Montagu, these presents "were made openly and with the greatest publicity." This would indeed be a strong argument in favour of Bacon. But we deny the fact. In one, and one only, of the cases in which Bacon was accused of corruptly receiving gifts, does he appear to have received a gift publicly. This was in a matter depending between the Company of Apothecaries and the Company of Grocers. Bacon, in his Confession, insisted strongly on this circumstance, that he had on this occasion taken presents publicly, as a proof that he had not taken them corruptly. Is it not clear, that if he had taken the presents mentioned in the other charges in the same public manner, he would have dwelt on this point in his answer to those charges? The fact that he insists so strongly on the publicity of one particular present, is of itself sufficient to prove that the other presents were not publicly taken. Why he took this present publicly, and the rest secretly, is evident.—He on that occasion acted openly, because he was acting honestly. He was not on that occasion sitting judicially. He was called in to effect an amicable arrangement between two parties. Both were satisfied with his decision. Both joined in making him a present in return for his trouble. Whether it was quite delicate in a man of his rank to accept a present under such circumstances, may be questioned. But there is no ground in this case for accusing him of corruption.

Unhappily, the very circumstances which prove him to have been innocent in this case, prove him to have been guilty on the other charges. Once, and once only, he alleges that he received a present publicly. The inference is, that in all the other cases mentioned in the articles against him he received presents secretly. When we examine the single case

in which he alleges that he received a present publicly, we find that it is also the single case in which there was no gross impropriety in his receiving a present. Is it then possible to doubt that his reason for not receiving other presents in as public a manner was, that he knew that it was wrong to receive them?

One argument still remains, plausible in appearance, but admitting of easy and complete refutation. The two chief complainants, Aubrey and Egerton, had both made presents to the Chancellor. But he had decided against them both. Therefore, he had not received those presents as bribes. "The complaints of his accusers were," says Mr. Montagu, "not that the gratuities had, but that they had not influenced Bacon's judgment, as he had decided against them."

The truth is, that it is precisely in this way that an extensive system of corruption is generally detected. A person who, by a bribe, has procured a decree in his favour, is by no means likely to come forward of his own accord as an accuser. He is content. He has his *quid pro quo*. He is not impelled either by interested or by vindictive motives, to bring the transaction before the public. On the contrary, he has almost as strong motives for holding his tongue as the judge himself can have. But when a judge practises corruption, as we fear that Bacon practised it, on a large scale, and has many agents looking out in different quarters for prey, it will sometimes happen that he will be bribed on both sides. It will sometimes happen that he will receive money from his suitors who are so obviously in the wrong, that he cannot in decency do any thing to serve them. Thus, he will now and then be forced to pronounce against a person from whom he has received a present; and he makes that person a deadly enemy. The hundreds who have got what they paid for, remain quiet. It is the two or three who have paid, and have nothing to show for their money, who are noisy.

The memorable case of the Goëzmanns is an example of this. Beaumarchais had an important suit depending before the Parliament of Paris. M. Goëzman was the judge on whom chiefly the decision depended. It was hinted to Beaumarchais that Madame Goëzman might be propitiated by a present. He accordingly offered certain *rouleaus* of *Louis-d'or* to the lady, who received them graciously. There can be no doubt that if the decision of the Court had been favourable to him, these things would never have been known to the world. But he lost his cause. Almost the whole sum which had been expended in bribery, was immediately refunded; and those who had disappointed him probably thought that he would not, for the mere gratification of his malevolence, make public a transaction which was discreditible to himself as well as to them. They knew little of him. He soon taught them to curse the day in which they had dared to trifle with a man of so revengeful and turbulent a spirit,—of such dauntless effrontery, and of such eminent talents for controversy and satire. He compelled the Parliament to put a degrading stigma on M. Goëzman. He drove Madame Goëzman to a convent. Till it was too late to pause, his excited passions did not suffer him to remember that he could effect their ruin only by disclosures ruinous to himself. We could give other instances. But it is needless. No person well acquainted with human nature can fail to perceive that, if the doctrine for which Mr. Montagu contends were admitted, society would be deprived of

almost the only chance which it has of detecting the corrupt practices of judges.

We return to our narrative. The sentence of Bacon had scarcely been pronounced when it was mitigated. He was indeed sent to the Tower. But this was merely a form. In two days he was set at liberty, and soon after he retired to Gorhambury. His fine was speedily released by the Crown. He was next suffered to present himself at Court; and at length, in 1624, the rest of his punishment was remitted. He was now at liberty to resume his seat in the House of Lords, and he was actually summoned to the next Parliament. But age, infirmity, and perhaps shame, prevented him from attending. The Government allowed him a pension of one thousand two hundred pounds a year; and his whole annual income is estimated by Mr. Montagu at two thousand five hundred pounds,—a sum which was probably above the average income of a nobleman of that generation, and which was certainly sufficient for comfort, and even for splendour. Unhappily, Bacon was fond of display, and unused to pay minute attention to domestic affairs. He was not easily persuaded to give up any part of the magnificence to which he had been accustomed in the time of his power and prosperity. No pressure of distress could induce him to part with the woods of Gorhambury. "I will not," he said, "be stripped of my feathers." He travelled with so splendid an equipage, and so large a retinue, that Prince Charles, who once fell in with him on the road, exclaimed with surprise,—"Well; do what we can, this man scorns to go out in snuff." This carelessness and ostentation reduced him to frequent distress. He was under the necessity of parting with York House, and of taking up his residence, during his visits to London, at his old chambers in Gray's Inn. He had other vexations, the exact nature of which is unknown. It is evident from his will, that some part of his wife's conduct had greatly disturbed and irritated him.

But whatever might be his pecuniary difficulties or his conjugal discomforts, the powers of his intellect still remained undiminished. Those noble studies for which he had found leisure in the midst of professional drudgery and of courtly intrigues, gave to this last sad stage of his life, a dignity beyond what power or titles could bestow. Impeached, convicted, sentenced,—driven with ignominy from the presence of his Sovereign, shut out from the deliberations of his fellow nobles, loaded with debt, branded with dishonour, sinking under the weight of years, sorrow and disease,—Bacon was Bacon still.

"My conceit of his person," says Ben Jonson very finely, "was never increased towards him by his place of honours; but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself; in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want."

The services which he rendered to letters during the last five years of his life, amidst ten thousand distractions and vexations, increase the regret, with which we think on the many years which he had wasted,—to use the words of Sir Thomas Bodley,—"on such study as was not worthy such a student." He commenced a Digest of the Laws of England,—a History of England under the Princes of the House of Tudor,

a body of Natural History, a Philosophical Romance. He made extensive and valuable additions to his essays. He published the inestimable *Treatise De Augmentis Scientiarum*. The very trifles with which he amused himself in hours of pain and languor bore the mark of his mind. The best Jest-Book in the world is that which he dictated from memory, without referring to any book, on a day on which illness had rendered him incapable of serious study.

The great apostle of experimental philosophy was destined to be its martyr. It had occurred to him that snow might be used with advantage for the purpose of preventing animal substances from putrefying. On a very cold day, early in the spring of the year 1626, he alighted from his coach near Highgate in order to try the experiment. He went into a cottage, bought a fowl, and with his own hands stuffed it with snow. While thus engaged he felt a sudden chill, and was soon so much indisposed, that it was impossible for him to return to Gray's Inn. The Earl of Arundel, with whom he was well acquainted, had a house at Highgate. To that house Bacon was carried. The Earl was absent; but the servants who were in charge of the place, showed great respect and attention to the illustrious guest. Here, after an illness of about a week, he expired early on the morning of Easter-day, 1626. His mind appears to have retained its strength and liveliness to the end. He did not forget the fowl which had caused his death. In the last letter that he ever wrote, with fingers which, as he said, could not steadily hold a pen, he did not omit to mention that the experiment of the snow had succeeded "excellently well."

Our opinion of the moral character of this great man, has already been sufficiently explained. Had his life been passed in literary retirement, he would, in all probability, have deserved to be considered, not only as a great philosopher, but as a worthy and good-natured member of society. But neither his principles nor his spirit were such as could be trusted, when strong temptations were to be resisted, and serious dangers to be braved. In his Will, he expressed with singular brevity, energy, dignity, and pathos, a mournful consciousness that his actions had not been such as to entitle him to the esteem of those under whose observation his life had been passed; and, at the same time, a proud confidence that his writings had secured for him a high and permanent place among the benefactors of mankind. So at least we understand those striking words which have been often quoted, but which we must quote once more—"For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to the next age."

His confidence was just. From the day of his death his fame has been constantly and steadily progressive; and we have no doubt that his name will be named with reverence to the latest ages, and to the remotest ends of the civilized world.

(To be continued.)

I often think that the shock which jars on the mental, renders yet softer the moral nature. A death that is connected with love, unites us by a thousand remembrances to all who have mourned: it builds a bridge between the young and the old; it gives them in common the most touching of human sympathies; it steals from nature its glory and its exhilaration, not its tenderness.

From the Quarterly Review, 1809.

CHARACTER OF BUONAPARTE, AND PROSPECTS OF EUROPE.

[In the last number of the Museum we published an article, upon the Scottish novels, which was written several years before the author was ascertained. We now offer, as a pendant, a prospective view of Napoleon's Character and Destiny—and ask the reader to bear in mind that it was published in May, 1809, long before the shadow, which coming events cast before them, was perceptible to any but gifted seers.]

Proclamation of the Archduke Charles to his Army—Declaration of War by the Emperor of Austria—Address of the Archduke to the German nation. April, 1809.

It is natural to the human mind to look with anxiety on the future, and to endeavour, as far as possible, to calculate the course which events may take, especially in a crisis of extraordinary interest and importance. But it is in general so absurd to attempt prediction, that we should have carefully avoided the dangerous office, if some of our contemporaries had not been more confident, and had not chosen to avow that they could "look into the seeds of time, and say which grain would grow and which would not." Their example induces us to think that we may be pardoned if we also glance a little forward—not, indeed, to prophesy, for which we have received no commission—but to show that the predictions of woe, which they seem so much delighted to utter, are not altogether certain; that we have at least as much reason to hope as to fear; and that, although the hemisphere of Europe is sufficiently covered with clouds, it is not without its streaks of light to cheer those who are not determined to despond, with the prospect of a brighter future.

To confine ourselves to a partial and gloomy view, can never be wise. A nation may be ruined by despair: it cannot be much injured by hope. Despair extinguishes the energies of the bravest; it unnerves the arm, and confuses the judgment: the animation of hope increases activity and strength, and gives an inspiration to genius, which often creates the means of realizing its wishes.

The present deplorable state of the Continent has not arisen solely from the pressure of the French arms. When the French revolution broke out, a general fever was pervading the minds of Europe. The philosophers of Paris, and their imitators, had created in every country a strong impression of the existence of superstitions in religion, and of evils in civil society: and carefully avoiding to discriminate how many of these evils were incident to the imperfections of human nature, and how much of these superstitions had been, by ignorance and art, improperly attached to religion, they affected to believe themselves, and produced a real persuasion in others, that all our social evils were the work of our governments, and all our religious follies the genuine offspring of christianity. Hence they very wisely inferred, that to destroy all existing governments, and to root out all christianity, was to terminate the miseries which mankind endured, and to place us in a paradise of earthly bliss.

On this principle the leaders of the French revolution set out, and certainly performed their work of

destruction with great ability and with great effect. They subverted all their own political and religious institutions, and excited a very great desire in almost every other country with whom they had intercourse, to do the same. In this state of mind were the greater part of the nations of Europe when the governments of the continent united against France; some from a well-founded alarm, and from that just motive only; but others unfortunately mixing with that motive a desire to take advantage of the alarm for purposes of ambition and aggrandizement. Against a combination so produced, and so held together, it is not wonderful that the immense population of France, driven to their armies by enthusiasm and the guillotine, should have prevailed; or that the mutual jealousy and diverging views of the different forces engaged in that combination, should have led to its dissolution immediately upon the first defeat.

When the French armies once got beyond their own boundaries, they found every where secret friends and applauding enthusiasts. In Holland, Germany, and Italy, the believers in the political millennium eagerly received them. Many even in the highest ranks caught the contagion, which at length spread itself among the armies of the combined powers, and made corruption easy. Their resistance became feebler in proportion as it was more necessary, and the assaults of the French consequently more active, more daring, and more successful.

While the people were thus inviting or welcoming the French arms, the dissensions between the governments of Prussia and Austria removed all impediment to the conquest of Germany. Prussia strove to convert the raging fanaticism to her own advantage, by professing to become the instrument of political regeneration. Her king courted the illuminati, made peace with France, seduced the northern states of Germany into a neutral confederation, deprived Austria of the support of half the forces of the empire, and left her, thus enfeebled, to bear the shock of the undivided strength of France.

It was the policy of Prussia to see the power of Austria beaten down, in the hope that the imperial crown might be transferred to the house of Brandenburg. France encouraged this hope till Austria was driven into an humiliating peace. Prussia, having at length established a preponderancy over her rival, assumed a degree of imperial spirit and independence, in a moment of extraordinary rashness, which called down upon her the vindictive fury of Buonaparte. Austria beheld the thunderbolt of war striking her competitor to the ground, without the least attempt to assist her; and even when Russia had stemmed the torrent of French conquest by the battles of Pultusk and Eylau, and was detaining Buonaparte in an unprofitable struggle amid the lakes and marshes of Poland, she did not embrace the golden opportunity: nor are there wanting those who think that she abstained from embracing it chiefly because the immediate result of Austrian success would have been the restoration of Prussian power. Thus, by the unfortunate coincidence of great delusion among the people, and ambitious jealousies between their governments, the rapacious and disorganizing spirit of the French nation, and its leaders, has been enabled to overrun Germany and Italy, and nearly to reduce all Europe to the condition of an appendage to France.

If Buonaparte had possessed as much political wis-

dom as military talent, the cause of Europe would have been hopeless. But happily for its ultimate safety, he is more fitted to destroy than to consolidate. Although distinguished as a soldier, he cannot be extolled as a legislator, statesman, or philosopher. Time, the great revealer of all mysteries, has discovered the most consolatory defects in the intellectual character of Buonaparte; and it is on the observation of these defects, and of the consequences which have resulted, and which are resulting from them, that we build a large part of our hopes that the cause of national independence and social security is not yet desperate, but that even this generation may live to see the downfall of that man who is now the terror of Europe and the scourge of humanity.

When Buonaparte first appeared on the military theatre, his successes were so rapid, and their secret causes were so little known, that he appeared for some time almost to work miracles. He re-kindled all the chimeras of the speculative, and became to many, in all countries, an object of adoration. We hope, however, that this Manichean dread is in some degree abated; that the world is now recovering its senses, and, like the foolish monster in the Tempest, growing ashamed of the object of its worship, and ready to exclaim, "What a dull fool was I to take this fellow for a god!" Yet, so it was, that at one period this extraordinary man was exalted in the estimation of his contemporaries so far beyond the bounds of reason, that the madness at last spread to himself, and he began to talk and act as if he really were not of the ordinary species of human beings. He suddenly taught his couriers to keep at an awful distance from him. He had incense burnt in the apartments which he was expected to visit. He told the senate, on receiving their address, on his assuming the consulship for life, that he was "called by the Almighty to restore the reign of order, justice, and peace upon the earth." In the beginning of the present war, he allowed the clergy of France to entitle him the new Cyrus, and the *Christ of Providence*. In a mandate to the Dutch, he denominated his government a "military hierarchy." With some vague views on this subject, which seem to have been since abandoned, he got the Jews together, and set them haranguing about him till they hailed him "the chosen of the Lord, his cherished anointed, the minister of eternal justice, the living image of the Deity." He permitted the hair-brained students of Leipsic to address him in the language almost of deification. On his return to Paris, after the peace of Tilsit, he disclosed the impious object that was lurking in his mind, by ordering a temple of victory to be built opposite the legislative mansion, and his palace to be placed between them. To humour the same feeling, on his return from Bayonne to Paris, last summer, the people of the south of France were ordered to strew branches of palm before him; and instead of his being received by the municipal bodies, the archbishop of Toulouse was directed to issue his mandamus to the clergy, prescribing the peculiar ceremonies they were to use as he entered their parishes.

So much for his philosophy.—Let us next consider him as a legislator. It is almost ten years since he acquired the supreme power at Paris. It is nearly two years since, by the peace of Tilsit, he became the actual sovereign of Europe. During these periods, in which he had only to will and be obeyed—what has

this new Cyrus done? this "immortal sage!" as his senate called him while hovering about the Vistula. He has published a catechism, in which he tells his people, and orders them to believe, that "he is the image of God upon earth;" and that to honour and serve him is to honour and serve God himself:—thus reviving, to the great comfort of his admirers in this country, the obsolete doctrines of passive obedience, and "the right divine of kings to govern wrong." He has also completed his code of public instruction, which enacts that there shall be no schools throughout the empire but those which are ramifications from the university established by himself: that all the teachers and professors shall be nominated by the grand master, without whose permission they cannot leave their places of instruction, nor take any other beneficial employment; whom they are to obey implicitly in all things, and to whom they are to make a constant report of everything that appears contrary to the imposed doctrine and principles. This grand master, this despotic lord of all French education, is named by the Emperor, and removable at his pleasure. In a word, the pervading principle of this code is, that there shall be no ideas disseminated, and no books read in any place of education in France, but those which Buonaparte and his servile agents approve,—a degree of tyranny over the human mind never attempted before.

If from his philanthropic and philosophical legislation we proceed to review his actions as a statesman, we see this Solomon as soon as he became possessed of undisputed power, seal up the ports of the continent, and destroy its trade, shipping, manufactures, capitals, and credit. His next step is to throw the Brazils into a confidential commercial intercourse with us by an unprovoked invasion of Portugal, his humblest slave before. We find him then incurring the hatred and inflaming the prejudices of all the Catholics of Europe, by robbing the enfeebled pope of his few remaining territories; and exciting afresh the fears of Austria and Russia, by uniting Tuscany, Parma, and Placentia to France, and the Papal dominions to the kingdom of Italy, because, as he told his senate,—"It must be so." By way of augmenting his popularity in Europe, he shoots a foreign bookseller for selling pamphlets, and demands the capital punishment of some officers of another sovereign for a joke about his legion of honour. And, lastly, he insults the common sense as well as the moral feelings of all Europe by the unprincipled invasion of Spain; an outrage as little to be accounted for as to be justified; the military result of which has been to expose him to reverses and disappointments such as he never before experienced; and the political consequence, to convert a nation hitherto a faithful, humble, devoted, all-enduring, all-bestowing tributary, into an implacable foe; or at least, even if (which God forbid) his arms should be ultimately successful, an impatient, hating, ungovernable and unprofitable slave.—It seems to our imperfect judgment that, if he had sat down and contrived how he could the most speedily and the most effectually destroy that disgraceful enthusiasm for his name and character which had so long blinded and enslaved Europe, he could not have adopted more certain means. The bandage is now torn from the eyes of the most credulous. His simplest votary must by this time have renounced his idolatry.

Believing, as we do, that either this supposition is

just, or that all reasoning on human nature is as uncertain as the motions of the clouds, we deduce from these observations a solid ground of hope. Young as Buonaparte yet is, he has already outlived the love and veneration of mankind. His military successes may yet be admired: he may yet be flattered by those who hope to profit from his power, and obeyed by those who fear it. But his day of esteem (or of admiration which almost amounted to it) and personal attachment has departed never to return. He cannot hope to regain the confidence which he has lost. Nor will he attempt to do so. Despairing of anything like the good opinion of mankind, he will become reckless of it. That which has hitherto been the passion of his mind will be now stimulated to madness. War, devastation, pestilence, and death, will henceforth mark every year of his life. Success will only encourage him to new projects—discomfiture, short of ruin, will only rouse and exasperate him. In his first career of glory, when his power was only budding, and his infant ambition a suitor to popularity, he caressed the astronomer Oriani at Milan, and comforted the defeated Wurmser at Mantua. Nature had perhaps given him the sympathies of other men, which virtue, which judgment might have cultivated. But they have been suppressed by the selfish pride and insatiable vanity which prosperity has cherished. He has accustomed himself to such strong stimuli of action, that the common sympathies and occurrences of life are like gentle breezes which cannot move his turbid soul. He has no children to attach him to domestic amusements. His wife is not his companion, but his sentinel. He is not fond of literary men, because he fears them. He recoils from familiarity and social intercourse. He likes to be the idol of a temple, sitting abstracted and exalted—seen and worshipped at an awful distance. He must make a chaos of human affairs to employ himself in settling them. He must have the storm and the thunder about him to interest himself and impress others with awe. Can a character like this, after it has so completely developed itself, be of long duration? Are not the maledictions of mankind every hour ascending, and can the sword of terror intimidate for ever? A morose, hard-hearted, melancholy tyrant, projecting hourly new insults and injuries to mankind; new sacrifices of the interests, the feelings, and the happiness of his fellow-creatures, to his own solitary and boundless despotism: a despotism that has nothing in it generous or social—a despotism barren and cruel, unblest and unblest; purposing only, as is emphatically stated in the Archduke Charles's proclamation, to "carry on the endless wars of ambition under distant climes; making myriads shed their blood for foreign rapine; and incur the curse of annihilating innocent nations"—he lives surrounded by the fears and the hatred of his species. This is not our speculation—it is his own. He feels it—and has avowed it. He told the Prince of Asturias that subjects were eager to take their revenge for the homage they were forced to pay. His unprincipled aggression on Spain, and his merciless conscriptions, have taught mankind that they have no safety in peace, no security in their cottages. His conscriptions, certainly, for a time, create great apparent armies, but they extend the curses of mankind against him in perpetually increasing circles. They give him armies ripe for desertion and mutiny, and full of spirits desirous to avenge on him the suf-

ferings which they endure. To be his ally is now as ruinous as to be his enemy: and the time is perhaps near at hand when it will be as much more safe, as it is surely more noble, to take up arms against the common enemy of civil society than to be the instrument of his destructive violence.

While the anxious feelings of mankind are incessantly agitating questions like these, a new event of no common magnitude appears in Europe. In the midst of terror, despondence, and slavery, Austria has had the courage, unsupported, to draw the sword for her national independence, and to meet, singly, in arms, the oppressor of the world.

That Buonaparte had determined on the destruction of Austria, was long foreseen. The peace at Tilsit had scarcely been signed, before this portentous paragraph appeared in one of the journals under his influence—"Denmark, Austria, and Portugal, enjoy an uncertain repose. Each has its solitudes. Denmark, on account of the repeated intimations to shut up her harbours; Portugal for her trade with England; and Austria for the unquiet language employed in Hungary; for the earnest invitations of Russia; the movements in Poland; the propinquity of the French armies, and the union of the Turks with the Emperor of the West. Her difficulties and dangers are many: her friendship has been profitable to neither party: her neutrality strict but offensive: her new arrangements do not intimate real activity, and power; and her embarrassments are still the most prominent features in her history."

This mysterious annunciation appeared in July, 1807. It completely satisfied us to what fate both Austria and the two other powers were doomed: nor was it long before the tyrant proceeded to execute his menaces. His troops were prepared to march into Denmark, for the purpose of possessing themselves of her fleet and territories; but before they arrived, our expedition to Copenhagen removed the Danish navy beyond his grasp. Disappointed of this great instrument of his malice and ambition, he strove to convert it to his advantage by the abusive declamations against us, which some worthy men in this country have been weak enough to re-echo. He proceeded however to take possession of Denmark. As he chose to let the family continue, for the present, on the throne, the Danish king was permitted to keep a nominal and subordinate power, while Bernadotte was the real sovereign: but the French armies never left the Danish provinces.

The sentence against Portugal was begun to be carried into execution immediately after his return to Paris. Some little management with the Spanish court was requisite for this purpose; but this was no sooner arranged by the assistance of the depraved Prince of the Peace, than his army marched to Lisbon. The royal family fled from the fury of the storm, and with our aid, escaped with their fleet to the Brazils.

Thus two of the powers menaced by this portentous oracle were disposed of. Austria alone remained to be immolated to his revenge. She was not, however, so easy a prey as the petty kingdoms of Denmark and Portugal. A great accumulation of military force was necessary to overpower her, and this required time. The war with Russia had greatly thinned the armies of the tyrant, and his conscription, in 1807, had created sensations not a little alarming to his safety in France. It was too dangerous to call out another conscription

immediately afterwards, and he was therefore obliged to suspend the gratification of his implacable spirit till he felt himself strong enough to make vengeance certain. He took, however, another path to it, which promised the double advantage of independence on the disposition of the French nation, and at the same time of supplying an instrument for chastising it, should it presume to question his measures. This was to replenish his arms by a vast incorporation of men, seduced or forcibly taken out of the countries he had overrun. He had conceived this new scheme while conficting with Russia, and announced it in the following paragraph, written immediately after his armistice with Russia, in the same month of July, 1807.

"Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, and Poles, are dealing around them the blows of death at the extremity of the Prussian monarchy. Even Spaniards are mounting the Pyrenees and the Alps, to press the afflicted soil of Germany, and all obey the same command. The car of triumph has rolled unimpeded, and *even they who but just before bled beneath its wheels now follow their track and share the laurels with the victor*, instead of partaking disgrace with the conquered. Nothing equals the confidence with which the conqueror admitted those he had lately vanquished among his troops, but the admirable skill with which he at the same time provided for the security of his flanks and rear."

A more tremendous system certainly never appeared for the desolation and subjection of the world. Every country was to be compelled in succession to furnish men for the plunder and conquest of others. If any one nation presumed to be dissatisfied, the population of another was to be driven in arms to oppress it. The application of this dreadful organization was obvious. If any portion of this compulsory army exhibited signs of discontent, it was only necessary to march it to the most wasteful point of service, and it would be destroyed before it had become dangerous, and yet not till it had performed a certain quantity of needful work for its fell employer. His vast designs have been hitherto executed with the most lavish profusion of human blood. He cares neither for distance, seasons, country, famine, nor disease. To overpower a certain part of an enemy's army, it is necessary to surprise, out-number, and surround it. Frequently he can only do this by making his men perform marches that are beyond the ordinary powers of human nature, and through countries scarcely passable. It is indifferent to him how many thousands drop from mere fatigue and want.—It is sufficient that enough reach the point of action to accomplish his purposes. If he disperses the enemy, he gains a new extent of human population to drive into his ranks, and to make the instruments, however unwilling, of new depredations. Being consumed so fast, there is no time for mutiny, and little demand for pay. For a certain time, therefore, this terrible engine of war acts in his favour with dreadful energy; though it is one which may ultimately recoil upon himself.

While his troops were taking possession of Portugal, in November, 1807, he left Paris for Italy, and proceeded to Venice. He seemed at this period to be undecided, whether he should make Austria or Turkey his first object of attack:—but the ease with which he had succeeded in Portugal tempted him to execute an intermediate plan that promised an agreeable gratification to his rapacity without much difficulty or dan-

ger.—This was his occupation of Spain.—His new idea of forming armies exterior to France incited him to seize a country, then unspoiled, which promised abundance of recruits, besides a fleet and foreign colonies. That his system of making armies was one great inducement, is clear from the fact, that an early employment of his generals in Portugal was to discipline the Portuguese into military service. When the insurrection was beginning in Spain, he boasted that 14,000 Portuguese soldiers had been already formed for him. He ordered them to be sent to him at Bayonne, in divisions of a thousand every day; and, when he met the first, he publicly boasted—what a fine army they would make, and how well fitted they would be for employment elsewhere!

The unprincipled seizure of the Spanish crown was an act of violence which precluded all explanation or comment, and avowed the most determined rapacity. It revealed to the whole world that his robberies would be only limited by his power. It proclaimed him unanswerably to be what he was called in His Majesty's speech from the throne, at the close of the last session of parliament—"the common enemy of every established government and independent nation in the world." Its effect upon Austria was inevitable. No state endangered by his power could behold it without terror. None, possessing any means of asserting its independence, could dread it without preparing for war. Austria, therefore, conscious that his eye had already marked her for a victim, went on steadily augmenting her armies, and organizing and disciplining her people, who felt the desperate necessity of the crisis, and appear to have zealously seconded the patriotic counsels and determination of the government. The wrath of Buonaparte was excited. He ventured to call out another conscription, and he prepared to subjugate Spain, and chastise the court of Vienna.

He has obtained in Spain all the successes which every enlightened man expected from his immense superiority of disciplined force—but he has obtained no more. That disciplined armies would rout hastily, though enthusiastic levies, was reckoned upon: yet, to the honour of the Spaniards, let it be recollected, that he did not beat their raw troops without great difficulty and great superiority of numbers. Though Marshal Lefebvre was acting against General Blake, he did not destroy his division till Buonaparte had sent Victor, and afterwards Soult also against it. To defeat Castanos, he not only directed upon him Marshal Lannes and Monecy with their divisions, but also Ney with his; and to make the success more certain, he even recalled Soult from the Asturias. We cannot contemplate these things without feeling that this gallant nation has done ample justice to its cause and to its character. Unfortunately they have been too eager, and too confident, as is natural to valour without discipline. But every hour is improving their discipline; and we trust that experience has already convinced them of the necessity of a mode of warfare better suited to the respective nature of their own forces, and of those with which they have to contend; and this warfare will be prosecuted steadily and unintermittingly, without giving a moment's pause to the French armies dispersed and distracted as they are throughout the provinces, and at the same time without hazarding regular actions—until the time shall arrive when British co-operation can be effect-

ally employed to give the finishing blow to the scheme of the subjugation of the Peninsula.

It may seem extraordinary that Buonaparte, while Spain was yet unsubdued, should embarrass himself with an Austrian war. It is possible that some irresolution in the councils of Russia occasioned his determination. He had declared in the summer that not a single village should be in insurrection in Spain by Christmas. Three months beyond that period passed away, and he found a part of the north, and all the south, still unsubdued: a few months more would be requisite to conquer these—and what a conquest would he then have effected! one so insecure, that as great an army would be wanted to keep, as to obtain it. The rest of the year must have been employed, at least, before he could completely break the spirits of the Spanish nation, and enure their necks to his yoke. But as Austria had been too much alarmed to abandon her defensive preparations, and had repeatedly made the most urgent solicitations to Russia for her alliance; as the kingdom of Westphalia perpetuated the hostile jealousy of Prussia against him, and his conscriptions and contingents were rapidly disquieting the other German powers, it was obvious that a storm was rising whose explosion would be more dangerous the longer it was delayed. He, therefore, chose to risk a war with Austria before the hesitating Alexander had decided against him, and hostility acquired a serious organization. At present Russia will either befriend him or not move against him, and he visibly hopes to crush Austria before her neighbours venture to assist her. If he succeeds, he will make his vengeful reckoning with them at his leisure.

We never witnessed any event likely to produce more momentous consequences than this new warfare. The Elector of Bavaria, in his proclamation on quitting Munich, became the mouth-piece of Buonaparte, and pronounced the vindictive sentence against the Austrians—"Measures shall be taken to prevent them from any longer disturbing the continent." In this we see the doom of Austria, if she is finally unsuccessful. She cannot be forgiven; because, excepting the misguided empire of Russia, she is the only apparent obstacle to Buonaparte's becoming the tyrant of the world. While Austria exists, Russia is safe, and Europe unsubdued. Austria, therefore, wars not only for herself, but for Germany, Russia, and the world. The Archduke, in his address, has well expressed this momentous truth—"His Majesty the Emperor of Austria is forced to take up arms, because the French Emperor will not tolerate the existence of a state which does not acknowledge his supremacy of power, nor stoop to become subservient to his views of conquest; because he requires that Austria shall renounce her independence, unbend her energies, and surrender at the conqueror's discretion; because the armies of the Emperor of France, and of his dependent allies, advance against Austria with hostile views.—The forces of Austria have risen for self-defence and self-preservation at the nod of their Monarch; I am leading them on against the enemy to prevent the certain attack he prepared against us. We pass the frontiers, not as conquerors; not as enemies of Germany; not to destroy German institutions, law, customs, and manners, and impose foreign ones; not to appropriate to ourselves the property of Germany, or to sacrifice her children in distant wars, carried on to destroy and subjugate foreign nations.—

No: we fight to assert the independence of the Austrian Monarchy, and to restore to Germany the independence and national honours which are due to her.—The same pretensions which now threaten us have already proved fatal to Germany. Our assistance is her last effort to be saved. Our cause is that of Germany. United with Austria, Germany was independent and happy; it is only through the assistance of Austria that Germany can receive happiness and independence.—Germans! consider your destruction. Accept the aid we offer, and co-operate with us for your salvation. We demand from you no exertions, but such as the war for our common cause requires. Your property and your domestic peace are secured by the discipline of our troops. The Austrian armies will not oppress, nor rob you; they respect you as brethren, chosen to fight jointly with us, for your cause and for ours. Be worthy of our respect: such Germans only as forget themselves are our enemies.—Depend on my word, which I have more than once pledged, and redeemed, to save you! Depend on the word of my Emperor and brother, which has never been violated!—CHARLES, Generalissimo."

The present contest, therefore, has features unlike any former warfare. Austria is not only fighting for her existence, but her sovereign feels and avows it to be so. He has not entered into this war from ambitious motives: he has been driven to it by the violence of his oppressor, "For these three years past," says the Emperor, "I have made the utmost exertions to procure you, my beloved subjects, the blessings of a permanent peace. No sacrifice, any ways consistent with your welfare, and with the independence of the State, however painful, have I spared to secure your tranquillity and welfare, by a friendly understanding with the Emperor of the French.—But all my endeavours proved fruitless. The Austrian Monarchy was also to submit to the boundless ambition of the Emperor Napoleon; and in the same manner he strives to subdue Spain, insults the sacred Head of the Church, appropriates to himself the provinces of Italy, and parcels out the German dominions. Austria was to do homage to the great empire, the formation of which he has loudly announced.—I have adopted all necessary measures to assert the independence of the State. Not only have ye answered my call, but your love for your native country has prompted you to anticipate it. Accept my cordial thanks; they will be repeated by my posterity and yours. Self-defence, not invasion, was our aim. But the conqueror will not allow the Sovereign of his people, strong in their mutual confidence, to possess sufficient means to oppose his ambitious views. He declared himself hostile to Austria, unless she should relinquish her measures of defence, and prostrate herself disarmed at his feet. The disgraceful proposal was rejected, and now his hosts are advancing against us arrayed for battle.—I confide in God, in the valour of my armies! in the heroic conduct of my brother, who leads them on to glory, in you, my beloved people: our exertions for this warfare are great, but such they must be in order to attain more securely the important end of self-preservation."

While the Emperor maintains these sentiments, it is not one battle that will decide the fate of Austria, unless his people are dead to all the feelings which animate their Sovereign, and disregard alike all considerations of national independence as well as of individual security. The immense numbers which

Buonaparte pours upon his opponents reduce every war to a struggle of military population as well as tactics. While his conscriptions drive myriads to his standard from the countries which he has subdued, he must be met by a generous self-devotion in the mass of the nation whom he assails, or he will overwhelm them by mere numerical superiority. He would never have achieved the conquests of which he boasts, if the people had not been traitors at once to their government and to themselves.

This therefore is the awful question to be now tried in Austria. Will the people identify themselves with their Sovereign, and pour out their blood in his defence and their own? The war-cry of France once was, "War to the palace, and peace to the cottage." By this deceitful exclamation they separated the people from their prince; now, proud and insolent from success, their invariable maxim is, "War to the palace, and conscription to the cottage." They exhaust the rich of every country by requisitions, but they drag away the poor to perish in murdering unoffending nations. Will the people of Austria and Hungary agree to "sacrifice their children in distant wars," and to lose their hereditary independence; or will they prefer risking their lives and property on their own soils in noble efforts to repress their sanguinary invader?"

If we answered as reason would dictate, if the subjects of the Emperor of Austria feel as the citizens of Athens, Sparta, and Rome felt in similar exigencies, or act with the spirit of the barbarous nations who so perseveringly withstood the furious assaults of imperial Rome, we should boldly say that Austria will be not the spoil but the grave of her oppressors, and that the cause of Europe will yet be saved.

The success of the contest hitherto, if not balanced, has been at least various, and the conflicts obstinate and bloody almost beyond example. We did not, and we do not look to see Buonaparte overthrown at a blow. It is from a protracted warfare with Buonaparte that we shall augur the happiest results. It is by a protracted contest only that Buonaparte is essentially to be injured. He has always troops sufficient for a first grand explosion. The great waste of war is disease, and the nature of his operations is peculiarly wasteful. He has always found it difficult to carry on a prolonged war, and hence his blows at Russia in the last contest were feeble compared with the violence with which he struck Prussia to the dust.

The resolution so inflexibly adhered to by Rome, never to make peace with her victorious enemies, contributed more than any other cause to extend her power. Though Hannibal harrassed and distressed her for more than twenty years, yet she disdained submission, and triumphed by her perseverance. Austria, too, may triumph if her people be but faithful to themselves; and never could she have selected a better moment for a protracted war.

Buonaparte comes to this contest with a large part of his best troops already destroyed.—Eternal thanks to the brave Spaniards for this important service! On the 4th of September, he avowed that he intended to send 200,000 men into Spain to prosecute that war, which his adulating senate did not blush to denominate "politic, just, and necessary," and for which they called out the conscription for the year 1810. His best generals, Lefebvre, Victor, Moncey, Angereau, Soult, Mortier, Ney, Lannes, Junot, and Bessieres,

marched with their divisions out of Germany into Spain. His imperial guard, accompanied by himself and Berthier, followed; and every one must have noticed, from the names perpetually mentioned in the various conflicts, that his best officers and best troops have been engaged. Of these there can be no question that a large proportion has fallen. We cannot forget that the army of Blake stood eleven battles before it was quite dispersed: add to these, the engagements at Burgos and Tudela while the spirits of the Spaniards were fresh. He has had two days furious conflict at Somo Sierra, at least as many at Madrid of a very destructive nature, and a most ruinous siege before Saragossa. He has had several actions of less extent in his numerous pursuits of the different divisions of the Spanish army, besides the battle of Corunna. In all these he must have sustained great losses. But if the quantity of soldiers destroyed by the rapidity of his marches and pursuits, and the sickness occasioned by incessant service, bad weather, and scanty provision, be also recollected, we cannot doubt that his warfare in Spain since last summer must have cost him upwards of 100,000 of his veteran troops.

But he must either give up Spain, or still keep a large force employed there. To abandon his iniquitous aggression, to restore Ferdinand, and to negotiate a peace, would be his true policy: but his pride, his obstinacy, and his implacability forbid it.—Peace and safety are not his objects. Europe would eagerly accept the olive branch, if he sincerely proffered it; if he would renounce his ambition and really cultivate amity and quiet: but this is impracticable: the madman can now as easily lay aside his delirium, as Buonaparte his restless schemes. He must therefore maintain an army in Spain: but this army, from want of reinforcements, is already in a perilous situation. Spain is now becoming like La Vendée:—beaten out of the field, she can attempt no more pitched battles; but she is using the more tardy, but destructive, course of attacking her enemies in their smaller detachments, in their foraging excursions, at every moment when she can either surprise or overpower. The recapture of Vigo and Tuy, and Villa Franca, attest the commencement and the utility of this scheme. Should our troops under Sir Arthur Wellesley discomfit or break up any one of the remaining armies of the French, a new enthusiasm will burst out in the country; they will again despise their enemies and press forward to annihilate them, and Spain will be lost to France. A vigorous prosecution of the war on our part in Spain promises the happiest results; it is indeed indispensable.

But if the present French force in Spain be destroyed, or considerably reduced, what a reduction must not Buonaparte make from his armies now arrayed against Austria to restore the fortune of war beyond the Pyrenees! and what must not be the feelings of Frenchmen on the recommencement of the attack on Spain, after so profuse an expenditure of blood, which has flowed in vain: for no purpose either of security, of advantage, or of glory, to their country!

While the French believed that confederacies were formed to divide or conquer France, they cheerfully shed their blood in its defence. But the war in Spain is not to preserve France: and in the present struggle no one can doubt that Austria is fighting only for existence and independence. Should he succeed against Austria, he has again to conquer Spain. If he accom-

plish that, he has Turkey in his contemplation: and when Austria is removed, and Spain overrun, what can prevent him from rushing into collision with the Russian empire? Could these objects be obtained, he has avowed his designs on Asia. He is preparing for irruptions there by his embassy to the court of Persia: so that no Frenchman, who looks beyond the present instant, can avoid perceiving that the life of Buonaparte must be a life of endless warfare; and that every year will be, like each of the last four, a year of anticipated and merciless conscription.

But whatever be the ultimate issue of this momentous war, Austria has made a powerful appeal to the sympathy of mankind. Her reasons are simple, and the most popularly convincing that can be addressed to the human heart.—She fights not only for the maintenance of national independence, not only to preserve her altars from profanation, her fields from desolation, her palaces from plunder, her cities, her towns, and peaceful hamlets from violence, rapine, lust, and murder: but to save her population itself from worse than military decimation; from a system which would tear her peasants from their hearths and drag them manacled into countries far removed, there to be made the instruments of inflicting upon others the miseries of which they are themselves the victims. “As long as it was possible,” says the Archduke, “to preserve peace by means of sacrifices, and as long as these sacrifices were consistent with the honour of the throne, with the security of the state, and with the welfare of the people, the heart of our bountiful sovereign suppressed every painful feeling in silence. But when all endeavours to preserve a happy independence from the insatiable ambition of a foreign conqueror prove fruitless; when nations are falling around us, and when lawful sovereigns are torn from the hearts of their subjects; when the danger of universal subjugation threatens even the happy states of Austria and their peaceable and fortunate inhabitants; then does our country demand its deliverance from us, and we stand forth in its defence.”

The eloquence of facts is always more impressive than that of words. But, in the following paragraph of the proclamation, we have both; and if there be any spirit or moral principle in Austria, its effects must be universal and irresistible. “On you, my dear brother soldiers, are fixed the eyes of the Universe, and of all those who still feel for national honour and national prosperity. You shall not share the disgrace of becoming the tools of oppression. You shall not carry on the endless wars of ambition under distant climes. Your blood shall not flow for foreign fleets and foreign covetousness; not on you shall the curse alight to annihilate innocent nations, and over the bodies of the slaughtered defenders of their country to pave the way for a foreigner to the usurped throne. A happier lot awaits you! the liberty of Europe has taken refuge under our banners. Your victories will loose its fetters, and your brothers in Germany, yet in the ranks of the enemy, long for their deliverance. You are engaged in a just cause, otherwise I should not appear at your head.”

These sentiments are addressed not only to the Austrian nation but to all Europe: to every man who has a country and a heart. We know how they must operate in this happy nation, and we can hardly conceive that Austria can be so unlike us as to be insensible to their effect. We think they must awaken the deep

though stifled murmur of execration over all the continent. The cause at issue is not between France and Austria; but between Buonaparte and all mankind. In such a cause surely we are warranted to hope. If Austria merely escape being overwhelmed by terror at his first success; if she has firmness and ability to maintain a protracted contest, we ought not to despond. Prussia, no longer her rival, must wish her well. Saxony must pray for her success, and be ready to aid her the first moment that it is safe to do so. Germany, mourning for her children already torn from her to perish in Spain, and now bereaved of more to be slaughtered in Austria, must be imprecating the thunder of Heaven on the Tyrant of the whole Earth. The impression of his late victories will lessen as the contest is prolonged. Though invincible in his collected force, he may be beaten in his divisions. If he be checked in the mountains of Bohemia, or detained in unprofitable and indecisive skirmishes in the wilds of Hungary, the spirits of mankind will recover. To maintain one desultory warfare on the Danube, and another on the Ebro, will consume his victorious force, and by compelling him to resort to new conscriptions will heap new execrations on his head, and prepare new chances for his destruction.

One day destroyed Prussia—five continued days did the armies of the Emperor of Austria resist the onset, hitherto accustomed to be decisive, of the hordes of Buonaparte. Partially victorious, though defeated in the general result, they seem to have retreated with judgment, and in a manner which shows a determination to repair their errors, and avenge their losses. This spirit, if sustained, cannot fail to save the Austrian monarchy; if encouraged, applauded, and imitated, it may yet rescue Europe and the world.

In any case, let us hope, till events compel us to despair! It is not a blind, unreasoning confidence that we recommend: but a reflecting though courageous belief in the efficacy of those sentiments, qualities, and exertions by which in different ages of the world the career of successful villany has been arrested, and the liberties of nations vindicated, preserved, or restored.—A sober, anxious, and apprehensive calculation of the chances and probabilities of war, a disposition to consider, and a desire to provide against the worst, we are not inclined either to blame or dissuade. Such is the temper of mind with which it befits us to look at events doubtful in their issue, and at the same time so formidable in their consequences. But we do dissuade, and we should be inclined to blame, that species of panic, that fear in the nature of fascination, which anticipates the issue of the contest, not from a comparison of the two contending parties, but from the dread of one of them; which, presuming failure, would refuse assistance; which not only cherishes its own terrors, and spreads them with a spirit of proselytism, but repels and resents any attempt to dissipate them, and is almost prepared to feel any result which contradicts them as a disappointment.

The more we live out of the world, the more little courtesies, such as are in the crowd unheeded, are magnified into favours—true, that the same process of exaggeration occurs in respect to petty affronts or inconsiderate slights. The heart never attains the independence of the mind.

From the Retrospective Review.

FULLER'S HOLY AND PROFANE STATES.

The Holy State and Profane State, by Thomas Fuller, B. D. and Prebendary of Sarum. The fourth Edition, London, 1663, pp. 511, with Portraits.

If ever there was an amusing writer in this world, the facetious Thomas Fuller was one. There was in him a combination of those qualities which minister to our entertainment, such as few have ever possessed in an equal degree. He was, first of all, a man of extensive and multifarious reading, of great and digested knowledge, which an extraordinary retentiveness of memory preserved ever ready for use, and considerable accuracy of judgment enabled him successfully to apply. He was also, if we may use the term, a very great anecdote-monger, an indefatigable collector of the traditionary stories related of eminent characters, to gather which, his biographers inform us, he would listen contentedly for hours to the garrulity of the aged country people whom he encountered in his progresses with the king's army. With such plenitude and diversity of information, he had an inexhaustible fund for the purposes of illustration, and this he knew well how to turn to the best advantage. Unlike his tasteless contemporaries, he did not bring forth or display his erudition on unnecessary occasions, or pile extract on extract, and cento on cento, with industry as misapplied as it was disgusting. With Fuller, a quotation always tells: learning with him was considered as a sort of mortar to strengthen, interlace, and support his own intellectual speculations, to fill up the interstices of argument, and conjoin and knit together the corresponding masses of thought; not as a sort of plaster to be superinduced over the original products of his mind, till their character and peculiarities were lost amid the integuments which enveloped them. So well does he vary his treasures of memory and observation, so judiciously does he interweave his anecdotes, quotations, and remarks, that it is impossible to conceive a more delightful chequer-work of acute thought and apposite illustration, of original and extracted sentiment, than is presented in his works. As a story-teller, he was most consummately felicitous. The relation which we have seen for the hundredth time, when introduced in his productions, assumes all the freshness of novelty, and comes out of his hands instinct with fresh life and glowing with vitality and spirit. The stalest jest, the most hacknied circumstance, the repetition of which by another would only provoke our nausea, when adopted by him, receives a reintegration of essence not less miraculous than the conversion of dry bones into living beings. Wherever we dip in his works we are certain to meet with some narrated incident or apothegm to detain us, and we are insensibly led on from anecdote to anecdote, and from witticism to witticism, without the power to put the book upon the shelf again. How delightful must have been the conversation of Fuller, varied as it was with exuberance of knowledge, enlivened with gossiping, chastened by good sense, and sparkling with epigrammatical sharpness of wit, decorated with all its native fantastical embroidery of humorous quaintness. We verily declare for ourselves, that if we had the power of resuscitating an individual from the dead to enjoy the

pleasure of his conversation, we do not know any one on whom our choice would sooner fall than Fuller.

Of human life and manners through all their varieties, he was also a most sagacious and acute observer, and the quantity of vigorous and just observation, in this department of inquiry alone, contained in his works, it is hardly possible to calculate with correctness or appreciate with justice. He united the cool penetration of the philosophical speculatist, with the less erring because less refined contemplation of the practical experimentalist in the ways of man. He was learned, yet his learning did not take away his perspicuity in judging of the modes of every-day existence; he was indefatigable in literature, yet amidst his pursuits he found leisure to look into life with the acuteness of a Rochefoucault: he was addicted to meditation, yet he never was blinded to the observation of things without, while occupied with the abstractions within. More profundity of remark, more accuracy of discernment, more justness of perception, than this topic always produces from his pen, it would be difficult elsewhere to find. Few scholars excelled more in sound and practical good sense, and consequently very few ever coined maxims of more irresistible and incontrovertible wisdom. To him the whole complete machinery, which composes the great work of existence, in all its parts, springs, and dependencies lay exposed, and no subtlety in its regulations could deceive his intuitive quickness, no artificial intermingling of its interest could obscure his unerring penetration. But great as all these his endowments were, his qualifications of authorship, it is not perhaps to any of them, that our chief satisfaction in reading the works of Fuller can justly be attributed. Others, many others, have doubtless possessed them in an equal if not in a superior degree, and the attractions of our author carry a peculiar individuality about them, which no other can share or divide with him. These particular attractions which he alone monopolised, are doubtless the results of his unrivalled facetiousness and quaintness. The praises of wisdom and learning he must ever divide with countless multitudes, and in the pages of multitudes of writers may equal proofs of that learning and wisdom be met with. But for the facetiousness which breaks forth on all themes and subjects, and which hides itself but to burst forth again, like the river Arethusa, in all the creamy effervescence of sparkling frothiness—which throws over his gravest disquisitions an air of irresistible jocularity, and over his most solemn adjurations an appearance of lurking and irrepressible slyness,—which diffuses over the obscure duskiness of church history a quaint oiliness of conceit, and enriches even geographical barrenness by its everlasting fecundity of wit;—for the hearty and chuckling fullness of mirth, which catches at a joke as a boy does at a butterfly, and impresses every possible play of words of necessity into its service,—for the sedulous and resolute quest after humour which no consideration could divert or stop, and which would at any time spoil a good argument, or burlesque a serious observation to hitch in an epigram, good, bad, or indifferent—where shall we search but in the pages of the imitable, the incomparable Fuller? It is not because he is generally successful in his attempts to be witty that we experience this gratification and delight, for nine of his attempts out of ten are certain to be complete failures; nor can it arise from the truthness of

his wit, for commonly it consists of little more than puns, quibbles, and antitheses: it is not certainly from these, but from other causes that our satisfaction originates, from his glorious and enthusiastic intrepidity in his sallies to the land of humour, from his bold and determined quixotism after wit and facetiousness, from his readiness to grasp at any thing which bore the most distant resemblance to them, from his buoyant and eternal spirit of drollery, from his indefatigable and adventurous knight-errantry which would traverse the whole universe for wit, from his peculiar singleness of observation, which could see

"Humour in stones, and puns in every thing."

He absolutely communicates something of his own fervour to his reader; it is almost impossible to read his works without going along with him in his hunt for jokes, and without participating in his satisfaction when he has found them. His quaint facetiousness was communicable to every thing. Graft it on whatever tree he chose, and it would bud out, blossom forth, and luxuriate. Like a fisherman, he threw out his capacious net into the ocean of wit, and rejected nothing that it brought up, however miscellaneous or motley were its contents; pleased, and perhaps thinking that others would be pleased, with their variety. There is besides such an apparent self-satisfaction discernible throughout his works—we can almost fancy we see him chuckling over his forthcoming jests as they successively issue from his brain, preparing us by his triumphant exultation for the stroke which is to follow; or revelling in uncontrolled and uncontrollable merriment over the vagaries of which he had discharged his head by communicating them to paper. Such was the disposition of Fuller. The qualities of mind which would in another have produced a buffoon, in him, without losing their power of entertainment, lost all their grosser and more offensive traits, and became, from their very superfetation, less imbued with the rankness of farce. To him the language of jocularity had something of the gravity of earnest: it was his own vernacular idiom, in which every thing which issued from his mind was clothed; it was something so intimately connected with him, that all attempts to strip it off would be useless; something settled and fixed in his intellect, and stamping and marking its whole character. By being therefore more generalized, it had less of marked purport and design, and as it was assumed on all subjects was indecorous on none.—Fuller, we think, would hardly have scrupled to crack a joke upon the four Evangelists; but certain we are, it would have been without any idea of indecency or intention of irreverence.

This characteristic peculiarity is equally visible in all his productions, from his *Holy War* to his *Worthies*, and consequently they are almost equally entertaining. His *Holy War* and *Church History*, particularly the last, are two of the most agreeable works we know; replete, besides their Fullerism, with perspicacious observation, profound thought, deep discernment, and narrative power. There are specimens of historical painting in these works which perhaps have never been excelled, conceived with great energy and executed with happiness.—In his delineation of characters, he exhibits such unrivalled acumen, ability, and penetration, together with such candour and uprightness of judgment, that it is difficult which most to admire, his sagacity or his sincerity. His *Pisgah Light of Palestine*, which is also in part an his-

torical work, is a happy elucidation of what Fuller always excelled in, sacred story: and no work of his better displays the riches of his mind or the plenitude and fertility of its images. His *Worthies* is, we believe, more generally perused than any of his productions, and is perhaps the most agreeable; suffice to say of it, that it is a most fascinating storehouse of gossiping, anecdote, and quaintness; a most delightful medley of interchanged amusement, presenting entertainment as varied as it is inexhaustible. His *Good Thoughts in Bad Times*, and lesser works, are all equally excellent in their way, full of admirable maxims and reflections, agreeable stories, and ingenious moralizations. It was however in biography that Fuller most excelled.—If he was frequently too careless and inaccurate in his facts, it was not from heedlessness as to truth, which no one revered more than he did, but because he considered them but as the rind and outward covering of the more important and more delicious stores of thinking and consideration which they inwardly contained; because he thought life too short to be frittered away in fixing dates and examining registers: what he sought was matter convertible to use, to the great work of the improvement of the human mind, not those more minute and jejune creatures of authenticity, which fools toil in seeking after, and madmen die in elucidating. In this he has been followed by a great biographical writer of the last age, with whom he had more points than one in common. Leaving therefore such minor parts of biography for the investigation of others, and seizing only on the principal events, and those distinguishing incidents or anecdotes which mark a character in a moment, and which no one knew better than Fuller to pick out and select, he detailed them with such perspicuity and precision, and commented upon them with such accuracy of discrimination, strength of argument and force of reason, and threw around them such a luminous and lambent halo of sparkling quaintness, shining upon and playing about the matter of his thoughts, and inspirited them with such omnipresent jocularity and humour, that, of all the biographical writers of his age, he is, in our opinion, infinitely the best. After the perusal of the more polished, but certainly not more agreeable biographers of modern times, we always recur with renewed gusto and avidity to the Lives of our excellent author, as to a feast more substantial, without being less delicious.

The work which we have selected as the subject of this review is as well calculated to evince the justice of the foregoing remarks as any of his lucubrations. Perhaps, upon the whole, it is the best of his works; and certainly displays, to better advantage than any, his original and vigorous powers of thinking. It consists of two parts—the *Holy* and the *Profane State*: the former proposing examples for imitation; and the latter their opposites for our abhorrence. Each contains characters of individuals in every department of life, as "the father," "husband," "soldier," and "divine;" lives of eminent persons, as illustrative of these characters; and general essays. In his conception of character he has followed Bishop Earle* and

* It is somewhat singular that Fuller's *Holy and Profane States* is not mentioned in the Appendix to Mr. Bliss's admirable edition of *Bishop Earle's Characters*. We have seen this remark made before in a very elegant and interesting book, entitled *Bibliographiana*.

Sir Thomas Overbury, but his manner of writing is essentially different. This species of composition was very near akin to what has been called the school of metaphysical poetry, sprung up into existence about the same time, and went out of fashion along with it. It was composed of the same materials, and regulated by nearly the same principles. Did our limits allow us, we do not know a more interesting and yet undeveloped subject for speculation than the concurrent and dependant styles of prose and poetry which prevailed from the accession of James I. till after the Restoration, and which were in truth all referable to one original. At present we can only observe that the care of the writers of characters was to crowd together the most motley assemblage of ideas in the smallest possible space; to concentrate, in one series of links, the most multitudinous spangles of conceit; to pour forth all the subject presented in one close intertexture of ideas, which received at once point from their wit and smartness from their brevity. By these means the thoughts are often so much compressed as to produce obscurity, or at least are defrauded of their due quantum of verbal clothing. Their very multitude produces confusion, and we are prevented from taking notice of each particularly by their cluster and conglomeration, and by the rapidity with which they alternately approach and recede. Thought succeeds thought; the most recondite metaphors are squeezed into an epithet or an adjective; one point is elbowed out by another, "like pricks upon the fretful porcupine," till in mental dizziness and distraction we are obliged to bring our perusal of the book to an end. Of this method of writing, Butler's *Hudibras* is an enlarged specimen—that ever standing monument of the lavish prodigality of wit. It may at first appear rather surprising that Fuller, fond as he was of pointed quaintness, and with such exuberance of images as he was possessed of, should have deserted this popular style of character-writing, and introduced in the stead of its curt and contracted sharpness, his own more easy, but less ambitious, diffuseness. But this, we think, may easily be accounted for. His intellectual plenitude was too great to submit to the tight braces and bandages of composition; and he had, besides, too much of the gossip about him to be untinctured with the usual appurtenance of the gossip, prolixity. He was also too wise to turn or torture his natural flow of mind into a new fashion, or to apply to it any such Chinese methods of artificial restraint. Thus his characters are written with an expository diffuseness, and seem sometimes rather a commentary upon characters of the foregoing description than others of the same species. If they do not exhibit the same perpetual display of wit and co-acervation of metaphor, they have much more easiness and variety, and much less stiffness and strained obscurity. They have just as much point as is necessary to render them striking, and just as much force of expression as is necessary to energize their diffuseness. They flow on enriched with many an interesting story, and many a profound reflection. Few will, we think, refuse to consider Fuller's method as the most judicious and agreeable, as his thoughts swell out to their full and healthy growth; and his illustrations receive their due modicum of relation, without being obscured by their density, or rendered rickety by their compression.

We will now proceed to our extracts from the book, which will, we have no doubt, fully justify our cha-

acter of Fuller. The great difficulty is in the selection, as all the parts of the volume are almost equally good. The first we shall give is the character of the good Master.

"The good Master.

"He is the heart in the midst of his household, *primum vivens et ultimum moriens*, first up and last abed; if not in his person, yet in his providence. In his carriage he aimeth at his own and his servants' good, and to advance both.

"He overseeth the works of his servants. One said, That the dust that fell from the master's shoes was the best compost to manure ground. The lion, out of state, will not run whilst any one looks on him; but some servants, out of slothfulness, will not run except some look upon them, spurred on with their master's eye. Chiefly he is careful exactly to take his servants' reckonings. If their master takes no account of them, they will make small account of him, and care not what they spend who are never brought to an audit.

"He provided them victuals, wholesome, sufficient, and seasonable. He doth not so allay his servants' bread, or debase it so much, as to make that servants' meat which is not man's meat. He alloweth them also convenient rest and recreation, whereas some masters, like a bad conscience, will not suffer them to sleep that have them. He remembers the old law of the Saxon king, Ina: 'If a villain work on Sunday by his lord's command, he shall be free.'

"The wages he contracts for he duly and truly pays to his servants. The same word in the Greek *tox*, signifies *rust* and *poison*; and some strong poyson is made of the rust of mettals, but none more venomous than the rust of money in the rich man's purse unjustly detained from the labourer, which will poison and infect his whole estate.

"He never threatens his servant, but rather presently corrects him. Indeed conditional threatenings, with promise of pardon on amendment, are good and useful. Absolute threatenings torment more, reform lesse, making servants keep their faults, and forsake their masters: wherefore herein he never passeth his word, but makes present payment, lest the creditour run away from the debtour.

"In correcting his servant, he becomes not a slave to his own passion; not cruelly making new indentures of the flesh of his apprentice. To this end he never beats him in the height of his passion. Moses being to fetch water out of the rock, and commanded by God only to speak to it with his rod in his hand, being transported with anger smote it thrice. Thus some masters, which might fetch penitent tears from their servants with a chiding word (onely shaking the rod withal for terror), in their fury strike many blows which might better be spared. If he perceives his servant incorrigible, so that he cannot wash the black-moore, he washeth his hands of him, and fairly puts him away.

"He is tender of his servant in sickness and age. If crippled in his service, his house is his hospital: yet how many throw away those dry bones out of which themselves have sucked the marrow! It is as usual to see a young serving-man an old beggar as to see a light horse, first from the great saddle of a nobleman, to come to the hackney-coach, and at last die in drawing a carre. But the good master is not like the cruel hunter in the fable, who beats his old dogge because his toothless mouth let go the game; he rather imitates the noble nature of our Prince Henry, who took order for the keeping of an old English mastiffe which

had made a lion run away. Good reason, good service in age should be rewarded. Who can, without pity and pleasure, behold that trusty vessel which carried Sir Francis Drake about the world?

"Hitherto our discourse hath proceeded of the carriage of masters toward free covenant-servants, not intermeddling with their behaviour towards slaves and vassals, whereof we only report this passage: when Charles the Fifth, Emperour, returning with his fleet from Algier, was extremely beaten with a tempest, and their ships overladen, he caused them to cast their best horses into the sea, to save the life of many slaves, which, according to the market price, were not so much worth. Are there not many, that, in such a case, had rather save Jack the horse, then Jocky the keeper? And yet those who first called England the purgatory of servants, sure did us much wrong: purgatory, itself, being as false in the application to us, as in the doctrine thereof; servants, with us, living generally in as good conditions as in any other country. And well may masters consider how easie a transposition it had been for God, to have made him to mount into the saddle that holds the stirrup, and him to sit down at the table who stands by with a trencher."

The following character of the *good School Master* is admirable for its justness and good sense. Fuller seems to have set a proper value on the labours of this estimable class of men.

"The good School Master."

"There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: first, young scholars make this calling their refuge, yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence school masters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxie of the usher. But see how well our school master behaves himself.

"His genius inclines him with delight to his profession. Some men had as lieve be school boyes as school masters, to be tyed to the school, as Cooper's Dictionary and Scapula's Lexicon are chained to the desk therein; and though great scholars, and skilful in other arts, are bunglers in this: but God of his goodness hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of church and state, in all conditions, may be provided for. So that he who beholds the fabrick thereof, may say, God hewed out the stone, and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent. And thus God mouldeth some for a school master's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

"He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced school masters may quickly make a grammar of boyes' natures, and reduce them all (saving some few exceptions) to these general rules:

"1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

"2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think with the hare in the fable, that running with snails (so they count the rest of their school-fellows) they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh, a good rod would finely take them napping.

"3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewells of the country, and, therefore, their dulness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That school master deserves to be beaten himself, who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

"4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a rasour's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boyes he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat-makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanicks which will not serve for scholars.

"He is able, diligent, and methodical, in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his schollars may go along with him.

"He is and will be known to be an absolute monarch in his school. If cockering mothers proffer him money to purchase their son's exemption from his rod, (to live, as it were, in a peculiar, out of their master's jurisdiction) with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custome in some places of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boyes from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting with him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath infected others.

"He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a school master better answereth the name *παιδογείτης* than *παιδαγωγός*, rather tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies. Junius complains 'de insolenti carnificina' of his school master, by whom 'conscindebatur flagris septies aut octies in dies singulos.' Yes, hear the lamentable verses of poor Tusser in his own life:

'From Paul's I went, to Eaton sent
To learn straightwaies the Latine phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes given to me
At once I had.

For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pass thus beat I was;
See, Udal,* see the mercy of thee

To me, poor lad."

"Such an Orbilius marres more schollars than he makes: their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence. And whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master.

"He makes his school free to him who sues to him in forma pauperis. And surely learning is the greatest alms that can be given. But he is a beast, who, because the poor scholar cannot pay him his wages, payes the scholar in his whipping. Rather are diligent lads to be encouraged with all excitements to learning. This minds me of what I have heard concerning Mr. Bust, that worthy late school master of Eaton, who would never suffer any wandering begging scholar (such as justly the statute hath ranked in the fore-front of rogues) to come into his school, but would thrust him out with earnestness (however privately charitable unto him) lest his school boyes should be disheartened from their books, by seeing some scholars after their studying in the university preferred to beggary.

"He spoils not a good school to make thereof a bad colledge, therein to teach his scholars logick. For besides that logick may have an action of trespass against grammar for encroaching on her liberties, syllogismes are solecismes taught in the school, and often times they are forced afterwards in the university to unlearn the fumbling skill they had before.

"Out of his school he is no whit pedantical in carriage or discourse; contenting himself to be rich in Latine, though he doth not gingle with it in every company wherein he comes.

"To conclude, let this amongst other motives make school masters careful in their place, that the eminences of their scholars have commended the memories of their school masters to posterity, who otherwise in obscurity had altogether been forgotten. Who had ever heard of R. Bond, in Lancashire, but for the breeding of learned Ascham, his scholar? or of Hartgrave, in Brundly school, in the same county, but because he was the first did teach worthy Doctor Whitaker. Nor do I honour the memory of Mulcaster for any thing so much as his scholar, that gulf of learning, Bishop Andrews. This made Athenians, the day before the great feast of Theseus their founder, to sacrifice a ram to the memory of Conidas, his school master, that first instructed him."

Nor is the next character inferior to either of the foregoing.

"The general Artist.

"I know the general cavil against general learning is this, that aliquis in omnibus est nullus in singulis. He that sips of many arts, drinks of none. However we must know, that all learning, which is but one grand science, hath so homogeneous a body, that the parts thereof do with a mutuall service relate to, and communicates strength and lustre each to other. Our artist, knowing language to be the key of learning, thus Legins.

"His tongue being but one by nature, he gets cloven by art and industry. Before the confusion of Babel,

* Nich. Udal, school-master of Eaton, in the reign of King Henry the Eighth.

all the world was one continent in language; since divided into severall tongues, as severall islands. Grammar is the ship, by benefit whereof we pass from one to another, in the learned languages generally spoken in no country. His mother-tongue was like the dull musick of a monochord, which, by study, he turns into the harmony of severall instruments.

"He first gaineth skill in the Latine and Greek tongues. On the credit of the former alone he may trade in discourse over all Christendome: but the Greek, though not so generally spoken, is known with no less profit and more pleasure. The joyns of her compounded words are so naturally oyled, that they run nimbly on the tongue; which makes them, though long, never tedious, because significant. Besides, it is full and stately in sound: onely it pities our artist to see the vowels therein rackt in pronouncing them, hanging oftentimes one way by their native force, and haled another by their accents which countermand them.

"Hence he proceeds to the Hebrew, the mother-tongue of the world. More pains than quickness of wit is required to get it, and with daily exercise he continues it. Apostacy herein is usual, to fall totally from the language by a little neglect. As for the Arabic, and other oriental languages, he rather makes sallies and incursions into them, than any solemn sitting before them.

"Then he applies his study to logick and ethicks. The latter makes a man's soul mannerly and wise; but as for logick, that is the armory of reason, furnish with all offensive and defensive weapons. There are syllogismes, long swords; enthymems, short daggers; dilemmas, two-edged swords that cut on both sides; sorites, chain-shot; and for the defensive, distinctions, which are shields; retortions, which are targets with a pike in the midst of them, both to defend and oppose. From hence he raiseth his studies to the knowledge of physics, the great hall of nature, and metaphysics the closet thereof; and is carefull not to wade therein so farre till by subtile distinguishing of notions he confounds himself.

"He is skilful in rhetoric, which gives a speech colour, as logick doth favour, and both together beauty. Though some condemne rhetoric as the mother of lies, speaking more than the truth in hyperboles, less in her miosis, otherwise in her metaphors, contrary in her ironies; yet is there excellent use of all these, when disposed of with judgment. Nor is he a stranger to poetry, which is musick in words; nor to musick, which is poetry in sound: both excellent sauce, but they have lived and died poor, that made them their meat.

"Mathematicks he moderately studieth to his great contentment. Using it as ballast for his soul, yet to fit it not to stall it; nor suffers he it to be so unmanly as to juggle out other arts. As for judicial astrology (which hath the least judgment in it) this vagrant hath been out of all learned corporations. If our artist lodgeth her in the out-rooms of his soul for a night or two, it is rather to hear than believe her relations.

"Hence he makes his progress into the study of history. Nestor, who lived three ages, was accounted the wisest man in the world. But the historian may make himself wise, by living as many ages as have past since the beginning of the world. His books enable him to maintain discourse, who, besides the stock of his own experience, may spend on the common purse of his reading. This directs him, in his life, so that he makes the shipwracks of other sea-marks to himself; yea, accidents, which other start from for their strangeness.

he welcomes as his wonted acquaintance, having found precedents for them formerly. Without history a man's soul is purblind, seeing only the things which almost touch his eyes.

"He is well seen in chronology, without which history is but an heap of tales. If, by the laws of the land, he is counted a natural, who hath not wit enough to tell twenty, or to tell his age; he shall not pass with me for wise in learning, who cannot tell the age of the world, and count hundreds of years: I mean not so critically as to solve all doubts arising thence; but that he may be able to give some tolerable account thereof. He is, also, acquainted with cosmography, treating of the world in whole joyns; with chorography, shredding it into countries; and with topography, mincing it into particular places.

"Thus taking these sciences in their general latitude, he hath finished the round circle or golden ring of the arts; onely he keeps a place for the diamond to be set in, I mean for that predominant profession of law, physick, divinity, or state-politic, which he intends for his principal calling hereafter."

In the biographical portion of the book, we meet with lives of Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk, Lord Burleigh, Cambden, Sir Francis Drake, Edward the Black Prince, Queen Elizabeth, Lady Jane Grey, Sir John Markham, Dr. Metcalf, Perkins, Bishop Ridley, Cardinal Wolsey, and Dr. William Whitaker.—They are all good, some of them excellent.—Our limits, unfortunately, prevent us from giving a specimen. After the lives and characters follow what the author entitles general rules. The following Essay on Recreation is one of the best.

"Of Recreations.

"Recreation is a second creature, when weariness hath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business. We may trespass in them, if using such as are forbidden by the lawyer as against the statutes; physicians, as against health; divine, as against conscience.

"Be well satisfied in thy conscience of the lawfulness of the recreation thou usest. Some fight against cock-fighting, and bait bull and bear-baiting, because man is not to be a common barretour to set the creatures at discord; and seeing antipathy betwixt creatures was kindled by man's sin, what pleasure can he take to see it burn? Others are of the contrary opinion, and that Christianity gives us a placard to use these sports; and that man's charter of dominion over the creatures enables him to employ them as well for pleasure as necessity. In these, as in all other doubtful recreations, be well assured first of the legality of them. He that sins against his conscience sins with a witness.

"Spill not the morning (the quintessence of the day) in recreations. For sleep itself is a recreation; add not sauce therefore to sauces; and he cannot properly have any title to be refreshed, who was not first faint. Pastime, like wine, is poison in the morning. It is then good husbandry to sow the head, which hath lain fallow all night, with some serious work. Chiefly intrench not on the Lord's day to use unlawful sports; *this were to spare thine owne flock, and to sheere God's lamb.*

"Let thy recreations be ingenious, and bear proportion with thine age. If thou sayest with Paul, when I was a child I did as a child; say also with him, But when I was a man I put away childish things. Wear also the child's coat, if thou usest his sports.

"Take heed of boisterous and over-violent exer-

cises. Ringing oft times hath made good musick on the bells, and put men's bodies out of tune, so that by overheating themselves they have rung their own passing-bell.

"Yet the ruder sort of people scarce count any thing a sport which is not loud and violent. The Muscovite women esteem none loving husbands except they beat their wives. 'Tis no pastime with country clowns, that cracks not pates, breaks not shins, bruises not limbs, tumbles and tosses not all the body. They think themselves not warm in their geeres till they are all on fire; and count it but dry sport, till they swim in their own sweat. Yet I conceive the physician's rule in exercises, *Ad ruborem but non ad sudorem*, is too scant measure.

"Refresh that part of thyself which is most wearied. If thy life be sedentary, exercise thy body; if stirring and active, recreate thy mind. But take heed of couzening thy mind, in setting it to do a double task under pretence of giving it a play day, as in the labyrinth of chess, and other tedious and studious games.

"Yet recreations distasteful to some dispositions relish best to others. Fishing with an angle is to some rather a torture than a pleasure, to stand an hour as mute as the fish they mean to take: yet herewithall Dr. Whitaker was much delighted. When some pobleman had gotten William Cecil, Lord Burleigh and Treasurer of England, to ride with them a hunting, and the sport began to be cold; What call you this, said the Treasurer? Oh now, said they, the dogs are at a fault. Yes, quoth the Treasurer, take me again in such a fault, and I'll give you leave to punish me. Thus as soon may the same meat please all palats, as the same sport suit with all dispositions.

"Running, leaping, and dancing, the descants on the plain song of walking, are all excellent exercises. And yet those are the best recreations, which besides refreshing, enable, at least dispose men to some other good ends. Bowling teaches men's hands and eyes mathematics, and the rules of proportion; swimming hath saved many a man's life, when himself hath been both the wares, and the ship: tilting and fencing is warre without anger; and manly sports are the grammar of military performance.

"But above all shooting is a noble recreation, and an half liberal art. A rich man told a poor man that he walked to get a stomach for his meat: and I, said the poor man, walk to get meat for my stomach. Now shooting would have fitted both their turns, it provides food when men are hungry, and helps digestion when they are full. King Edward the Sixth, (though he drew no strong bow) shot very well, and when once John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, commended him for hitting the mark; you shot better (quoth the King) when you shot off my good uncle Protector's head. But our age sees his successor exceeding him in that art, whose eye like his judgement is clear and quick to discover the mark, and his hands as just in shooting as in dealing aright.

"Some sports being granted to be lawful, more propend to be ill than well used. Such I count stage-plays, when made alwaies the actour's work, and often the spectator's recreation. Zeuxis, the curious picturer, painted a boy holding a dish full of grapes in his hand, done so lively, that the birds being deceived flew to peck the grapes. But Zeuxis, in an ingenious choller, was angry with his own workmanship. Had I (said he) made the boy as lively as the grapes, the birds would have been afraid to touch them. Thus two things are set forth to us in stage-plays: some grave sentences, prudent counsels, and punishment of vitious examples;

and with these desperate oaths, lustful talk, and riotous acts are so personated to the life, that wantons are tickled with delight, and feed their palats upon them. It seems the goodness is not portrayed out with equal accents of liveliness as the wicked things are: otherwise men would be deterred from vitious courses, with seeing the woful success which follows them. But the main is, wanton speeches on stages are the devil's ordinances to beget badness; but I question whether the pious speeches spoken there be God's ordinance to increase goodness, as wanting both his institution and benediction.

"Choak not thy soul with immoderate pouring in the cordial of pleasures. The creation lasted but six dayes of the first week: prophane they, whose recreation lasts seven dayes every week. Rather abridge thyself of thy lawfull liberty herein; it being a wary rule which S. Gregory gives us, '*Solus in illicitis non cadit, qui se aliquando et a licitis caute restringit.*' And then recreations shall both strengthen labour and sweeten rest, and we may expect God's blessing and protection on us in following them, as well as in doing our work: for he that saith grace for his meat, in it prays also to God to bless the sauce unto him. As for those that will not take lawfull pleasure, I am afraid they will take unlawful pleasure, and, by lacing themselves too hard, grow awry on one side."

The subsequent essay is no less entertaining.

"Of Books.

"Solomon saith truly, '*Of making many books there is no end,*' so insatiable is the thirst of men therein: as also endless is the desire of many in buying and reading them. But we come to our rules.

"It is a vanity to perswade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library. As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well-furnished armory. I guess good housekeeping by the smoking, not the number of the tunnels, as knowing that many of them (built meerly for uniformity) are without chimnies, and more without fires. Once a dunce, void of learning but full of books, flouted a library-less scholar with these words, *Salve Doctor, sine libri*: but the next day the scholar coming into the jeerer's study crowded with books, *Salvete libri*, (saith he,) *sine doctore*.

"Few books well selected are best: yet as a certain fool bought all the pictures that came out, because he might have his choice; such is the vain humour of many men in gathering of books: yet when they have done all they misse their end, it being in the editions of authors as in the fashions of clothes, when a man thinks he hath gotten the latest and newest, presently another newer comes out.

"Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of: namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly, auxiliary books, onely to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are meer pieces of formality, so that if you look on them you look thorow them; and he that peeps thorow the case-ment of the index sees as much as if he were in the house. But the lazinesse of those cannot be excused who perfunctorily passe over authors of consequence, and onely trade in their tables and contents. These like city-cheaters having gotten the names of all country gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied.

"The genius of the author is commonly discovered

in the dedicatory epistle. Many place the purest grain in the mouth of the sack for chapmen to handle or buy, and from the dedication one may probably guesse at the work, saving some rare and peculiar exceptions. Thus when once a gentleman admired so pithy, learned, and witty a dedication was matched to a flat, dull, foolish book; *In truth*, said another, *they may be well matched together, for I profess they are nothing a-kinne.*

"Proportion an houre's meditation to an houre's reading of a staple author. This makes a man master of his learning, and dispirits the book into the scholar. The King of Sweden never filed his men above six deep in one company because he would not have them lie in useless clusters in his army, but so that every particular souldier might be drawn out into service. Books that stand thinne on the shelves, yet so as the owner of them can bring forth every one of them into use, are better than far greater libraries.

"Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost. Arius Montanus, in printing the Hebrew Bible (commonly called the Bible of the King of Spain,) much wasted himself, and was accused in the court of Rome for his good deed, and being cited thither, '*Pro tantorum laborum præmio vix veniam impetravit.*' Likewise Christopher Plantin by printing of his curious interlineary Bible in Antwerp, through the unseasonable exactions of the King's officers, sunk and almost ruined his estate. And our worthy English Knight, who set forth the golden-mouthed father in a silver print, was a loser by it.

"Whereas foolish pamphlets prove most beneficial to the printers. When a French printer complained that he was utterly undone by printing a solid serious book of Rabelais', concerning physick, Rabelais to make him recompence, made that his foolish scurrilous work, which repaired the printer's loss with advantage. Such books the world swarms too much with. When one had set out a witless pamphlet, writing *Finis* at the end thereof, another wittily wrote beneath it—

"——Nay, there thou li'st, my friend;
In writing foolish books there is no end."

"And surely such scurrilous scandalous papers do more than conceivable mischief. First, their lusciousness puts many palats out of taste, that they can never after relish any solid and wholesome writers: secondly, they cast dirt on the faces of many innocent persons, which, dried on by continuance of time, can never after be washed off: thirdly, the pamphlets of this age may pass for records with the next (because publicly uncontrolled,) and what we laugh at our children may believe: fourthly, grant the things true they jeer at, yet this musick is unlawful in any Christian church, to play upon the sinnes and miseries of others, the fitter object of the elegies than the satyrs of all truly religious.

"But what do I speaking against multiplicity of books in this age, who trespass in this nature myself? What was a learned man's complement may serve for my confession and conclusion:—'*Multi mei similes hoc morbo laborant, ut cum scribere nesciant, tamen à scribendo temperare non possint.*'"

The foregoing extracts are from the *Holy State*. From the *Profane State* we shall only extract this curious Character of a Witch, in which Fuller displays more strikingly his quaint wit.

"The Witch.

"Before we come to describe her, we must premise

and prove certain propositions, whose truth may otherwise be doubted of.

"1. Formerly there were witches. Otherwise God's law had fought against a shadow, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live:' yea, we read how King Saul, who had formerly scoured witches out of all Israel, afterwards drank a draught of that puddle himself.

"2. There are witches for the present, though those night-birds flie not so frequently in flocks since the light of the Gospel. Some ancient arts and mysteries are said to be lost, but sure the devil will not wholly let down any of his gainful trades. There be many witches at this day in Lapland, who sell winds to mariners for money, (and must they not needs go whom the devil drives?) though we are not bound to believe the old story of Ericus, King of Swedeland, who had a cap, and as he turned it, the wind he wished for would blow on that side.

"3. It is very hard to prove a witch. Infernal contracts are made without witnesses. She that, in presence of others, will compact with the devil, deserves to be hanged for her folly as well as impiety.

"4. Many are unjustly accused for witches. Sometimes out of ignorance of natural, and misapplying of supernatural causes; sometimes out of their neighbours' meer malice, and the suspicion is increased, if the party accused be notoriously ill-favoured; whereas deformity alone is no more argument to make her a witch, than handsomeness had been evidence to prove her an harlot; sometimes out of their own causeless confession, being brought before a magistrate they acknowledge themselves to be witches, being themselves rather bewitched with fear, or deluded with fancy. But the self-accusing of some is as little to be credited, as the self-praising of others, if alone without other evidence.

"5. Witches are commonly of the feminine sex. Ever since Satan tempted our grandmother Eve, he knows that sex is most licorish to taste, and most careless to swallow his baits. Nescio quid habet muliere nomen semper cum sacris: if they light well, they are inferiour to few men in piety; if ill, superior to all in superstition. They are commonly distinguished into white and black witches. White, I dare not say good witches, (for woe be to him that calleth evil good) heal those that are hurt, and help them to lost goods. But better it is to lap one's pottage like a dog, than to eat it mannerly with a spoon of the devil's giving. Black witches hurt and do mischief. But in deeds of darkness there is no difference of colours; the white and the black are both guilty alike in compounding with the devil. And now we come to see by what degrees people arrive at this height of profaneness.

"At the first she is only ignorant, and very malicious. She hath usually a bad face, and a worse tongue, given to railing and cursing, as if constantly bred on mount Ebal; yet speaking perchance worse than she means, though meaning worse than she should. And as the harmless wapping of a curs'd cur, may stir up a fierce mastiff to the worrying of sheep; so on her cursing, the devil may take occasion by God's permission to do mischief, without her knowledge, and perchance against her will.

"Some have been made witches by endeavouring to defend themselves against witchcraft: for, fearing some suspected witch should hurt them, they fence themselves with the devil's shield against the devil's sword, put on his whole armour, beginning to use spells and charms to safeguard themselves. The art is quickly learnt, to which nothing but credulity and practice is required: and they often fall, from defending themselves, to offending of others, especially the devil not

being dainty of his company, where he finds welcome, and being invited once, he haunts ever after.

"She begins at first with doing tricks, rather strange than hurtful, yea some of them are pretty and pleasing. But it is dangerous to gather flowers that grow on the banks of the pit of hell, for fear of falling in; yea they which play with the devil's rattles, will be brought by degrees to wield his sword, and from making of sport they come to doing of mischief.

"At last she indents down right with the devil. He is to find her some toys for a time, and to have her soul in exchange. At the first (to give the devil his due) he observes the agreement to keep up his credit, else none would trade with him; though at last he either deceives her with an equivocation, or at some other small hole this Serpent winds out himself, and breaks the covenants. And where shall she poor wretch sue the forfeited bond? in heaven she neither can nor dare appear; on earth she is hanged if the contract be proved; in hell her adversary is judge, and it is woful to appeal from the devil to the devil. But for a while let us behold her in her supposed felicity.

"She taketh her free progress from one place to another. Sometimes the devil doth locally transport her, but he will not be her constant hackney, to carry such luggage about, but oftentimes to save portage, deludes her brains in her sleep, so that they brag of long journeys, whose heads never travelled from their bolsters. These, with Drake, sail about the world, but it is on an ocean of their own fancies, and in a ship of the same. They boast of brave banquets they have been at, but they would be very lean should they eat no other meat: others will persuade, if any list to believe, that by a witch-bridle they can make a fair of horses of an acre of besome-weed. O silly souls! O subtil Satan that deceived them!

"6. With strange figures and words she summons the devils to attend her, using a language which God never made at the confusion of tongues, and an interpreter must be fetched from hell to expound it. With these, or Scripture abused, the devil is ready at her service. Who would suppose that roaring lion could so finely act the spaniel? one would think he were too old to suck, and yet he will do that also for advantage.

"7. Sometimes she enjoyns him to do more for her than he is able; as to wound those whom God's providence doth arm, or to break through the tents of blessed angels, to hurt one of God's saints. Here Satan is put to his shifts, and his wit must help him, where his power fails; he either excuseth it, or performs it, lengthening his own arm by the dimness of her eye, and presenting the seeming bark of that tree which he cannot bring.

"8. She lives commonly but very poor. Methinks she should bewitch to herself a golden mine, at least good meat, and whole clothes: But 'tis as rare to see one of her profession, as a hangman, in a whole suit. Is the possession of the devil's favour here no better? Lord, what is the reversion of it hereafter!

"9. When arraigned for her life, the devil leaves her to the law to shift for herself. He hath worn out all his shoes in her former service, and will not now go barefoot to help her; and the circle of the halter is found to be too strong for all her spirits. Yea, Zoroastes himself, the first inventor of Magick (though he laught at his birth) led a miserable life, and died a woful death in banishment. We will give a double example of a Witch: first, of a real one, out of the Scripture, because it shall be above all exception; and then of one deeply suspected, out of our Chronicles.

We have been rather diffuse in our quotations from this agreeable writer. We think, however, our extracts will be sufficient to excuse us. As Fuller greatly excels in striking and happy sentences, we will give a few of these at random from his book:—

"Heat gotten by degrees, with motion and exercise, is more natural, and stays longer by one, than what is gotten all at once by coming to the fire. Goods acquired by industry prove commonly more lasting than lands by descent."—P. 45.

"Dissolute men, like unskilful horsemen, which open a gate on the wrong side, may, by the virtue of their office, open Heaven for others, and shut themselves out."—P. 74.

"Reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon, but similitudes are the windows which give the best light."—P. 76.

"'Tis a shame when the church itself is a cemetery, when the living sleep above ground as the dead do beneath."—P. 85.

"Conjectures, like parcels of unknown ore, are sold but at low rates. If they prove some rich metal, the buyer is a great gainer; if base, no loser, for he pays for it accordingly."—P. 137.

"A public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it."—P. 140.

"Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend. Oh! 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches."—P. 146.

"Good company is not only profitable whilst a man lives, but sometimes when he is dead; for he that was buried with the bones of Elisha, by a posthumous miracle of that prophet, recovered his life by lodging with such a grave-fellow."—P. 153.

"Anger is one of the sinews of the soul: he that wants it hath a maimed mind."—P. 158.

"Generally Nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool, and there is enough in his countenance for an Hue and Crie to take him on suspicion, or else it is stamped in the figure of his body: their heads sometimes so little that there is no room for wit, sometimes so long that there is no wit for so much room."—P. 168.

"They that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter."—P. 208.

"He that impoverisheth his children to enrich his widow, destroys a quick hedge to make a dead one."—P. 9.

We must now conclude our remarks on this book; and we do, in fine, most seriously recommend it to those of our readers, who are not deterred by the appearance of a moderate-sized folio, as a treasure of good sense, information, and entertainment. It is only by contrasting the works of Fuller with the lumbering and heavy productions of his contemporaries that we can properly estimate the value of the former, or give due honour to the memory of one, who, in his most arduous and sterile undertakings, in the darkness of antiquities or the cloudy atmosphere of polemical divinity, never lost the vivifying spirit of his humour or the exhilarating play of his wit, or suffered his keenness of observation to be blunted by the blocks it had to work on. To him every subject was alike: if it was a dull one, he could enliven it; if it was an agreeable one, he could improve it; if it was a deep one, he could sound it; if it was a tough one, he could grapple with it. In him learning was but subsidiary to wit, and wit but secondary to wisdom; and, if his

quaintness of humour gave something of the grotesque to his productions, it but added to the gloss of the admirable matter which it shone on. To him and to his pages may we always come, secure of entertainment, and instruction—of finding an agreeable olio of humorous wit and diverting sense, which reciprocally relieve and play upon each other, the latter sobering and steadying the former, the former barbing and pointing the latter. In short, his works are an inexhaustible fund of sound and solid thought—a quarry, or rather mine, of good old English heartiness, where the lighter and less elaborate artificers of modern times may seek, and seek fearlessly, for materials for their own more fragile and graceful structures. Of Fuller himself we can only observe, that his life was meritoriously passed, and exemplary throughout; that his opinions were independently adopted and unshrinkingly maintained. In the darkest and gloomiest period of our national history he had the sense and the wisdom to pursue the right way, and to persevere in an even tenor of moderation, as remote from interested lukewarmness as it was from mean-spirited fear. Unwilling to go all lengths with either party, he was of consequence vilified by both: willing to unite the maintainers of opposite and conflicting sentiments, he only united them against himself. Secure in the strength of his intellectual riches, the storms and hurricanes which uprooted the fabric of the constitution had only the effect of confining him more to his own resources, and of inciting him to the production of those numerous treatises and compilations for which he received from his contemporaries respect and reputation, and for which posterity will render him its tribute of unflinching gratitude.

TEACHING A LITTLE CHILD.

Look not so meek, my little child;

List not so mutely, I beseech thee;

So docile beams thine eye and mild,

'Tis terror to my mind to teach thee.

Men school'd will frown, and school again,

Or pause, each doubtful thought recalling;

If, warned, they err, 'tis not my pen

Or word shall answer for their falling.

But thou so fondly drink'st my lore,

With reverend awe, and eyelid weeping,

Thou seem'st my wisdom to adore,

And yield'st thy conscience to my keeping.

I speak; thy faith submits resigned,

Nor eloquence nor reason misses;

And when I probe thy artless mind,

Thy answer is a shower of kisses.

Then mine the blame if harm betide;

'Tis not enough to smile and bless thee;

Well may I faltering turn aside,

To weep and pray, ere I address thee.

Not thousands thronged, where speech is free

To laud or spurn my poor suggestion,

Weigh like one infant on my knee,

That loves, confides, and asks no question.

Saviour! who didst not scorn the speech

Of babes, when ruder tongues denied Thee,

Once Babe! Oh, teach me babes to teach,

Yes; Bethlehem's Babe, my child, will guide thee.

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

EULE: THE EMPEROR'S DWARF.

A LEGEND OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—BY JOHN R. CHORLEY, ESQ.

BEFORE Spinola had burned Aix-la-Chapelle (in the seventeenth century,) the old city had a wonderfully solemn and antiquated air. There was something in the place, even during its festival times, which reminded the stranger that he beheld the mausoleum of a great king. The grotesque buildings, and narrow, crooked streets, with the quaint costume and manners of the burghers, seemed yet to belong to the time of the Franks; and when the city was deserted by its summer guests, it was as sombre and weariful a place as could be found in all Westphalia; as far, indeed, out of the world's way as Malspirt the strong-hold, to which the old lay tells how Reynard the Fox betook himself, when he foreswore the life of a courtier, and turned hermit.

This was the reason which induced Master Albrecht to choose it for his residence when he withdrew from Heidelberg. A soldier out of employ, a wooer disappointed in love,—and young enough to regard both these misfortunes as something unjust and unusual,—he fancied that life and its enjoyments concerned him no longer. There was, indeed, some reason for surprise at the treatment he had met with from the counsellor's fair daughter, Christine; as her heart betrayed no other preference, and he was such a suitor as maidens do not often repel. But he little knew the pains which his rivals had taken to poison her ear, nor how often, when he was beside her, the innocent girl had wished in her heart that the tales she had heard were untrue. But she did believe them, being herself too artless to suspect the plausible conspiracy against poor Albrecht. Thus, while she avoided his approach, and denied him all opportunity of expostulation, he could only ascribe to fixed aversion a reserve which her heart in secret gaysayed. He despaired, and departed.

On the night with which my anecdote should begin, there were few watchers in Aix-la-Chapelle more listless and sad at heart than Albrecht, as he sat alone, indulging himself with the self-torment so dear to the fancy-stricken. His lodging was in a large old house on the south side of the market-place, directly opposite to the bronze statue of Charlemagne. This was, in Catholic times, the property of the Cistercians; but the different suites of rooms,—some rich and in good repair, others mean and ruinous,—were now hired by various occupants. All had been quiet for some hours, and Albrecht was far gone in the pursuit of his own fancies, when a tap at the chamber-door recalled him. His lamp was so nearly spent, that he could not discern the features of the visitor: it seemed to be a child, from the smallness of his stature.

"Whom do you seek?" inquired Albrecht.

He was answered in a voice strange, but not unpleasant, "My master, Wenzel, is near his end, and asks to see you."

"How! my poor old philosopher! Stay, I will follow you on the instant!" But when he turned, after closing the door, the messenger was already gone.

He did not, however, want a guide to Wenzel's chamber; a poor apartment under the same roof, but in a wing of the building which had fallen into decay. Here Albrecht had found him, by accident, soon after

arriving at Aix-la-Chapelle, living apparently on the slenderest means, and quite alone. In Heidelberg he had known him in different circumstances, attached to the suite of an Hungarian prince, over whom he appeared to exercise an entire influence, until the transaction occurred which drove him from Heidelberg. He was a man past the prime of life, of graceful manners and discreet speech, reputed to be deeply learned, and certainly gifted with the power of controlling all whom he approached in a singular degree: amongst others, Albrecht, so unlike himself, was at first attracted; and soon became attached to him. But Wenzel's position at the Palatine court grew suspected, and then dangerous. Rumours were circulated respecting his objects there; and, in those times, the bare report that he was an agent of the king of Spain, was enough to render him odious. It was then that accusations, charging him with unlawful practices, and ascribing the influence he had acquired to wicked means, found ready believers. Albrecht was one of the few whom these reports did not move; and to his assistance Wenzel owed his escape from an attempt, the authors of which were not discovered, to dispose of him by assassination. For some days he was sheltered by Albrecht, until means were found for his departure from Heidelberg privately. Thus again brought together, by chance, both living as it were in banishment and misfortune, their former intimacy became closer in Aix-la-Chapelle. All offers of pecuniary assistance Wenzel had haughtily refused; but Albrecht found a singular pleasure in his company, and in listening to strange and eloquent discourse on subjects wholly foreign to his natural mood. The announcement of his danger took Albrecht by surprise; the day before, he had seen him apparently as well as usual. The possession of a servant, too, seemed a novelty; hitherto he had appeared unwilling as well as unable to maintain such an encumbrance.

Albrecht was struck with surprise, on entering Wenzel's chamber, to find him dressed in what seemed to be grave-clothes, and sitting upright on the miserable mattress, with his eyes, which were still open, turned towards the door. A small but very bright lamp stood on a table at the bed's foot, which was covered on this occasion with a velvet cloth; a silver cup and a naked sword, the blade ornamented with Arabic letters in gold, were also placed upon it. Besides this, and a crazy wooden stool, there was no other furniture visible.

Wenzel's voice was as clear and strong as ever, as he greeted his friend.

"Welcome for the last time, Master Albrecht; I am glad you are here while the light is still burning." Albrecht would have replied, but Wenzel interrupted him:—

"Nay, I know what you would say. It is even so; and the minutes are few. Listen! until now I have never thanked you. You have done well—meant kindly by me; I would offer you some return."

"Indeed, Master Wenzel, you owe me no thanks!"

"Thanks!" he replied, "they are mere words. What would such profit you? I would make you a gift; take it, and do not fear to use what I have meant for your service. There is a trusty creature of mine; now he shall be yours: do not let him go while you need him. Dost hear, Eule?" And, as he spoke, there crept from behind the bed's head a little figure, with thin limbs, and a brown shrivelled face, strongly

featured, and lighted by a pair of large keen gray eyes; he came bowing to the side of the bed.

"Hearken, Eule; I give thee to Master Albrecht here; serve him until he has found what he requires." And, turning to Albrecht, Wenzel continued,—"Do not quarrel with Eule; he is somewhat wilful, but you will find him quick and wise." He had barely uttered the last word, when a deep sigh escaped him, and he fell at length on the bed. Albrecht hastened to his side, but the dwarf motioned him back. "It is of no use"—(the voice was the same that had called at his door)—"he has been two hours dead! See, the lamp is out—let us go." And Albrecht hurried from the room, hardly knowing, at the moment, what he did. Eule shut the door, and seemed to follow, as Albrecht went down the narrow stair.

Death is at all times a mystery; but, in this of Wenzel's, there was a strangeness which the solitary place and the dark hour rendered peculiarly startling. Albrecht had reached the door of his own chamber, still fancying he heard the shuffling step of the dwarf at his heels, before he turned round; then he looked behind him, but his follower was not there. In the morning, he prepared to take order for Wenzel's burial, as he knew there was no one beside to care for it; when he was told that there had been people busy in his chamber all the night. It seemed they must have carried away the body, for the place was found utterly deserted and bare. As the deceased owed nothing to any one, and had no wealth to excite the interest of strangers, his disappearance passed without question; and Albrecht, after what he had witnessed, felt averse to search into the matter. He was, moreover, in that nerveless mood which follows a first disappointment, and, for a time, renders action of any kind distressing.

But, on the following night (it was the last of April, when it is still misty and cold in that region,) the tap came again to Albrecht's chamber-door. "Come in," he said; for he was loath to stir from the light of the stove. He had to repeat the permission twice again, before the dwarf entered.

"I am here to serve you," he said; "what must I do?" And the little grotesque thing came close to the side of his chair, dressed in a short red cloak and blue hose, with a peaked cap and feather in his hand, making a variety of queer obeisances. Albrecht felt inclined alternately to shudder and to laugh.

"Where have you been, Eule?" he said, at length; "and what has been done with poor Master Wenzel?"

"I have been sleeping in the belfrey. With the dead I have no business. Give me some better employment than answering idle questions. It is not my way."

"I need no service," said Albrecht who felt disturbed at the strange looks and manner of the dwarf. The creature had squatted itself cross-legged with its back to the fire, and peered into Albrecht's face, with a look of familiar cunning.

"Go to, master," he said, "you are afraid of a strange face. You may know me better; remember what he told you—'quick and wise.'"

"You served Wenzel long?" said Albrecht; "I never saw you with him." The dwarf grinned. "May be, I do not appear much by day. Why, did you fancy me a menial, like one of your snorting sots in the antechamber yonder?"

"What then can you do, and why do you come hither?"

"More questions! I do not come unbidden. Do? I can read thoughts—and prosper them. Somewhat of the past I know, too. Shall I remind you of the words you spoke last Nicholas' eve in the porch of the Heiliger-kloster?"

Albrecht started: he remembered them well. But who could have heard them but Christine and himself? The dwarf rattled his withered legs, and laughed with a sound like a creaking wheel.

"Come," he said, "noble sir, I know more of that story, may be, than one or both. So quick, and headstrong, and blind!—you lovers are always running the wrong way. What if I show you a letter?"

This direct allusion to a subject of painful interest, would at any other time have been received by Albrecht with anger and impatience. But the visit of the dwarf, in itself calculated to take the fancy by surprise, had found him in that mood of excitement, which no intense direction of the mind to any remote object of desire is apt to create. There is no state more prone than this to superstition; when the will, repulsed by realities, is fain to grasp at some hope or promise beyond them. In this temper of mind Albrecht readily connected Wenzel's singular legacy with some fulfilment of his dearest wish; and the intelligence professed by the dwarf awakened a host of vague expectations.

"I would give my life," he said, "to read her heart truly for one instant."

"The offer, Master Albrecht, is not very tempting to one like me," the dwarf replied, drily. "But my charge just now is not to bargain with you. What if I can serve you better than this!—stay, there are two conditions; come whither I bid you, and ask no vain questions."

At this instant a sound was heard, like the call of a trumpet at a distance. The dwarf sprang to his feet. "Fie on it," he said, "I shall be waited for! There are fine doings at the palace to-night. Will you come?"

"Befall what may," thought Albrecht, "I risk nothing; for what have I to lose? The game begins strangely; let me even see what will come of it!"

The natural recklessness of his character for the moment revived; and, taking his cap and sword, "Go on," he said, "I will follow you. But beware how you deal with me. I will have no quacksalver's tricks or mockery."

Eule scuttled down the staircase at a wonderful pace, chuckling and chattering like an ape; it was no easy matter to keep up with him. On passing out into the open space before his lodging, Albrecht was struck by the unusual spectacle of a concourse of people, at an hour when there was not wont to be a soul awake in the city. The lights, which were held at intervals over the heads of the crowd, allowed their dress and features to be partially seen; and these, also, were strange and surprising to Albrecht. There were men and women of all ages, in stiff dingy costumes; and before them, as if to keep the way clear, stood files of men at arms, with fierce hairy visages, and of unusual stature. As Albrecht passed nearer to them, the hue of their faces looked dead and sullen; and he perceived that the uncouth weapons in their hands were discoloured with rust. They did not speak, but as Albrecht followed his guide, nod-

ded and pointed to each other, with such distorted motions, that he involuntarily turned his eyes away.

"A goodly company," said the dwarf, as he hurried along; "the Emperor's coming has brought them all out to-night. But now we are at the gate of the palace—follow me closely; I have a pass."

The entrance of the building (for it was in the place, at least, of the old town-house) was quite changed to Albrecht's eye. It was lighted by many iron lamps; and at the doors, and along the staircase, were ranged attendants, in parti-coloured tabards, the faded relics, as it seemed, of a certain rude splendour.

As Eule crossed the threshold, the first that stood before it, called out, in a shrill tone of voice, "Ho! there, make way for the Emperor's dwarf." And the cry was repeated up the staircase, with such a strange accent, that Albrecht shivered, and would fain have held back. But the dwarf, turning round, whispered, "Come on; you will repent it if you tarry."

So he went forward.

The door at the head of the staircase was thrown open as they advanced; and before them lay the entire extent of the hall, blazing with lights, and crowded with an assemblage of great strangeness and dignity. On either side of the apartment—and all of them standing—were grouped numbers of both sexes, of stately aspect, and clothed in rich, but singular, apparel. Albrecht was struck by the beauty of the women, and the profusion and fairness of their hair, which fell from the crown of the head in long ringlets. At the upper end of the room, a number of noble figures, surpassing all the rest in stature and manly beauty, were ranged on either side of a throne, which was occupied by one of august presence, seated and covered. The expression of his countenance, which might else have been called fierce, was softened by arched eyebrows, which, as well as the ample beard that descended to his girdle, were of snowy whiteness. The impressiveness of the scene was rendered more striking by the silence of all; but a certain fixed gaze in the eyes, and a rigid calm in their features, gave a ghastly air to the company. The lights were strangely disposed from above, amongst the fretted quoins and pendants of the roof; and the grotesque heads which stared from the spring of the arches, and beneath the corbels, seemed, to Albrecht's hurried glance, as fully alive as the group below, shedding light from their eyes, and panting through their open jaws. To observe what has now been described was the work of a moment; in the next, Albrecht saw every eye turned upon his guide, and every face in the hall smiled: but this sign of welcome was more unearthly than the previous stillness. Then the stately figure on the throne raised his head, and beckoned the dwarf to come forward.

As Albrecht mechanically followed, Eule composedly whispered to him, "Take heed now,—they are going to dance; do you as the rest, and do not fail to keep the hand of the partner I shall give you."

So the dwarf went up the room, and, as he drew near to the dais, Albrecht fell aside, where there was a vacant place beneath a pillar; none seeming to give heed to him. A smile came over the face of the grave personage, as Eule knelt before him; and, when the obeisance was completed, he rose, and, at a sign from his hand, a strange burst of music (if such wild sounds might be so called) was uttered from some unseen instruments above, and the multitude ordered themselves

in pairs, each cavalier presenting his hand to a lady, and leading her forth. One of these—the least distinguished in beauty or apparel—was left alone; when Eule led Albrecht towards her, saying, "Wait, and when the next measure is begun, offer your hand."

In the meanwhile, the rest were all in motion, pacing to and fro with a grave solemnity, which seemed more like a procession than a dance. After a short pause, the Emperor himself uncovered, and approached the solitary lady, when Eule said to Albrecht, "Now is the time; take her hand, and grasp it firmly."

Hardly knowing what he did, Albrecht obeyed the instructions, and, bowing, seized the hand, which was not refused him. The instant he had done so, a look of fury distorted the monarch's countenance, and, to his consternation, the lady's hand crumbled to dust in his grasp. The lights were at once quenched, and a confused uproar drowned the music. Eule was at his side: "Keep firm hold of my cloak," he said, "and make your best speed hence; but do not lose the ring."

Amidst the darkness and tumult, he hurried after his guide; doors were violently opened and flung together. In the bewilderment, his senses forsook him: he knew not how he reached home. When he woke on the following morning, feeble and feverish, in his own chamber, the recollections of the night were those of a delirious dream. He closed his eyes again, and slept heavily throughout the day.

The voice of the dwarf at his bedside made him wake with a start. It was evening.

"Have you got the ring?" he said.

Albrecht looked; and, behold, on his forefinger, a serpent, rudely chased, of pale gold, with eyes of fiery carbuncle. He shuddered:—the wild spectacle of the past night had then a real existence!

"I have done enough for you," said Eule; "you will find what virtue there is in that toy. It turned an emperor's head, and built a city; try if it cannot cure a froward girl. Will you wear it, and let me go!"

"Go, in God's name!" exclaimed Albrecht; "I will have no more part in these unnatural things." And many more disclaimers he would probably have uttered, but the dwarf had contrived to depart on the instant.

What passed in Albrecht's mind, after he was gone, there are now no means of knowing; but this is certain—that, on the following day, he left Aix-la-Chapelle—that he did not throw away the ring—and that, in three days afterwards, his rivals at the Palatine court were surprised by his reappearance at Heidelberg.

Their displeasure, it may be supposed, was, at least, equal to their surprise, at the marked change in Lady Christine's manner towards him; and when, after a few weeks, it was understood that the favoured suitor was shortly to become her lord and master, it was openly asserted that such an instance of sudden caprice exceeded the ordinary license of a lady's will, and was, indeed, indecorous and unnatural. Nevertheless, the marriage took place.

They had been, for some years, furnishing matter of conversation to all the court idlers, by the unchanging attachment which seemed to unite them, when the circumstances of Albrecht's visit to Aix-la-Chapelle, in some way or other, transpired. Probably

he had disclosed them, in a moment of confidence, to his lady; and she, of course, could not remain the sole possessor of so rare a secret. At once, the wonder seemed clearly explained; and the well-known legend of enchantment which belonged to a ring, whereby the Emperor Charlemagne was ensnared of old, was in every body's mouth; and it is said, that many were the schemes laid (chiefly by female plotters) to obtain possession of Albrecht's jewel. But whether he had faith in its virtue or not, it is related that he never trusted it on any hand but his own. It may be doubted, perhaps, whether the success of his wooing, and his wedded happiness, could not be explained without a reference to magic—by the discovery of slanders, and the existence of a strong mutual affection. But these are inquiries beyond the province of the narrator, who can merely relate the story, as it is set forth in records of the time, leaving the explanation of dubious questions to wits more subtle than his own.

NOTE.—The subject of the foregoing legend is adverted to in the "Epistola Familiares" of Petrarch, lib. i. c. 3:—

"In former times, Charlemagne had become so wholly enamoured of a common female, that he forgot all his prowess, neglected his affairs, and even the needful care of his own body. All his court was perplexed and sore about this passion, which did nowise wane, until the woman whom he loved fell sick and died. But it was vainly hoped that now the emperor would give up his love; for he would sit by the corpse, and kiss and embrace the same, speaking to it as though it lived still. Now, the body began to decay, but the kaiser did no less continue to cherish it; so Turpin, the archbishop, suspected that some witchery was in the matter; and, therefore, one day, when Charles had left the chamber, he, searching the body on all sides, discovered, under the tongue, a ring, which he took away. Now, when the kaiser returned to the chamber, he was as one amazed that suddenly awakes, and asked, 'Who hath brought this corrupting body hither?' and ordered that it should be forthwith buried. This was done. But the inclination of the emperor was now turned to the archbishop; whom he followed, wherever he might be. When the wise and godly man observed this, and was aware of the virtue of the ring, in fear lest it might ever fall into evil hands, he cast it into a lake, not far from the city. Thereupon, it is said, the emperor became so fond of the place, that he would not leave it more; and there built a palace and a minster, where he was buried at his death. Other legends say that no town was then in existence when Turpin threw the ring into the marsh, and that Aix-la-Chapelle was thereupon built. Others describe the first possessor of the ring as noble, and not any burgher's child; but these are of no especial authority."—See *Dippoldt ap. Grimm*.

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

THE STORY OF THE BACK-ROOM WINDOW.

We live in a world of busy passions. Love and Hate, Sorrow and Joy, in a thousand shapes, are for ever near us. Death is at our threshold. Life springs

up almost at our feet. Our neighbours are "Exaltations, Agonies!" And yet we seem to live on, ignorant of all.

Could we but unroof (Asmodeus-like) the houses which, day after day, present towards us so insensible an aspect, what marvels might we not disclose! What fruitful thoughts, what radiant visions, would throng into our brain! The mystery of human conduct would lie unveiled. We should see and know all men truly. We should see the miser, the spendthrift, the scholar, the toiling artisan, the happy bride, and the girl deserted (like the people in the palace of Truth,) all contributing their share to the unknown romance, which Time is for ever weaving round us. As it is, each of them spins out his little thread, and dies; almost unknown, and soon forgotten: unless some curious accident should arise, to extend his influence into another region, or to hold his "fame" in suspension, twenty years after his coffin has been lowered into the dust.

It was some such chance as I have just adverted to, that threw into our knowledge certain facts, regarding a neighbouring family, which else had probably slipped very quietly into oblivion. You will observe, that what I am now about to relate is, almost literally, a fact.

Some years ago, we lived, as you know, in — Square. The room in which we usually dwelt was at the back of the house. It was spacious, and not without some pretensions to the graceful; the marble chimney-piece being distinguished by a painting by Cipriani, whilst on the ceiling were scattered some of the conventional elegancies of Angelica Kauffman. From the windows, which occupied the northern extremity of the room, we looked (to the left of a large oriental plane) upon the back of a crescent of houses, — the points of the arc receding from us. [I mention these things, merely to recall to your mind our precise position.]

In the centre of this crescent, was a house which had for a long time been untenanted. Whilst its neighbour dwellings were all busy with life and motion, this only was, for some reason, deserted. We were beginning to speculate on the causes of this accident, and to pity the unhappy landlord, whose pockets were lamenting the lack of rent, when suddenly—it was on an April morning—we perceived, for the first time, signs of change. The windows of the deserted mansion were opened, and workmen were seen bustling about its different rooms. There was an air of preparation, evidently, which announced an incoming tenant.

"Well," said —, "at last that unhappy man has discovered some one bold enough to take his haunted house; or, perhaps, after all, he is merely endeavouring to decoy the unwary passenger? We shall see."

A few weeks determined the question: for, after the house had been duly cleansed and beautified, and the odour of the paint suffered to fade away, various articles of furniture were brought into the rooms. These were of moderate price, and explained to us that the new tenant was a person of respectable station, but not rich. We began to feel a wish to know "what manner of man" he was. Our interest in the once empty house had received a new impulse; and

we looked out, day after day, for the stranger's arrival.

—At last, a young man, of lively and agreeable presence, was one morning seen giving directions to a female servant, about the disposition of the furniture. This was evidently the master of the mansion. He stayed for half an hour, then departed; and he repeated his short visit daily. He was probably a clerk in some public office,—a merchant or professional man,—whose time was required elsewhere. But, why did he not reside there? That was a problem that we strove to solve in vain. In the end, he went away altogether.

"Each morn we missed him in th' accustomed room"—

And now no one, except the solitary maid, was seen. Throwing open the windows at morning, to let in the vernal May; closing them at night; rubbing, with a delicate hand, the new furniture; gazing at the unknown neighbourhood; or sitting listlessly in the afternoon, "imparadised" in rustic dreams, she appeared to be the sole spirit of the spot. It was not the "*genius loci*" which we had reckoned upon. Our imaginations were not satisfied; and we looked confidently to another comer.

We were not disappointed. After the lapse of a fortnight from the young man's departure, our inquisitive eyes discovered him again. He was sitting at breakfast, with a lady by his side. Pretty, young, neat, and attired from head to foot in white, she was evidently a bride. We rushed at once upon this conjecture; and certain tender manifestations, on the husband's leave-taking, confirmed us in our opinion. He went away; and she, left to herself, explored, as far as we could observe, all the rooms of the house. Every thing was surveyed with a patient admiration; every drawer opened; the little book-case contemplated, and its slender rows of books all, one by one, examined. Finally, the maid was called up, some inquiries made, and the survey recommenced. The lady had now some one to encourage her open expressions of delight. We could almost fancy that we heard her words—"How beautiful this is! What a comfortable sofa! What a charming screen! How kind, how good, how considerate of —!" It was altogether a pretty scene.

Let us pass over the autumn and winter months. During a portion of this time, we ourselves were absent in the country; and, when at home, we remember but little of what happened. There was little or no variety to remark upon;—or, possibly, our curiosity had become abated.

At last, Spring came, and with it came a thousand signs of cheerfulness and life. The plane put forth its tender leaves; the sky grew blue over-head (even in London); and the windows of the once melancholy house shone blushing with many flowers. So May passed; and June came on, with its air all rich with roses. But the lady! Ah! her cheek now waxed pale, and her step grew weak and faltering. Sometimes she ventured into her small garden (when the sun was full upon it): at other times she might be seen, wearied with needle-work, or sitting languidly alone; or when her husband was at home (before and after his hours of business,) she walked a little, leaning on him for support. His devotion increased with

her infirmity. It was curious to observe how love had tamed the high and frolicsome spirit of the man. A joyous and, perhaps, common manner became serious and refined. The weight of thought lay on him—the responsibility of love. It is thus that, in some natures, Love is wanting to their full development. It raises, and refines, and magnifies the intellect, which else would remain trivial and prostrate. From a seeming barrenness, the human mind springs at once into fertility—from vagueness into character—from dulness into vigour and beauty, under the 'charming-wand' of Love.

But let us proceed:—

On a glittering night in August, we saw lights flashing about the house, and people hurrying up and down, as on some urgent occasion. By degrees the tumult subsided; the passings backwards and forwards became less frequent; and at last tranquillity was restored. A single light, burning in an upper window, alone told that some one kept watch throughout the night. The next morning the knocker of the house was (we were told) shrouded in white leather; and the lady had brought her husband a child!—We drank to its health in wine.

For a few days, quiet hung upon the house. But it was doomed speedily to depart. Hurry and alarm came again. Lights were seen once more flickering to and fro. The physician's carriage was heard. It came,—and departed. The maid now held her apron to her eyes. The husband, burying his face in his hands, strove (how vainly) to hide a world of grief. Ere long, the bed-room window was thrown open—the shutters of the house were closed; and in a week, a hearse was at the door. The mystery was clear—she was dead!

—She died! No poet ever wove around her the gaudy tissue of his verse. The grave she sleeps in is probably nothing more than the common mould. Her name even is unknown.—But what of this? She lived, and died, and was lamented. The proudest can boast of little more. She made the light and happiness of one mortal creature, fond and fragile as herself. And for a name—a tomb—alas! for all the purposes of love, nothing is wanted save a little earth—nothing but to know the spot where the beloved one rests for ever. We fear, indeed, to give the creature whom we have hoarded in our hearts to the deep and ever-shifting waters—to the oblivion of the sea! We desire to know *where* it is that we have laid our fading treasure. Otherwise, the pilgrimage is as easy (and as painful) to the simple churchyard hillock, as to the vault in which a king reposes. The gloomy arches of vasty tombs—what are they to the grandeur of the overhanging Heavens! and the cold and ghastly marble, how poor and hideous it is, in comparison with the turf whereon many a daisy grows!

The child survived. The cares lately exhausted on another, were now concentrated on a little child. The solemn doctors came, and prescribed for it, and took their golden fees. The nurse transferred to it her ready smiles. The services which the mother purchased, were now the property of another claimant. Even the father turned towards it all of his heart

which was not in the grave. It was part of her, who had strewn sunshine in his path; and he valued it accordingly.

But all would not do. A month,—“a little month,”—and the shutters were again closed. Another funeral followed swiftly upon the last. The mother and her child were again together.

From this period a marked change arose in the man's character. The grief which had bowed him down at his wife's death (relieved a little by the care which he bestowed upon her child,) now changed to a sullen or reckless indifference. In the morning he was clouded and oppressed; but at night, a mad and dissonant jollity (the madness of wine) usurped the place of his early sorrow. His orgies were often carried into the morning. Sometimes he drank with wild companions; sometimes he was seen alone, staggering towards the window, stupid and bloated, ere the last light of the autumn sunset concealed him from our sight. There were steadier intervals, indeed, when reflection would come upon him,—perhaps remorse; when he would gaze with a grave (or oftener a sad) look upon the few withered flowers that had once flourished in his gay window. What was he then thinking of?—Of vanished hopes and happy hours? Of her? her patience, her gentleness, her deep untiring love? Why did he not summon up more cheerful visions? Where was his old vivacity, his young and manly spirit? The world offered the same allurements as before, with the exception only of one single joy. Ah! but that was *all*. That was the one hope, the one thought, that had grown vast and absorbed all others. That was the mirror which had reflected happiness a thousand ways. Under that influence, the present—the past—the bright to come—all had seemed to cast back upon him the picture of innumerable blessings. He had trod “even in dreams upon a sunny shore.” And now —!

But why prolong the pain and disgrace of the story? He fell, from step to step. Sickness was on his body; despair was in his mind. He shrank and wasted away, “old before his time;” and might have subsided into a paralysed cripple or a moody idiot, had not Death (for once a friend) come suddenly to him, and rescued him from further misery.

He died, as his wife and child had died before him. The same signs were there—the unnatural quiet—the closed shutters—and the funeral train. But all, in their time, disappeared. And in a few weeks, workmen came thronging again to the empty house:—the rooms were again scoured—the walls beautified. The same board, which two years before had been nailed to the wall, with the significant words, “To Let” upon it, was again fixed there. It seemed almost as though the old time had returned again; and that the interval was nothing but a dream.

And is this all?—Yes; this is all. I wish that I could have crowned my little tale with a brighter ending. But it was not to be. I wish even that I could have made it more heroic, or have developed some grand moral for your use. As it is, it contains little beyond the common threadbare story of human life—first hope, and then enjoyment, and then sorrow, all ending quietly in the grave. It is an ancient tale. The

vein runs through man's many histories. Some of them may present seeming varieties—a life without hope or joy—or a career beginning gaily, and running merrily to its close. But this is because we do not read the inner secrets of the soul—the thousand thousand small pulsations, which yield pain or pleasure to the human mind. Be assured, that there is no more an equality in the heart, than in the ever-moving ocean.

You will ask me to point out something from which you may derive a profitable lesson. Are you to learn how to regulate your passions? to arm your heart with iron precepts? to let in neither too much love, nor sorrow? and to shut out all despair? Some wise friend will tell you that you may learn never to lean too much on others; for that thereby you lose your independent mind. To be the toy of a woman—to rest your happiness on the existence of a fragile girl, whom the breath of the east-wind may blow into the dust, is any thing but the act of a wise man. And to grieve for her when dead—to sigh for what is irrecoverable! What can be more useless? All this can be proved, by every rule of logic.

For my part, I can derive nothing for you from my story, except, perhaps, that it may teach you, like every tale of human suffering, to sympathise with your kind. And this, methinks, is better, and possibly quite as necessary, as any high-wrought or stern example, which shuts the heart up, instead of persuading it to expand; which teaches prudence instead of love; and reduces the aim of a good man's life to a low and sordid mark, which all are able, and most of us too well contented, to reach.

We should not commit ourselves to the fields, and inhale the fresh breath of the spring, merely to gain strength to resume our dry calculations, or to inflict hard names upon simple flowers. We should not read the sadness of domestic history, merely to extract some prudent lesson for ourselves. We should open our hearts, beneath these great influences, and endeavour to learn that we possess the right, the power, nay, the wish (though it may sleep), of doing good to others, to a degree that we little dream of.

So persuaded am I of this truth, that I have invented a sentence wherein to enshrine it. And I hope that you will not entirely condemn this, until you have given it the consideration of a friend. It is this—“*Let but the heart be opened, and a thousand virtues will rush in.*”

[BARRY CORNWALL.]

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

THE MONK OF LA TRAPPE.

A TALE.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

ADAM.—(After the Fall.) O! why did God, Creator wise that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature?—*Paradise Lost.*

There is, among the villagers in the mountains of Saltzburgh, a custom I observed eight years since. When a young priest has received the last orders which enable

him to celebrate mass, his relations, his friends, and the whole parish, assemble. They choose a beautiful girl, not above twelve years old, whom they crown with flowers. A show of bridal pomp is displayed for the happy couple. They are led to the church, where they are married, and the whole finishes with a gay entertainment, immediately after which the church recovers for ever her rights.—MS.

It was in the spring of the year 1516, that the two young sons of the Count of Altenberg were proceeding on their way, mounted and attended in all the feudal state of those times, from their father's castle, near Zell, in Saltzbourg, to that of their nearest and most friendly neighbour, the Baron of Elsenheim. The object of their visit was for the younger brother to take his leave, previous to his departure on the following day for one of the great German universities, where he was to complete his education for the church.

The church, indeed, seemed to have "marked him for her own." Augustus of Altenberg was not more than fifteen; yet, even at that early age, the observer was unconsciously impressed with the grave composure of his air, the keen and somewhat haughty glance of his eye, the rare and melancholy smile, which seemed only to soften, not exhilarate, the expression of his countenance: he was tall, his features were regular, and very handsome; but his slight figure, and complexion of sallow paleness, indicated the struggle that had taken place during childhood with the delicacy of his constitution. He had been tenderly reared by his mother, and with her he thought had died the only being who loved him. His father had fixed his affections on his first-born, Claudius, three years older than Augustus, who, buoyant in the full spirits, health, and strength of youth, had early shared with his father the toils of the chase, and had lately encountered with him the perils of war. The count considered his second son as a timid, studious, delicate boy, fit for nothing but a priest.

The brothers arrived at Elsenheim, and were most warmly received by the baron and baroness, and by their numerous progeny. After all was said that could be said, about hopes and regrets on the subject of the departure of Augustus, the family crowded round their favourite and far more constant visitor, Claudius: his brother, who seemed more than usually oppressed, withdrew to a windowed recess, and looked in silence on the distant towers of Altenberg, now glancing in the setting sun. The merry laughter of the party grated on his ears and heart: "No one cares about me," was his bitter thought. At that moment he felt two little hands press his; it was the Elsenheims' youngest child, a girl seven years of age.

"Are you really going away to-morrow, Augustus?"

"Yes, child," he answered, pettishly.

"I am very sorry—and for such a long, long time, too—five whole years!"

"Who told you to say that you were sorry, Emmeline?"

The child looked at him, and tears rushed to her eyes: "You do not believe me, then, Augustus! and yet I am very sorry. Who saved my little Pompey, when Edward tied his legs and threw him into the water? Who staid behind with me and helped me along at our last walking party, when every body left

me because I could not walk so fast as they did? Who —?"

"Well, Emmeline, I believe you are sorry;" and he stooped and kissed the tears from her eyes. "And how long will you recollect me?"

"Until you come back," she said, eagerly. Then standing on tiptoe and taking from his vest the gold pin with which it was fastened, "Give me this," she said, coaxingly, "and you will see if I either lose or give it away before you come back again!"

And Augustus of Altenberg departed, and the five years passed away.

It was impossible but that the count, his father, could be otherwise than gratified at the high honours gained by his son at the university; and at the extraordinary reputation which, for one so young, he had established, both for ability and sanctity. It was foretold by all, that he would prove one of the strongest pillars of the church, now trembling to her foundation from the attacks of Luther. He took holy orders, and returned home, where he was received with open arms by his father and brother.

He prepared himself for the celebration of his first mass, by strict seclusion and self examination; signifying his intention, that, until it had taken place, he would not renew his acquaintance with any of the families round—not even with those with whom he had been most intimate.

The only occasion on which he could not avoid meeting them, was that of the *fictitious marriage*; which, according to the immemorial custom of Saltzbourg, must precede his officiating as a priest. This he regarded as part of his preparation; as a solemn, religious ceremony, by which he would abjure for ever those lesser but dearer ties, which bind mankind together, which strengthen our affection to the few and weaken it to the many: for him no such ties must exist. The arrangements for this peculiar and impressive ceremony were left to his family and clerical friends.

"Emmeline!" exclaimed her sisters, crowding round her, "we have news for you! You are selected as the bride of ceremony for Augustus of Altenberg! We wish you joy!" and they laughed as poor Emmeline's colour came and went at the unexpected intelligence. "You are so fond of him, you know—it will be quite romantic and affecting—be sure you wear the gold pin as conspicuously as possible—such a bridegroom! I would not marry him, even in jest. I would as soon go over the ceremony with a death's head! But his brother—ay, his brother is quite a different person. But, come, Emmeline, you look stupified, and our mother is waiting for you."

It was only the day before the ceremony that Augustus was informed of the choice that had been made of Emmeline of Elsenheim as his bride in form. Her age (twelve years,) her rank, and the friendship between the families, appeared to render the choice unexceptionable. Augustus quite coincided in the opinion. "Emmeline," he repeated, musingly—"I remember little Emmeline very well."

"She is springing up into a beautiful girl," observed his brother.

On the following day the castle of Elsenheim was filled with persons of rank from the surrounding country; and its courts and avenues were crowded with those of the inferior orders, all equally anxious

and curious to see this youthful prodigy of learning and holiness.

His appearance, as he descended from his equipage, evidently produced an agreeable surprise; his look and manner of mild affability, free from every thing approaching to pride and moroseness, were by no means what were expected. He was met at the principal entrance by the baron and his sons, who conducted him, with his father and brother, to the state apartment, in which a numerous party of gentlemen was assembled.

The easy dignity and calm self-possession of Augustus, contributed to place him at once, in the estimation of the company, in that elevated position which nature and fortune had apparently assigned him. Youth and prudence (a rare union) had overcome all remains of ill health; his tall figure was no longer languid and bending, but if not robust, was erect and firm; his movements were strikingly graceful, but manly and decisive; he was still very pale, and no emotion could produce the effect of crimsoning his brow or cheek; on such occasions his paleness, even to his lips, became deadly. His brow was full and lofty; his teeth exquisitely fine; his eye calm, thoughtful, and penetrating; it seldom brightened; but when it did, the effect was extraordinary.

He renewed, with apparent satisfaction, his recollection of his former friends, conversing, with ease and cheerfulness, on the various topics of the day, until his attention and that of the company were attracted by the unfolding of the doors at the upper end of the apartment. The gentlemen immediately ranged themselves along the sides of the room, leaving only the Baron of Eisenheim and Augustus in the centre. The baroness advanced, leading the bride surrounded by her sisters, and followed by a numerous train of ladies, all magnificently attired. The two gentlemen stepped forward, and Augustus, kneeling, touched with his lips the hand of this youthful and lovely mockery of a bride; the mother resigned her place, and the little trembling hand remained in that of Augustus.

A strain of solemn music was the signal for the procession to form and move; it was headed by several priests chanting, and youthful choristers waving incense and scattering flowers. The bride and bridegroom went next, followed by their fathers, supporting the baroness; then came the immediate relatives of both families, and the rest of the numerous and splendid company closed the *cortège*; the halls and passages to the chapel itself, being lined by the retainers of the two noble houses. As they advanced, Augustus looked at his young companion: her eyes were bent to the ground, or every now and then glanced timidly and almost fearfully round. How soft and beautiful were those deep azure eyes, with their long, dark fringes! How did the pure blood mantle and recede from the blue-veined temple and the gently rounded cheek! The little red lips were slightly parted, from excess of awe; the bright brown and richly curling tresses were glittering with jewels, and interwoven with the bridal rose, while the slight and childish form was scarcely defined through the stiff embroidered silk and floating veil which enveloped it.

With a view to encourage her, Augustus pressed her hands, and whispered, "Emmeline!" The child returned the pressure, and looked up to him with a

smile so full of affectionate gratitude, that it went to the heart of Augustus, and carried with it a sensation unknown before,—a sort of doubt, a regret, a still, small voice (it was the stifled voice of nature), which whispered at his heart's core,—"Thou must never be a husband and a father!"

The gorgeously lighted chapel, the mitred bishop, the white-robed priests, the living crowds, the solemn music—all that could give grandeur and effect to the ceremony,—were there. Mass was first celebrated, and then the rite of marriage. The mind of Augustus recovered its tone; there was a sublimity, as a minister of religion, in sacrificing on its sacred altar the dearest affections of his humanity! in separating himself for ever from his race in order to become its guide and benefactor!

After the ceremony he slightly touched the cheek of Emmeline. The procession returned to the apartment in the same order in which it had proceeded to the chapel: here, Augustus resigned back to the baroness the hand of her daughter, again mingled with the crowd, and took the earliest opportunity of retiring, leaving the party to enjoy the festivities in which he had no inclination to share.

He celebrated his first mass, and all Zell and its environs appeared to be present; he preached:—The sound judgment, exquisite taste, and impassioned eloquence of his discourse, took prisoners the hearts of his audience. Nor did those hearts wish to break their bonds, for there was a gentleness, a merey, a humanly feeling, mixed with his severer admonitions, that dropped balm on the wounds he probed.

A few days afterwards he paid his first visit at the castle of Eisenheim. It was a beautiful evening, and he was informed that the family were about the lake fishing. Leaving his attendant and horses, he proceeded alone through the well remembered paths towards the lake. While passing near its head, in a shady and retired spot, he was arrested by a sweet and apparently very young female voice, chanting the evening hymn to the Virgin. He looked, and beheld Emmeline. She was in a child's plain white dress, confined at the waist by a blue riband, and her hair fell in natural ringlets over her neck and shoulders. She stood with a small book in her hand, and her eyes were turned upwards with a meek and devout expression. He looked at her with much interest for a few minutes, while concluding her hymn, after which he advanced. She sprang towards him; then checked herself, as though she feared her manner was too familiar; but he took her hand and smiled so kindly that her fears vanished.

"I am glad to see you so well employed, Emmeline."

"I was practising my hymn," she replied artlessly.

"I saw you at church the other day," continued Augustus; "you were far more attentive than any other child of your age."

"Thank you," she smilingly replied, "for saying so; but—"

"But what?"

"I never was praised for being attentive at church before."

"I am sorry to hear it."

"Ah! it is very different to hear you preach, Augustus, than to try to listen to poor old Father Anselmo, or to the good fat prior. There was not a word

you said that fell to the ground; we all listened, and some of us with tears. When we returned, I wrote down some whole sentences, which I recollected word for word."

Augustus was pleased with the serious enthusiasm of the child, and continued speaking to her for a few minutes in an advising and paternal strain: they then proceeded to join the rest of the family. As they walked along, Emmeline said to him: "You see that I am not in every thing a giddy and thoughtless girl;" and she drew the gold pin from her sash. "Look! have I either lost or given away *this*,—although it is five whole years since I had it!"

"What is it?" inquired Augustus. "I do not recollect it."

Emmeline looked mortified, and returned the pin to her sash without answering. Their arrival at the fishing party prevented further conversation.

During the two following years the time of Augustus was taken up, partly by his clerical duties at Zell, partly in correspondence, both personal and by letter, with many eminent and influential churchmen, on the subject of the heresy of Luther, who now, in spite of all opposition, began to spread his tenets successfully in many parts of Germany. At the commencement of the third year, Augustus was appointed by the emperor on a mission to the court of Rome, whither he immediately repaired; and where, six months after his arrival, he learned the death of his father.

Some time longer was required to complete the object of his important and delicate mission, and he was then despatched on one no less so, to Frederick of Saxony, the protector of Luther. In such weighty affairs, none of the confidential servants Charles the Fifth employed, gave him more satisfaction than Augustus of Altenberg, whose moderation, firmness, and quick, clear perception, were rendered the more valuable by his perfect integrity, and his disdain of all the low cunning arts, but too much employed on both sides; but, above all, by the spotless purity of his life—as the dissolute manners of the Catholic clergy formed one of Luther's strongest weapons of attack.

Augustus was just preparing for his return to Altenberg, when he received a letter from his brother, the count, informing him of his approaching marriage, and pressing him to hasten his departure, in order that he might gratify him and their mutual friends, by performing the ceremony. "I do not mention the name of the lady of my choice," continued the count; "that I reserve to add to the happiness of our meeting, being quite confident not only of your simple approval, but of your heart-felt congratulation."

Augustus arrived at Altenberg, and the brothers met.

"You are about to be married, Claudius," exclaimed Augustus, embracing him. "How devoutly shall I pray that my benediction on that solemn occasion may have the power of bringing you all good, and averting all evil! And now, who is your bride?"

"Your young favourite, Emmeline of Elsenheim."

What a strange compound is the human heart! What feelings, unsuspected by their possessor, lie coiled within its secret folds, ready at a touch to start into life! Augustus had, during his journey, frequently amused himself with bringing into mental review all the young ladies of rank in the neighbourhood, in

order to anticipate the choice of his brother. He was aware that some of the elder daughters of the Elsenheims were married, but two yet remained, older than Emmeline; he thought it very probable that one of these had been fixed on as the Countess of Altenberg. From the idea of Emmeline herself he had always instinctively turned. "She was too young, scarcely sixteen, and was besides too serious for his brother: no, Emmeline was quite out of the question."

When, therefore, Claudius, with an air of triumph, mentioned her name, Augustus looked and felt surprised. He looked no more, for he was well accustomed to govern the expression of his countenance; but he *felt*, with a sudden thrill of pain, that the secret sin of his heart was laid open, and that in its inmost recess he had cherished a forbidden image. The pang though acute, was momentary; every power of his vigorous mind rose to subdue and to root out this unsuspected enemy.

"I do indeed congratulate you, my dearest brother," he replied, steadily; "if Emmeline fulfil the promise of her childhood and early youth, she is worthy of you!"

"Alas!" sighed the count, "the doubt is, whether I am worthy of her? She is so lovely, so gentle, so pure, so pious, that I can scarcely believe my good fortune, when I think her parents only wait your presence to bestow her upon me."

"Her parents!" repeated Augustus; "but she herself, I trust, gives her affections where they bestow her hand!"

There was a pause.

At length the count replied, "We have often learned from you, brother, that there is no happiness of any kind without alloy; that there is always a drop of bitter mingled in the sweetest and brightest cup that Providence offers to our lips. Mine is not free from it. Emmeline appears too holy to bestow her affections on any earthly object. She sighs for the cloister, even while preparing, in meek and dutiful submission, to fulfil the wish of her parents. But she is yet so young, that I trust her mind may be easily moulded to another sphere of duty. It shall be the study of my life to make her happy. The natural affections of the wife and the mother will unite with, not supersede, those of the devotee; and she *will* be happy; and I shall be blest in her being so!" And, as he spoke, the eyes of the count sparkled with hope; and, recovering from his momentary depression, he continued,—“We have decided, Augustus, that you shall have a private interview with her. What you say will have great influence: you will remove her scruples, by proving that a life of active virtue is as acceptable to Heaven as one of devotional seclusion. You will say, I am sure, all that your fraternal affection prompts, and all that your conscience admits.”

"Rely upon me, *so far*," replied Augustus; "but remember, my brother, there is a duty with me paramount to all earthly claims. If I find that she has chosen the better part from deep conviction; if, indeed, the voice of Heaven has whispered to her soul, that its pure and spotless sacrifice will be accepted; then, indeed—"

"Then, indeed," interrupted the count, "the happiness of your brother must not be put in competition with the will of Heaven! Be it so! Nevertheless, Augustus, I have such confidence in your enlightened

judgment, in your kindly nature, in your freedom from all the sternness of bigotry, that to your hands I commit my cause. You shall decide whether Emmeline shall become the bride of your brother or the bride of Heaven."

It was now late in the morning; a courier had been despatched to Elsenheim, to inform the family of the arrival of Augustus, and the intention of the brothers to visit them the following day at noon.

They arrived at the appointed hour, and were received by the baron and baroness. After the first welcome was over, the baron retired with the count; and Augustus was left for a moment alone with the baroness.

"Your brother has, probably, informed you, Augustus, that we are desirous you should have a private conversation with Emmeline, and our reason for being so?"

Augustus bowed in acquiescence.

"Then I will send her to you;" and the baroness left the apartment.

Augustus raised his eyes to heaven, as if to implore both pardon and assistance; then, for a moment, closed them; and folded his hands tightly over his breast, as if, by this external act, to suppress some strong inward emotion.

A light footstep roused him: he looked up, and beheld Emmeline. Could two years make such a difference? The bud of promise had, indeed, opened into surpassing loveliness! She was simply arrayed in white; and a transparent veil half mingled with, half shaded her profuse and glossy ringlets. When she entered, she was pale as marble; but, as Augustus approached to meet her, a deep blush gradually stole over her face and neck; she trembled exceedingly, and seemed scarcely able to stand. He led, or rather supported her to a seat; and, placing himself beside her, struggled to recall the set speech he had made for the occasion.

"I need not say, Emmeline, with what satisfaction I learned, on my arrival, the projected union between our families, how warmly I sympathise in the happiness of my brother, and how grateful I feel to you for conferring it."

He paused. Emmeline made no reply. The vivid but transient blush had vanished, her eyes were fixed on the ground, and she sat motionless.

"Confirm all this with your own lips, Emmeline; let me hear from yourself that you freely bestow your heart and hand on my fortunate brother; that you become his wife, and—and my sister."

A deep sigh burst from Emmeline; she looked up to him; her lips moved, but no word found its way. Augustus felt inexpressibly shocked; he knew not what to do or say. At length a sudden burst of tears relieved the unhappy girl, and for a few minutes she wept in silence.

"Just Heaven!" exclaimed Augustus, "can it be thus? Is this marriage, which brings such happiness to us all, is it indeed a sacrifice, a painful sacrifice, to you, Emmeline? Speak to me freely; explain to me your motives and feelings, if you think proper to do so; if not, tell me at least what you wish!"

"The cloister!" she faintly answered.

"The cloister!" he repeated: "but, surely, Emmeline, you are at liberty to reject my brother's suit from whatever motive, without devoting yourself to the cloister!"

She shook her head.

"You think, then, you do not love him enough to become his wife?"

"There is no one whom I could marry that I prefer to him."

"I am happy to hear that. Your affections, then, are at least disengaged?"

She was silent.

"If so, Emmeline, let me advise you: you are very young, and have always been enthusiastically devout; you imagine that the cloister alone leads from temptation here to happiness hereafter; but, let me assure you, that in the fulfilment of the duties of your station, in cherishing the chaste affections of the wife and the mother, you will not be rendered less pure, or less acceptable, in the eyes of Him, whom it is and ought to be your chief desire to please."

Moreover, Emmeline, let me warn you, that if, indeed, you meditate the offer of yourself, as a veiled and virgin votress, at the altar of our holy religion; let me warn you, that such an offering must be without spot or blemish! Search well your heart! Beware that you mistake not the secret workings of pride, of disappointment, of revenge, of any unworthy feeling, or of any unhallowed passion, for the voice of Heaven calling you to itself! Beware—"

He suddenly ceased; for Emmeline had fallen on her knees at his feet.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands; "probe not to the quick a wounded heart! I confess—I am a hypocrite, and as unworthy to be the wife of your brother, as to be the votress of Heaven!"

The astonished Augustus raised her; and, as he supported her in his arms, her head drooped on his shoulder, her light perfumed tresses veiled his cheek; slowly and timidly she drew his hand to her lips, and her warm tears fell on it as she murmured,—*"I have stood at the altar once; there was my faith pledged, my hand given, my love bestowed. Heaven may frown, and earth forbid; but they never can, they never shall be recalled!"*

The heart of Augustus throbbed wildly; the best emotions of his nature so mingled with its human infirmity, that the very confines of good and evil seemed confounded. The painful struggle was, however, soon over. He replaced her in her seat, and paced the room with steps that every instant became less agitated: at last, he paused before her.

"Emmeline!"

But she dared not look up; her mind, that, for a moment, had risen with extraordinary power, young and susceptible, was now sinking under the poignant humiliation of having outstepped the boundary prescribed to her sex; the veil had been withdrawn by her own hand, and she dreaded to meet his gaze.

"Emmeline!" he repeated, in a calm severe tone, "become the wife of my brother instantly!"

She bowed her head.

"And I, I will to the wars, to take up the cross against the heretics, as my forefathers did against the infidels. God bless you, Emmeline!" he continued, in a softened voice; "let us both strive, by prayer and penitence, to atone for the guilty moment that has passed between us!" And, turning abruptly from her, he left the room.

He returned to her parents and his expecting brother, and thus reported the result of his interview: "Your daughter, madam," he said to the baroness,

"waits but for you to fix the day which shall cement this nearer and dearer union between our two families, so long since united in friendship. May I add my request that the day be fixed as early as possible! a wish having been expressed that thy counsels, humble as they are, should assist the suffering Catholic nobility against their infuriated and heretical peasantry in Suabia."

Augustus was loaded with thanks; and Emmeline's sisters immediately flew to the apartment in which she had been left.

Fixed in the same seat, with her eyes on the door through which Augustus had disappeared, Emmeline had remained immovable. She heard the approaching footsteps, and started as from a painful dream; she rose, and clasping her hands, looked up. "Heaven forgive me if I err! but it shall be so."

The last words were pronounced with a strong and peculiar emphasis; they evidently related to the thoughts that had been passing in her mind, and seemed the confirmation of some resolution which, whether right or wrong, she had irrevocably taken. Emmeline advanced to meet her sisters, with a serenity of look and manner that surprised them; they were followed by her parents and the count; she gave him her hand; he knelt and kissed it, and, as her affianced husband saluted her beautiful and blushing cheek, her eyes glanced hastily round, as though they sought for some one else; but he was gone.

From that moment, the preparations for the marriage proceeded with the utmost rapidity, and the guests were invited for an early day of the following week. Augustus pleaded the pressure of affairs as an excuse for not again making his appearance at Elsenheim until the day he was to officiate at the ceremony. The demeanour of Emmeline remained calm and placid; she was obedient in all things; often she looked grateful, and sometimes pleased. The only peculiarity that was observed (and it was scarcely observed at the moment,) was her occasionally being absent a considerable time from home alone. In reply to a question from one of her sisters, she begged her not to interfere with or notice her long, solitary, and early walk; that she required an occasional escape from the bustle of the castle to confer with her own thoughts. "I generally pay a visit to my old nurse, Wilhelmina, who, you know, is properly a retainer of the Altenbergs, and whose happiness at my approaching marriage with the head of that family, exceeds, I think, even that of any one else."

Wilhelmina had become a widow and a mother about the time of Emmeline's birth; and, with the permission of the Altenbergs, she became her nurse. It was difficult to say, whether the good woman was more fondly attached to her own little son or to her foster-child. Emmeline certainly possessed unbounded sway over her. Nothing could rouse the feelings or sharpen the intellects of the indolent Wilhelmina, who was snugly settled in a cottage on the Elsenheim territory, except what related to these two objects of her care. Her son had accompanied one of the younger Elsenheims on his travels, and she was at present devoted heart and soul to Emmeline.

The castle of Altenberg, so long without a mistress, was also in full preparation to receive the young and beautiful bride of its lord; who, himself all hope and happiness, with perceptions not sufficiently acute and delicate to perceive aught in the meek and evi-

dently reluctant submission of Emmeline, except the natural effect of her timid and maidenly feelings, spent the greater part of his time at Elsenheim, gazing on the treasure a few days were to make his own.

Emmeline's sisters observed that, the day previous to that fixed for the marriage, she was pensive and irritable. She had taken her early walk as before; but, about twilight, she managed to slip out again; and, returning in a short time, appeared more pleased and cheerful than they had yet seen her. She changed her dress; and, joining her family, met the count, who was late in his visit, with more of satisfaction than she had ever testified. The evening passed delightfully; and, on parting, the count fondly embraced his affianced bride.

The family were summoned to an early breakfast the following day.

"My morning walks are now over," said Emmeline, smilingly, to her sister; "but I shall retire for an hour or two to the oratory; and, whenever I am required to be dressed, you will find me there."

About noon, the magnificent equipage of the Count of Altenberg drove up to the gate, and the brothers alighted. Augustus proceeded straight to the chapel, and, having robed in the vestry, took his station with the other officiating priests. It was the first time he had been in this chapel since, four years past, he himself had enacted the part of bridegroom to the beautiful girl he was now about to bestow on another. The chapel was illuminated and decorated precisely in the same manner, and the whole of that scene of painful mockery presented itself strongly before him. He remained absorbed in gloomy reverie; a chilling doubt, a secret discontent, elung, in spite of all his efforts, to his thoughts. Why should he be denied the enjoyment of the best, the purest affections of his being? The ideas, if not the words, of our sublime Milton, were present to his mind; and he felt, for the first time, a secret abhorrence of those hypocrites who "austerely talk:"

"Defaming as impure what God declares

Pure; and, commands to some, leaves free to all."

He felt, that to this ill-judged attempt to force our imperfect nature on too lofty a pinnacle, was owing its disgraceful fall among the class of men to which he belonged. Such an impracticable elevation, he began to regard as a sort of spiritual Babel, which, like the Babel of yore, lay crushed in its own weakness, folly, and presumption.

Augustus heard the heavy carriages thunder one after another through the paved archway; the trampling and neighing of horses, an occasional note of music, or a peal of laughter, met his ear. On a sudden, however, these sounds ceased; an unusual stillness reigned around, and, somewhat startled by the contrast, Augustus raised his head from the folds of his robe. He thought his clerical companions seemed surprised; distant doors were banging, and footsteps were hurrying to and fro; several menials, pale and alarmed, looked into the chapel and disappeared. At length came the sound of many voices in rage and lamentation; a crowd seemed approaching the chapel; the voices, mingled and confused, grew every moment louder, till the count rushed in like a madman, gnashing his teeth and tearing his hair followed by the Baron of Elsenheim, his sons

and several other noblemen, all trying in vain to appease him.

At the proper time, the bride had been sought for in the oratory; two hours had elapsed, and it was now no longer possible to conceal that there was no bride to be found.

The scene that ensued baffles description. Augustus at length, partly by force, partly by entreaty, succeeded in conveying his brother home. The wondering guests slowly dispersed. The baron, with the female part of his family, shut himself up; while his sons and vassals scoured the surrounding country, threatening vengeance and destruction to the unhappy girl, and all who might be concerned in her flight.

Wilhelmina was pointed out by Emmeline's sisters as an object of suspicion; and to her cottage did the brothers first direct their steps. She had already returned from the castle, whither she had gone early, arranged in all her finery, to assist at the toilet of the bride. They found her seated on the floor, sobbing and crying bitterly. She steadily disclaimed all knowledge of Emmeline's intentions, who, she allowed, had visited her of late more frequently than usual; but it was her habit never to pass the cottage upon any occasion without doing so. She said she had observed that Emmeline looked melancholy, but had never heard her express any aversion to her approaching marriage; and when she (Wilhelmina) spoke of it in terms of joy and pride, she had never been checked by Emmeline. She unhesitatingly denied having seen her on the close of the preceding day. This was all that Wilhelmina could or would reveal. Strict search was made within and about her cottage, but in vain.

Augustus delayed as long as possible his departure to Suabia, partly to console and support his brother, partly in the hope that a short time might discover the retreat of Emmeline, and that he might act as mediator between her and her family, trusting, at least, to ameliorate the severity of her punishment. This for others; but in his own bosom he carefully locked up feelings far more acute even than those he sought to console. He acquitted himself, it is true, of ever having in word, in look, or even in thought, encouraged the love of Emmeline; that love, so full of truth and of despair, which, in despite of obstacles utterly insurmountable, had seemed to grow with her growth, and strengthen with her strength; that love, for which all worldly blessings, amply as they were showered on her head, had been rejected, and for which she was now a houseless and desolate wanderer! Where was she? what had become of her? Could he imagine that young and delicate form condemned to want and labour? or had it found a lingering death in the depth of some concealed cave? or been dashed from the brow of the precipice? or did it lie congealed in the mountain-torrent? Alas! how willingly would he have braved the scorn of the world, and the severe injunctions of his religious creed—all that till then he had held inviolable—to have wrung from her tresses the cold dews of night—to have warmed her on his heart—to have given his love for her love, his life for her life!

To all but him the event was as inexplicable as it was astounding: he alone held a clue, slight but certain, to the desperate step she had taken. In the inmost recesses of the woods, and along the lonely

margins of the lakes, he called upon her name; and, surrounded by their gloomy solitude, gave way to the heart-rending grief, which, from the eyes of his fellow-men, he was forced to conceal.

At times he almost hoped that Heaven had taken her to itself. What would it avail her to be found! My brother's love is turned to gall; her very mother would refuse even a tear to her supplications; and if she took refuge with me, she would find in my arms but disgrace and misery, without the power even of protecting her against the vengeance of her family, and the offended laws of her country. No, Emmeline! thy pure and suffering spirit has fled where it will find pardon and peace! I have but a little time yet to struggle on, and then shall we meet where it is no crime to love.

A few weeks passed away, and by degrees all hope of recovering the lost Emmeline, or of ascertaining her fate, was given up. Her eldest brother, Rudolph, a harsh and haughty man, had already departed for the wars in Suabia; whither Augustus became now exceedingly anxious, according to his orders, to repair. The brothers, therefore, parted; Augustus, accompanied by a numerous armed train, to Ulm; and the count to Vienna, where he hoped, amid gayeties and pomp, and above all, by a suitable marriage, to heal the wound that had been inflicted on his love and his pride.

Augustus found Suabia even in a worse state than he had apprehended. The peasants were in all directions rising *en masse*; and the imperial army, though brave and well-disciplined, was, owing to the poverty of Charles the Fifth, small, and ill supplied. It is not necessary to remind my readers, that the priesthood at that time not only influenced the councils of armies, but often personally engaged in their contests.

The zeal, energy, and ability of Augustus, joined to the unbounded confidence placed in him, rendered his presence of much importance. About a month after his arrival, a desperate conflict took place near Ulm, in which the imperialists were successful; but, while in pursuit of the flying peasantry, a body of the latter suddenly rallied, and discharged the few firearms they possessed. Augustus received a wound in the shoulder, sufficiently severe to prevent his proceeding; his horse, at the same time, being killed under him. Unwilling, however, to draw a single follower from the pursuit, he retired to the bank of a small, clear stream, where he attempted to staunch the blood and bind the wound; but heat, fatigue, and over-excitement, had done their work, and he fell exhausted, without being able even to refresh himself by a draught of the water that bubbled past him.

On recovering, he found himself supported by some one who was bathing his temples and the palms of his hands, and who, on seeing him able to bear it, applied himself with great skill, coolness, and delicacy of touch, to the dressing of the wound. Augustus looked up, and beheld a thin, pale boy, apparently not more than twelve or thirteen years of age, and arrayed as a page, but by no means handsomely. When he had finished dressing the wound, he gave his patient a draught of the cool water; and making him up a pillow of moss, assisted him to lie down, covered him with his military cloak, and then went to the road-side to watch for some of his returning followers.

The first demand Augustus made, when awaking

on his own bed at Ulm, was for the stranger-boy who had so providentially succoured him, and, perhaps, had been the means of saving his life. The boy was immediately brought forward; and Augustus, dismissing those about him, inquired who he was.

"I am," replied the youth, "the son of Wilhelmina, a vassal of your brother, the count; but who has resided on the lands of the Baron of Elsenheim, since she nursed my foster-sister, the Lady Emmeline."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Augustus, with great interest; "you are the son of Wilhelmina! But, how came you here? I thought you were in the train of the young Ulric of Elsenheim."

"I was so," replied the boy; "but my mother felt herself affronted at the suspicion cast upon her by the family, on the occasion of the Lady Emmeline's disappearance, and she has gone back to Altenberg. She has also sent me word (for she cannot write) to quit the Lord Ulric, to make the best of my way to Ulm, where I should find you, and to proffer you my services, as to the brother of my liege lord. I have had a weary travel all the way from —; but, thank God, I came in good time!"

"Undraw that window-curtain a little, and let me look at you." The boy did as he was ordered. "I forget your name."

"Theodore, my lord."

"Poor boy! you do, indeed, look worn and fatigued! You appear younger than your foster-sister."

"Yet we are as near as may be the same age."

"She is taller than you are."

"No, my lord, we are about the same height; but a lad at sixteen will hardly look so old or so tall as a young lady of that age."

"True," replied Augustus, thoughtfully, with his eye still fixed on the youth.

"I have been considered," continued Theodore, colouring a little and drawing himself up, "to resemble the Lady Emmeline. My mother was very proud of that resemblance, slight as it was, and made every body remark it; but I fear you, my lord, do not discover it, I am now so much altered for the worse."

"Yes; I think there is a likeness, though I am scarcely a judge (and Augustus sighed deeply,) as I have only seen the Lady Emmeline once, for a few minutes, during the last two years. Your hair and complexion are darker; and the slight resemblance you bear will wear off as you grow up and get more manly."

"I am sorry for it," said Theodore, looking a little disconcerted; at which trait of youthful vanity Augustus could not suppress a smile.

He liked the frank, yet modest and simple manner of the boy so much, that he took him at once into his service as page; and although his want of birth would prevent his rising higher, it would be easy, he thought, to provide for him in a few years in some other department of the household. Theodore accordingly was, to his great apparent delight, soon arrayed in the handsome and becoming, but somewhat fanciful, dress of a page in those times. He looked so well in it, and a few days' rest had made so favourable an alteration in his appearance, that the resemblance of which he had boasted, began to strike Augustus more forcibly, and secretly influenced him further to notice and favour the boy. He was timid, gentle, and ap-

parently in delicate health; his habits were exceedingly reserved; and when not with his master, he would retire into the little room assigned him, and would there read, write, or practise on his lute,—an instrument on which he excelled, and which, he said, he loved, because his dear young Lady Emmeline had herself given him his first lessons. The sound of the war-trumpet made him turn pale; but he was remarkably prompt and skilful in attending to the wounded. Augustus, in his hours of rest and relaxation at home, was never without Theodore, whose cheerful smile, interesting and intelligent conversation, lute, and song, only waited a glance from his master; to whom he soon became as a young and cherished brother. Placed on a stool at his feet, even when Augustus was occupied in writing, or in deep thought, or in conversation with others, would lean his head unreproved upon his knee, and look at or listen to him with that affectionate devotion, that mixture of love and veneration, we feel for a beneficent and superior being.

At first, the name of the Lady Emmeline was sometimes naturally on the lips of Theodore, but it always produced an expression of so much pain on the countenance of Augustus, that the page, apparently presuming he had not recovered from the indignity his brother, the count, had received, forbore to dwell upon it.

Rudolph of Elsenheim, the eldest brother of Emmeline, had also taken up his winter quarters at Ulm. A civil, but distant intercourse took place between him and Augustus; for, amongst other ill effects of the strange event that had occurred, the alienation of the two families could scarcely be prevented. Twice, on the occasion of a ceremonious visit made by Rudolph, Theodore effected his escape in much agitation; for which Augustus rather reproved him: "You need not be alarmed; you and your mother are our vassals; and your having been so long in the service of the Elsenheims, was a matter of courtesy on our part, and not of right on theirs."

The winter months were passing away, during which the imperialists had received great reinforcements; and it was confidently expected that early in the spring the insurrection of Suabia would be annihilated.

Affairs were in this situation, when, on the occasion of a great church festival, at which Augustus was to preside, he, for the first time, pressed Theodore to accompany him.

"You have hitherto," observed Augustus, "pleaded delicacy of health, and the effect of cold in church, as excuses for not attending its service; but your health now is quite restored; for I can scarcely recognise," continued Augustus, smiling, "the thin, pale boy that tended me so providentially by the river-side; and you well know, Theodore, how almost rigid I am in the discipline of my household, and how much I insist upon their strict observance, both of public and private worship."

"I am ready to attend you, my lord," replied the boy, meekly, but dejectedly, "at high mass this evening."

The church was magnificently ornamented and illuminated; and the celebration of mass, in the absence of the bishop, devolved on Augustus. Great numbers of all classes of people were present. Among the nobles who stood near the railings of the altar,

Augustus remarked not only Rudolph of Elsenheim, but also his younger brother, Ulric, who, it seems, must have just arrived; and their numerous followers, easily known by their badge, were dispersed about the church. The same was the case with the armed followers of Augustus; but his household stood together, and among these was placed Theodore. Augustus could not help remarking, in the intervals of the ceremony, that the looks of the two brothers were fixed on himself with a peculiar expression: it partook of scorn, triumph, and revenge. He felt surprised, and occasionally, in his turn, looked full at them, with his dark, stern, and penetrating eyes; but they did not quail beneath his gaze; and a sort of contemptuous smile, at such moments, slightly curled their lips. Their looks were never moved off from him, except to settle on his household group; to which Augustus also directed his. Theodore was almost hid behind the ample cloak of the seneschal, and seemed scarcely able to support himself. Not far from the brothers, and wearing their badge, stood a fine, dark, sturdy youth, whose looks were also often fixed upon the same group, with an uneasy and almost terrified expression.

"There is some mystery," thought Augustus, "hanging over that boy Theodore; I am convinced he has left the Elsenheims without leave, and has cajoled me with falsehoods. This accounts for the whole of his singular conduct; but, before I sleep, I will know the truth."

After the service, Augustus retired into the vestry, to unrobe, and was a little surprised to find that Theodore, who had come to the church with him, was not among the attendants who remained to escort him home. It appeared that he had already departed with the rest of the household.

In honour of the festival, the streets were lighted, and the houses mostly opened for the reception of company: many gay scenes, and sounds of music and merriment, caught the eye and ear of Augustus, but he anxiously proceeded homewards. His saloon was also lighted, and a few clerical visitors were assembled, whom he managed to dismiss as soon as possible. He then inquired for Theodore, and was told that he had appeared unwell the whole evening, and had retired to his room immediately on his return home; and also that there was a young man just arrived, who anxiously begged permission to speak with the page: "Should he be admitted?"

"Certainly," replied Augustus; and, in another instant, the young follower of the Elsenheims, whom Augustus had observed at church, was ushered in.

"You wish to speak to my page?"

"If you please, my lord."

"You may do so; but I have my reasons for being present at your conference. Follow me."

The young man did so unhesitatingly; and Augustus proceeded to Theodore's room. The door was fastened.

"Open the door, Theodore!"

There was a pause—a delay.

"Excuse me, my lord—I will come out presently—in one moment—but I—I am undrest."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Augustus, now quite incensed; and with one thrust of his foot the door flew open, but he himself stood rooted with astonishment at its threshold.

By the single table-lamp, a figure was perceived

standing in the centre of the little chamber; it was, and it was not, the page of Augustus. Evidently preparing for repose, it was shrouded in a single long white robe; the fair and beautifully rounded arms were uncovered nearly to the shoulder, and both trembling hands were employed in gathering together the folds of the dress, so as to conceal the bosom; the small white feet were bare on the cold pavement; and, veiling the figure almost to the knees, fell a profusion of bright brown hair, partly in folds, and partly in plaits, which had not yet been undone, and in which it had evidently all been arranged, for the purpose of concealment beneath the tunic of the page's dress; the night's ablutions had removed from the face its light brown tint, and, pale as a lily, it drooped over the clasped hands, with eyes closed from excess of shame and terror.

Augustus was immovable; but the young stranger rushed by him, and, without any appearance of surprise, addressed the figure in a hurried tone: "My poor mother is dead, and on her death-bed, confessed *all—all!* Fly, for Heaven's sake! You are in the utmost danger—delay not a moment! I give you this warning at the hazard of my life!"

Then, turning, he was about to escape from the room, when the athletic grasp of Augustus seized him.

"Who are you?" he asked in a voice of thunder.

The boy struggled to free himself, while he answered: "I am Theodore, Wilhelmina's son!"

"And this?" said Augustus, pointing to the figure.

"Oh, my lord! there's no time for jesting," replied the true Theodore, "when every instant increases the danger of the Lady Emmeline!"

Augustus let go his hold, and the boy was down the stairs, and out of the house, in an instant.

With strangely mingled feelings of the keenest joy and the deepest despair, Augustus closed the door, and approached the yet motionless form of Emmeline. She suddenly retreated.

"Come not near me! For the sake of her who bore you, have pity on me, unworthy as I am!"

"Emmeline!" he replied, with a look and voice replete with tenderness, "misjudge me not; deem me not so undeserving of all thy love, thy sacrifices, and thy sufferings! Confide in me; would to God thou hadst done so sooner!"

As he spoke, he unclasped the light mantle which he wore. "There is no time to dress; let me wrap you in this, and I will convey you to a subterranean passage, where you will be safe for a few hours. My people shall be on guard for the night, and, by early dawn, some scheme shall be matured for your future concealment."

"For my concealment," replied Emmeline, pleadingly, "but not—not for my separation from you!"

"No, my love—my wife!" whispered the now entirely subdued Augustus, as he impressed on her lips one long and fervent kiss; "God hath joined us together, and no man shall put us asunder!"

Alas! were not these the words of impiety!

He carefully wrapt her in the mantle, and, lifting her in his arms, prepared to convey her to her retreat.

The emotions of the last few moments had been so overwhelming, that neither Augustus—"too fondly overcome with female charm"—nor Emmeline had heeded a low and peculiar murmur of voices, nor the sound of advancing footsteps. Before they them-

selves had reached the door of the apartment, it was flung open, and the two brothers of Emmeline, armed to the teeth, with about twenty followers, and a civil magistrate, stood before them. It was the work of a moment for Augustus to spring back with his trembling burden, place himself against the opposite wall, draw a double-edged poniard from his girdle, and stand on his defence.

"All here are friends and brothers," said the magistrate; "let there be no blood shed but the blood of our enemies! My Lord Augustus of Altenberg, resign to the legal authority of her family, the unhappy and misguided girl now sheltered in thine arms!"

"Never!" replied Augustus, "but with my heart's blood!"

"Now, shame on thee, priest!" retorted the magistrate. "Thou, so famed for sanctity; the very model of purity; the very pattern of our holy church; to stand, as thou dost at this moment, braving the world, with that wanton in thine arms!"

"By the soul of my father!" exclaimed the enraged Augustus, "if she be a wanton, so are the daughters of thy blood, and the wife of thy bosom!"

At that moment he heard, to his great relief, the gathering of his household, and the advance of such followers as the only esquire, who was at home on this festival night, could collect. Augustus never allowed a sentinel about his house; and this irruption had been made so boldly, yet so quietly, that it had completely succeeded.

"On your guard!" said Ulric to his men; who immediately faced to the landing-place to receive those who were ascending the steps to the attack.

"Yield her thou devilish hypocrite!" exclaimed the infuriated Rudolph, waving his sword, and gnashing his teeth.

"I will never yield her!" was the reply. "On! on! my brave fellows, to the rescue! Cut down these night marauders—these cowardly house-breakers!"

A cheering shout from his advancing followers without, answered this appeal. The clash of arms, and the yell of the meeting foes, were heard.

"Then, priest, thy blood be on thine own head!" And, as Rudolph spoke, he drew, and fired a pistol full at Augustus; but rage and confusion had caused his hand to waver. Emmeline made a sudden bound in the arms of her protector; he felt a warm torrent gush over his breast, and he heard the cries of, "You have killed her—your sister!" The strong spring of his mind gave way; images of darkness, streaked with flames and blood, danced before him; for a moment he was mad, and the next he was insensible.

It was midnight; the tumult had ceased; not a step was heard, save those of the guard who patrolled the street; every window and door in the terrified neighbourhood had been closed, and a melancholy calm had succeeded to the fury of the affray.

"He is recovering," said the physician, anxiously bending over the yet inanimate form of Augustus.

"Thank God!" was repeated from lip to lip of the many who were watching him. The eyes of their master opened heavily; but, after a pause, he started up, and looked wildly round; then, clasping his hands on his forehead, remained quite motionless for a few minutes: at length, he slowly withdrew them, raised

his head, and, looking at the leech, asked in a low firm tone, "Is she dead?"

The physician bowed his head, without reply.

"And the body?" he inquired calmly.

"We would not, my lord," answered an esquire, "permit the body to be removed from hence without your permission. When the ruffians found what they had done, they retreated, almost without striking another blow."

"Where is she?"

"My lord," said the physician, "the corpse has been well cared for by the seneschal's wife and daughter; and prayers will presently be said over it."

"Lead me to her chamber!"

"Pray, let us dissuade you, my dear lord!" pleadingly repeated several voices.

"Peace, and obey me!" He attempted to rise; they assisted him. "Order the women to leave the chamber, and let none intrude while I am there."

And, in a few minutes, Augustus was alone with the dead Emmeline.

The couch had been drawn to the centre of the little room, and a few lights had been placed round it; from the pavement had been carefully erased all marks of the contest, but in a corner, over a chair, had been thoughtlessly flung the perforated mantle, still slowly dripping with the blood of Emmeline. The body lay shrouded in linen, white as snow, from which it was scarcely to be distinguished in complexion; the women had, with melancholy pride, laid out every long bright tress, and in the folded hands were placed a few winter flowers; the face was beautifully placid; she looked as if about to awaken with a smile.

"So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,

The first, last look, by death revealed.—Gaiour.

He bent over her, and touched with his lips the serene and virginal brow.

"O maiden!" he murmured, "how deep, how faithful, how pure, has been thine ill-requited love! how enduring, and yet how hopeless! tried by thy suffering, and sealed with thy blood! *Is such, indeed, the love of woman?* Pray for me, thou martyred saint; and the union which has been denied to us on earth, will be granted in heaven! If, here, our love contracted aught of sin, may all that remains of my life be accepted as an atonement; then will I follow thee, my own, my loved, my murdered Emmeline!"

His grief, for a moment, lost its calmness, and a few burning tears forced their way. He lifted up one of those lovely and motionless locks of hair, severed it with his poniard, and placed it in his bosom; then stooped again to press her lips, but started from them in horror—how icy chill! Where was the fragrance, the warmth, the life, the love, with which, in a first, last kiss, they had met his a few hours before? He retreated—one look—one long, long look—and he was gone.

Augustus of Altenberg was never seen from that hour. It was supposed that he made use of his knowledge of the subterranean passage to effect his escape.

In two months after, a letter was received by the emperor (who much regretted his loss), and one by his brother, the Count of Altenberg, detailing, exact-

ly, the circumstances that had occurred. Augustus evidently considered such an explanation due to the memory of Emmeline, and to his own.

By Wilhelmina's death-bed confession it appeared, that it was not until the evening before the intended marriage with the Count of Altenberg, that she was at last induced to yield to the supplications of Emmeline to assist in her concealment and flight: had she done so sooner, Emmeline would not have delayed her disappearance till the day fixed for her marriage. Wilhelmina further declared, that nothing could have induced her to comply, had she not been under the conviction that Emmeline would have put an end to her existence, rather than become the wife of the count.

About half a century from the time these events occurred, on the removal of a monastery of La Trappe, by the command of De Rance, the regenerator of that order, a grave, apart from all the others, marked by a rough stone, was observed; on the stone, the name of "Augustus" was rudely carved. On further examination, the body of a monk was found, and underneath his sackcloth shroud, bound round his waist, and knotted over his heart, was a long tress of woman's hair.

Rio de Janeiro, January, 1836.

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

MY CONVENT DAYS.

BY MISS LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

THE most agreeable disappointment of anticipated evil which I recollect of my early years, occurred on my arrival at the Convent of St. Anne, in Normandy, where I was sent (to perfect my French accent), a little, timid, trembling, "down-hearted," day-scholar; very learned in French grammar, and exercises, but so ignorant of the colloquial idioms, that I misunderstood one half of what was said, and was unable to answer the other: in fact, if any one with me, like Brutus, would "pause for a reply," they would have found me one of those estimable Britons who always "keep their words,"—for certainly I never gave any words away!

As I walked up the convent avenue of tall white-leaved poplars, my fancy metamorphosed them into the pale figures of deceased nuns, shaking their mournful heads at me, in warning of the severity I should experience; and indeed, I concluded, as nuns are so fond of whipping that they daily flog themselves, their flagellations would be even more liberally bestowed on their scholars, as no self-commiseration need check their amusement. So I looked sadly at the ghostly poplars, and shook my head at them in return.

Having rattled a piece of notched iron hanging to a staple fixed in the wall, a grim old portress answered this primitive "knocker," admitting me through a wicket in the iron-studded door, which she again carefully bolted. Thence I was ushered into a stone-floored parlour, with a window close to the ceiling, and quite devoid of furniture, excepting some tall, carved chairs, the marble basin of "*eau bénite*," and a ghastly, staring picture of St. Anne dying: at the latter I never dared to look after the first glance,

but turned my eyes on the white-washed wall before me, in an agony of terror, until at length the idea of that dreadful gaze being fixed on me, became too oppressive for endurance, and I burst into tears.

I was roused from my undignified sorrows by the sound of footsteps along the vaulted passage: the door opened, and I turned round in desperation, expecting to behold a living copy of the portrait; but my eyes encountered an elegant-looking old lady in a black robe, and snowy coif and cope, with the kindest and most cheerful countenance I had ever seen. Her winning smile seemed actually to enliven the old chairs, to warm the stone floor, and to soften St. Anne's eyes; all my anticipations of sorrow were changed to pleasure at her benign aspect; and those April tears were the last I shed while under her care and instruction.

After the usual preliminary remarks, the good nun questioned me, in excellent English, respecting my favourite pursuits; and, finding these were music and drawing, she informed me the latter accomplishment was her department, besides having charge of the three youngest pupils in the convent. I was to be one of her trio; and the other two were to have a holiday that afternoon with me, *pour faire les premières connoissances*. Any one who has undergone the solitary agony of being "the new girl" in an English school-room, will appreciate my satisfaction at escaping that friendless ordeal.

Madame Marie then conducted me to the gardens behind the Convent, which formed as strong a contrast to the gloomy front, as the sweet countenance of my companion did to the grim St. Anne. There were large parterres belonging to each of the Ladies, containing oleanders, magnolias, Cape jasmines, and other exotics, such as I had hitherto seen only in conservatories: the divisions were marked by low hedges of lavender, in full bloom, resounding with the busy hum of bees; whilst brilliant paroquets, loris, nonpareils, and other gay tropical birds, were sunning themselves on golden swings, in perfect amity with the innumerable Italian greyhounds and Persian cats, that lay basking, upon embroidered cushions, in the sun, seemingly as happy and idle as myself.

Having left me in a bower of clematis and roses, Madame Marie soon returned with her two pupils, introducing them to me as the "*Demoiselles Josephine and Coralie de Maynarde*;" then telling us to be "*des grandes amies ensemble*," she departed to collect flowers to form the drawing-lesson of her pupils.

Never was there a stronger contrast than between my new companions. Josephine, who was one year above my own age, was a blonde, with full, expressive blue eyes, and a pensive countenance. Coralie, three years her junior, a brunette, from whose arch eyes laughter seemed determined to exclude sorrow. Josephine was elegant in her attire, tranquil in her amusements: Coralie, who said she was always in a hurry of play or study, would have been a sloven had she not been a Frenchwoman.

Even in their first address the contrast was evinced; Josephine taking both my hands with the grace of an "*élégante*," and sympathising with me on the sorrow of leaving my native country; while Coralie, giving me an emphatic kiss on both cheeks, said she meant to love me very much if I would tell her merry tales; and she tried to make me smile by playful descriptions and mimicry of some of my future associates.

While we confidentially exchanged histories; viz. that I was to remain two years at the convent—which the sisters (who were the orphan nieces of a Cardinal at Rome) were not to leave until old enough to enter society—Josephine gathered roses through the trellis, placing them under her gipsy Leghorn-hat with the skill of a little coquette; and Coralie, in the midst of a lively story, catching sight of a large butterfly, darted away, chasing it over parterres, crescents, squares, and stars, until she brought it back triumphantly, her colour glowing, her dark hair in rich confusion, and (to Josephine's horror) the bow of her waist-riband twisted half-way round her dress.

The captive butterfly was put through all its paces, and offered various sorts of refreshments, after its journey, in the form of jasmine-honey and rose-dew; but it evinced no gratitude, and, as a punishment, it was doomed by Coralie to march three times over my cheeks. Having an antipathy to creeping things, I declined this favour, retiring behind Josephine. My laughing persecutor followed with the fluttering prisoner, and unfortunately tore the spotless robe of her sister. The angry dandizette, in return, giving her a retributive slap, Coralie screamed loudly; and, in her pain, totally crushed the hapless butterfly!

Two of the elder boarders, who were reading some forbidden sentimental romance in the shady walks, ran up on hearing the disturbance. The cause was feelingly described by Josephine, with tears in her glistening eyes, as having arisen from Coralie's dreadful cruelty to the butterfly; and the crushed remains of the insect clearly confirmed her story.

Little Coralie then heavily sobbed forth her bitter remorse for having unintentionally destroyed the butterfly; but, she added, that her sister only cared for her torn frock, and had made an excuse of the butterfly's pain, after the other accident happened.

This was pronounced by the sentimentalists to be dictated by envy and hardened ill-nature. So they caressed one sister, carried the other off to be placed *en penitence*, and saved me the trouble of studying the character of either, by saying, as they withdrew, "*Voilà comme elles sont toujours; l'une est remplie de sentiment, et l'autre n'a pas de cœur!*"

It would be unnecessary to say aught respecting two happy years passed under the unremitting care of the accomplished and elegant Ladies of St. Anne, except that Josephine de Maynarde was each day more and more caressed for the deep feeling she displayed on even the most trifling occasion.

An attentive listener to the slight grievances of her school-fellows, a perpetual caresser of the old ladies' fat cats and lap-dogs, she courted and obtained popularity from both old and young. Possessing a tone of sentiment much beyond her years, and the most unerring taste in dress of any one in the convent—a gift which was even more esteemed than the other with our budding belles—she was welcomed among the elder scholars, who worked her embroidery, wrote her themes, compositions, &c.; and, in fact, enabled her unfairly to carry away many prizes, without any effort of genius or application.

Coralie, on the contrary, possessed such a flow of spirits, that no one ever thought of confiding to her their little sorrows. Her brilliant talents and facility of acquirement, rendered her independent of assistance from her seniors, and a dreaded rival among her contemporaries; and as for the old ladies' cats and

dogs, she daily contrived, in her haste, to step on some of them, incurring a bite from the sufferer, and the anger of its owner. Difficulties arose in her path of learning, which were smoothed for Josephine; but Coralie seemed to take a pride in mastering these without applying for instruction; and this very system of independence served to widen the distance between her and her instructors.

Unloved, rebuked, blamed often unjustly, shunned by all (except by Madame Marie), the repulsed girl gradually lost her high spirits; and, from the continual accusation of being heartless and unamiable, became convinced she really was some inferior nature, unfit for society. She then grew unsocial, careless, desponding; and, at the time I left St. Anne's, she had just declared her intention of taking the veil when she became of age.

Such resolutions, of course, are never combated in a Convent; and, moreover, it was the wish of the Cardinal de Maynarde that one of his nieces should profess; therefore Coralie was voted as likely to be the least loss to society.

Josephine, the flattered and admired, evinced no taste for a conventual life, but constantly expatiated on the charms of social intercourse and friendship, promising that I and the rest of her companions should be invited to share the delights of dear Paris, when she "came out" there, with her aunt. Our self-interest being thus enlisted in her favour by this promised kindness—which she skillfully contrived to make an individual compliment to each of us—while Coralie's nature was too proud to seek amongst us the friendship which none proffered, is it extraordinary, that we all united in the oft-repeated decision, "*L'une est remplie de sentiment, et l'autre n'a pas de cœur?*"

Years rolled on—a juvenile correspondence was not allowed—and I heard nothing of my playmates or the Convent, until, travelling through Normandy, I wrote to inform the good Ladies of St. Anne that I would make a *détour* to revisit their abode.

Madame Marie, in a reply overflowing with affection, said, "It is singular that two of my pupils, long absent, should return here in the same week. A few days since, the place of our lately deceased Superior was taken by one of the *demoiselles de Maynarde*, who came from a Paris convent, where (as you have, doubtless, heard) she had taken the veil; and her uncle, the Cardinal, has now had her placed as Superior here, above those who had better claims."

"Her sister, my lamented pupil, who was greatly admired in the world, formed an attachment to one not worthy of her exquisite affections; and, with blighted hopes and a broken spirit, she died, two months since, in my arms. Well as I knew her enthusiastic character, I did not imagine it was capable of such fatally profound attachment. But this subject is still too painfully fresh in my mind for discussion; and I have written this outline of a sad history, in order to avoid any question from you."

"Our new Superior was so occupied, at Paris, in making arrangements respecting her approaching elevation, together with various innovations in the dress and management of the convent, that she could not find time to visit the dying girl, whose illness she ever treated lightly. I have, consequently, petitioned to be exchanged to another sisterhood."

After reading this letter, I reproached myself for

an opinion respecting Josephine, which increasing experience had forced upon me; namely, that her sympathy for others had been too eloquent to be genuine; that her professions of deep feeling were so frequent, and "near the surface," as to appear artificial; her insinuating popular manner might be fictitious; and, finally, to have become so universal a favourite, she must have sacrificed her sincerity, and ministered to the vanity and weakness of all around.

Coralie's character, on the contrary, had risen in my matured recollection: when I recalled many trifling acts of a noble nature, I fancied she might have been misunderstood and unappreciated; and I lamented having, perhaps, too hastily repelled the timid advances of an affectionate, but proud heart, shrinking from an uncertain reception, and masking, under gayety and apparent indifference, those deep feelings, too cherished to be laid open to ridicule.

In the world, I had bitterly learned the distinction between eloquent expression and genuine feeling, which are rarely found united; while, in my own instance, I knew that, even in laughter, the heart is often most sorrowful.

Thus had time completely reversed my earlier estimate of the sisters, but the letter of Madame Marie reinstated them in their former positions. She had not alluded to either sister by name; but there could be no doubt that the brilliant Coralie was the present Superior of St. Anne's; while the deeply feeling Josephine had wasted her heart's best affections, and met woman's usual reward—in sorrow and the grave.

The next day found me retracing the avenue of poplars, which seemed much diminished to my altered vision. The studded door, and its bolts, had lost all imposing effect on my worldly eyes; and in the reception-room, I boldly looked up to out-stare Saint Anne, but I found her place filled by a portrait of the new Superior and her sister, painted by Madame Marie, when they were children. While I gazed on it, Madame Marie entered the room, with much of her former cheerfulness, and all her former kindness. The cut crystals of dried apricots, angelica, and other dainty preparations of the convent, were placed before me, as though years had not elapsed since they had formed my incentives and rewards; and, truly, I rendered as much justice to her fruits and sherbets as if custom and crowded rooms had not undermined my zest for such matters.

The young Superior, forming, of course, the leading theme of our conversation, I asked whether she had tried the pleasure of society, previously to her professing as a nun.

"To be sure she did," said Madame Marie, abruptly, "she tried which would be most to her advantage: entering society, with her aunt, at Paris, she quickly forgot Saint Anne's and her companions; and being greatly admired for her extraordinary beauty, was soon engaged to be married to a very superior person, of good family and expectations; and I regret to say, he is still devoted to this unfeeling woman, who suddenly refused to fulfil her engagement, although, until that period, his least wish had been her law."

"What caused the change in her intentions, Madame?"

"The very 'rational' cause, that he has lost the prospect of a considerable property from his uncle."

"But what was her motive for taking the veil?"

"Nothing very creditable to her devotional feel-

ings, *ma bonne amie*: the Cardinal de Maynarde expressed his intention of making over nearly all his fortune to whichever niece first professed; and also, by his interest, she should be appointed Superior of an Order, on the first vacancy."

"I wonder, however, Madame, with her beauty and talents, she would not prefer living on her own fortune, amidst the sweet affections of life, rather than immerse herself (without feeling the 'vocation'), for the sake of wealth, which, here, she cannot enjoy or display."

"Under apparent humility, pride and ambition have ever been her ruling passions," replied the nun; "her vanity now consists in being the richest, though youngest, abbess of her day; and, in time, she expects to become a *Grande Chanoinesse*, with liberty to leave the Order. To gratify this ambition, she relinquished the affection of one who could not place her in an equally distinguished position beyond these walls. Alas! in early days, I knew her to be heartless, though plausible; but I could not have believed the corrupting air of the capital would have rendered her so thoroughly worldly and calculating."

"I suppose, Madame, it will be necessary for me, on account of former days, to pay my respects to the new Superior?"

"Oh! *ma fille*, she will rejoice to see you: keeping up a connexion with Protestants causes great satisfaction at Rome, from the hope of more of your young people being intrusted at our seminaries."

Madame Marie then led the way along the vaulted passages, now richly carpeted, to a splendidly furnished apartment, lighted by a large painted window, whose many-tinted rays fell on a table, with a cover of purple velvet and gold. There, seated in a *fau-teuil* of the same costly material, and reading from an illumined *breviaire*, I beheld the youthful and majestic-looking figure of the Superior.

Her dress, composed of the finest materials, was put on with a care that revealed her fine stately form. The rosary from her girdle, the cross on her breast, the *flacon* beside her, were formed of gold and gems. Her face was resting on, and nearly concealed by, her fair hand, covered with antique sacerdotal jewels; but, on hearing my name announced, she looked up from her occupation; and I doubted the evidence of my senses, when—instead of the expected Coralie de Maynarde,—I beheld Josephine, whom I thought in her grave!

My error, which had originated in Madame Marie's letter having omitted to name the two individuals of whom she wrote, had been continued by the formal manner (arising from dislike) in which she always designated Josephine as *Madame la Supérieure*. While this explanation of my mistake flashed through my mind, I turned to look for Madame Marie's aid in the conversation, until I recovered from my astonishment; but she had retired, and the new Superior advanced to greet me with the fascinating manner of a woman of the world, lamenting all correspondence had been prohibited, and recalling our earlier pursuits and pleasures, with much apparent interest.

Josephine de Maynarde had ever possessed an extraordinary memory—that most powerful engine of flattery; without which, even the most determined courtier will be at fault, or in error, sometimes.

This advantage she called to her aid in our interview: and the circumstantial reference to matters

concerning myself alone, accompanied by that well-remembered look of interest in her deep blue eyes, had almost (in despite of my better judgment) persuaded me that Madame Marie had spoken against this winning creature from prejudice.

I turned the conversation to some changes which I observed in the convent arrangements; and she said, with evident pride, "Yes, I have effected several improvements, through the influence of my uncle. On hearing of my appointment here, I obtained permission for my Ladies to wear Merino dresses instead of coarse stuff, with clear cambric collars and copes, instead of heavy linen: these, with broad hems, are rather becoming, and the forehead-bands do not come lower than the hair. I wanted to bring forward bandeaux of the latter, but Madame Marie has got up a petition against it, signed by the old nuns, because their hair is gray!"

"The dress, indeed, is much altered since I was here," said I.

"The great improvement," she continued, "is the skirts being *coupees à pointe*, which reveals the waist; then the pelerines are made wide on the shoulders, and narrowed to the *cordelière*; so that mine is the most becomingly dressed sisterhood in the world, and is, therefore, sure to be enriched!"

"It has already had the accession of two fortunes through you," I remarked, experimentally; "that of his Eminence, and of our poor lost Coralie."

"We do not mention the latter now," returned the Superior, as calmly as if giving orders for some ceremony. "A woman whose affections could not be restrained by prudence and reason, was a disgrace to her relations, and a discredit to her instructors. I always considered it quite unfeminine to admit of an ungovernable, all-engrossing attachment, which could not be withdrawn the moment it became ineligible."

"Very prudent and rational, no doubt, for those who are capable of following it," I replied, as calmly as I could regulate my voice, to conceal my disgust at such an avowal.

"I remonstrated with that unfortunate person," she continued, "on the meanness of her infatuation for one who had deserted her; but her only reply was the hacknied sentiment of 'having staked all on one cast, and lost.' From that day I never saw her again: and, indeed, considering the intensity of her feelings, and consequent mental suffering, I am quite reconciled to her loss."

The young Superior had evidently been thinking aloud, a rare action with those of her studied disposition: but I suppose she here caught a stern, contemptuous expression on my features; for suddenly, with a total change of voice, and the look of uncharitable condemnation banished from her beautiful eyes, she pressed my hand, and said, meekly, "You know, dear friend, that, in my position, the indulgence of earthly regrets would be considered sinful."

The *cloche à vèpres* here ceased its summoning chime; and the beautiful nun, having embraced me tenderly, departed to her Oratory, saving me from uttering the vehement and indignant reply suggested by her cold allusion to the fate of the gifted, warm-hearted, unappreciated Coralie.

My beloved instructress, Madame Marie, being engaged at vespers in the Chapel when the carriage was sent for me, I had no opportunity of stating the error into which her letter had led me, by not men-

tioning the names of the sisters; but, ere I left the convent, I once more gazed on the double portrait of Coralie and the new Superior; and I bitterly thought, "Yes, truly, the one *was* full of feeling, and the other *has* no heart!"

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

BEATRICE; OR, THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

BY CHARLES WHITE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "ALMACK'S REVISITED," "BELGIC REVOLUTION," ETC. ETC. ETC.

Amongst the fairest and most accomplished young women that graced the small court of the Duke of —, was Beatrice, daughter of the Count von Edelstein, a German nobleman, holding a high situation near the person of the reigning sovereign. Beatrice was the count's only child; and, having had the misfortune to lose her mother at an early age, she was committed to the sole guidance of a Swiss governess, who, as usual in Germany, was expressly imported from Lausanne, for that purpose. The count rarely interfered; he was too much occupied with attending upon his serene master, when at the "residenz," and too much devoted to the indispensable glories of the chase, when at his "schloss," in the country, to be able to spare time for the superintendence of his daughter's education. He was satisfied upon hearing of her progress from the mouth of her governess; and of witnessing, with his own eyes, her rapid advancement in grace and beauty. Besides, the count was too much impressed with the excellence of all things and persons belonging to himself, to question, for an instant, the superiority of his daughter over every other young woman, not positively of royal or mediatised blood. His pretensions, in this respect, were not altogether unfounded.

At an early age, Beatrice was as remarkable for the readiness of her wit, as for the facility she displayed in acquiring those various accomplishments that distinguish German women of the higher classes; especially in the north, where the sex may be said to unite the lighter graces of the French, with much of the moral solidity of the English, combined with a degree of ingeniousness and elevated sentiment—a peculiarity, which gives an inexpressible charm to their manner and conversation. Beatrice danced admirably; no one was more remarkable for her grace in the waltz, or her agility in the cotillon. She played with execution on more than one instrument; and possessed one of those rich voices, whose mellow tones thrill through the innermost fibres of the heart. She sang the native melodies, so dear to Germans, with the most touching and affecting simplicity. She was mistress of several languages—speaking French, English, and Italian, with idiomatic proficiency; and her personal charms corresponded with her mental perfections. In short, she was one of those gifted creatures that seem placed in the world as a connecting link between frail humanity and the inhabitants of a purer sphere.

During such intervals as the count could snatch, either from escorting his serene mistress, the duchess, during her airings up and down the poplar alleys that ornamented the approaches to the capital, or from

ambling after his serene master round the court riding-school; from playing at ombre or Boston with the palace bores, or shooting those of the forests of Edelstein, he was wont to abandon himself to the most splendid reveries; for he calculated with the utmost certainty upon his daughter making a matrimonial connexion, if not with the scion of some mediocrity house, at least with one of the noblest, most "*stift-fähig*," "*hof-fähig*" families from the Lüneburg heaths, to the fertile banks of the Danube.*

It was in one of these moments of leisure, and paternal expansion, that Count Edelstein called his lovely child to his side, placed her upon his knee, and, passing his hand, the forefinger of which was, of course, decorated with the huge family signet, through her luxuriant curls, puffed forth a long column of smoke, very indifferent canaster, from his favourite hereditary meerschaum; and exclaimed, "Upon my noble honour, Beatrice, thou art a fair creature—a true Edelstein! It would indeed be marvellous if thou dost not make me grandfather to a long line of princes."

"Be certain, father," replied the daughter, blushing, "that I will never sell myself, though it were for the kaiser's crown. No love—no Beatrice."

"Bah!" retorted the count, "thou should'st say, No money—no Swiss."

"Call it what thou wilt," answered Beatrice; "but rely on it, that I will pass all my life with thee, whom I tenderly love, unless I find some one whom I can love better. In such matters my heart must be my guide. *König ist hier, wer dem Äugere gefällt.*"

"Stupid, sentimental trash," rejoined Edelstein; "Schiller was an ass for writing such nonsense; and thou a greater, for repeating it. King, child, is he who has estates, peasants, money, consideration, and, above all, rank and unsullied blood. He who can claim those privileges as a right, which are merely granted as favours to others. King is he who lives with kings, and can command the first place at court for his wife, and whose children are born members of noble and wealthy chapters. But no more of this: thou art now past eighteen years of age; it is time to think of bestowing thy hand upon some one worthy of our house. Thou art a good girl, and wilt never do aught to displease me."

Beatrice had, however, far different notions respecting such matters. Indeed, nothing could be more opposite than the character of the father and the child. She knew that nature had been lavish to her of its most precious gifts. She was told so by her governess, and by her father; and whenever she appeared in public, a hundred admiring eyes corrob-

rated the fact. Indeed, what girl can long remain in ignorance of such agreeable, yet oftentimes fatal truths? Endowed with more than ordinary susceptibility, her favourite studies served to foster these tendencies. From the works of Schiller, Goëthe, Lessing, and other illustrious fathers of romantic literature, she extracted nourishment for the exaltation of her mind; and, ere she had attained her seventeenth year, had acquired an intensity of feeling, and exaggeration of character, that were unusual even in her classic land of romance. She was also familiar with the most celebrated literary productions of France and England; and thus while the susceptibilities of her soul were augmented by the works of her native authors, the perusal of those of foreign countries inspired her with the utmost contempt for those prejudices of birth, that are generally carried to extreme lengths in Germany. She never thwarted her father in any of his dissertations on the virtues of nobility. She was aware that it would be useless; but she steadfastly made up her mind never to sacrifice the affections of her heart, to what she considered an absurd and Gothic prejudice.

Edelstein was the very antipodes of his daughter. He deemed all feelings, all susceptibilities of the heart, as only worthy of lunatics, or persons of obscure birth. His idol was nobility; to this, the ruling passion, money, was almost secondary. He had as much horror of a *mésalliance* as of a revolution. With him the terms were synonymous. Upon such matters, he would listen to no arguments; no logic could make any impression on his mind. It was a kind of fixed idea—an hallucination. In other matters, however, he much resembled the generality of his class in Germany. He had been educated, of course, at a university, where, by dint of drinking beer and duelling, he had successively risen from the grade of a "raw fox" to that of patriarchal "bursch." He could support a carouse with the strongest head; few were more expert in the use of arms; none more versed in all the minutiae of the "pandect."* He left Heidelberg, not boasting, certainly, of great progress in *litteræ humaniores*, but with the reputation of being one of the most haughty and uncompromising youths that ever entered its classic walls. He was, in fact, descended from one of the oldest families of the empire; and boasted that he could count a list of ancestors more true in blood than the house of Hapsburg itself. He talked of knights of the crusade as other men now speak of knights of the Guelph; and said, that the tree of his house already bore ripe baronial fruit, ere those of many royal branches in Germany had even shot forth a single bud.

From the university, he entered a Prussian hussar

* *Stift-fähig*, eligible to a noble chapter. None but those who can prove their full unadulterated sixteen quarters are entitled to such privilege. The purists even went to say, that our own *principes* were not, strictly speaking, within the limits, as there was some flaw in the reign of George the Second. *Hof-fähig*, admissible to court. It is essential to be of noble blood to have even the common *entrée*. Military officers, are, however, excepted. In some provinces, these distinctions are carried to extreme lengths. At Münster, in Westphalia, for instance, no person of either sex can be admitted to the balls at the noble casino, without submitting their genealogical tree to the committee; and, if the fraction of a quarter be wanting, the applicant is, if we may use the expression, *dis-Älmackaed*.

* Raw fox (*crasser fuchs*), *Anglicè*, "freshman." Students, upon the first matriculation, are so denominated. After being introduced to a *commerce*, or carouse, they are called, for the first six months, *brandfuchse*, or "fire-foxes," because, upon the occasion of these carouses, they are obliged to ride round the table upon broom-sticks, with lighted paper pig-tails in their coats. *Fuchs*, or fox, is the generic name for all students who have not accomplished their first twelve months. After that they are entitled to be called *bursch*, or "boy," or, more properly, "out-and-outer." The *pandect*, or comment, is the code of laws and customs which regulate the conduct of the students one to another. See *Das Leben auf Universitäten*, &c. Sonderhausen, 1822.

regiment, and distinguished himself as much by his courage as by his inveterate pride and obstinacy. He had only two gods—his nobility and his money. Right or wrong, there was no possibility of drawing from him a concession. His tenacity and susceptibility were the source of constant altercations. The mere omission of a word of etiquette in conversation, or in the endless forms necessary for the superscription of a letter, were mortal offences, only to be cancelled by the sword. He, moreover, adhered to the practice of addressing his inferiors in the third person, and gloried in having given and received a score or two of sabre cuts in consequence of this proceeding.*

In all matters of family alliance, Edelstein's severity was so great, that he had quarrelled for ever with his only sister, for having been guilty of a *mésalliance*; that is, she had selected for her husband a baron by recent patent, and not of ancient prescription. He had himself married late in life; and having obtained honourable dismissal from the Prussian service, returned to his native country, where he was subsequently appointed master of the horse. He had now attained his sixty-fifth year; but, with advancing age, he had preserved in fact all the prejudices of his youth, and the violence and obstinacy of his character.

In many of the minor, as well as superior German courts, the consent or signature of the sovereign is necessary to legalise the marriage contract of officers, or public functionaries; and, even where this formality is not urgent, there are few persons of rank who would risk incurring royal frowns, by neglecting to consult their princes on such occasions. Edelstein, though proud as Lucifer, deemed it expedient not to omit this compliment; and he found his serene master and mistress already prepared with a reply. Their highnesses had long decided that it was important, in the first place, that Beatrice should marry; and, secondly, that her future lord should not only lay claim to blood as gentle as her own, but that he should be a native of their own dominions, and in their own service. Thus the society of the wife would be preserved as an ornament to their court, and the revenues of the husband be expended in the "residenz." It is necessary to have dwelt in one of these miniature capitals to comprehend the importance attached to such apparent trifles; but where large fortunes are rare, and the population limited, the subtraction of twenty or thirty thousand dollars from annual circulation, becomes a matter of serious financial calculation, not only to tradesmen, but even to the court itself.

After sundry conferences, the secret researches into the heraldic archives and rentals of different noble families, their highnesses were spared further trouble by the spontaneous offers of a nobleman, who pos-

* It may not be superfluous to mention, that a marked distinction exists in Germany in the forms of locution, according to the respective ranks of the interlocutors. The King of Prussia generally speaks in the infinite mood, and shows some skill in being able to turn his phrases to this effect; but most other sovereigns employ the third person "he." Equals adopt the plural, "you;" and, where individuals of rank cannot employ "he," or do not condescend to use "you," they say "thou;" but this does not argue intimacy, but superiority. Parents, children, and intimate friends, speak in the second person singular.

sessed every essential; save that, of all others, perhaps, the most important in the present instance—the faculty of making an impression on the heart of the lovely Beatrice.

Count Hirschthal, the individual in question, occupied the post of "ober jäger meister," or, in our court phraseology, master of the buck-hounds. He was of middle age, remarkable for no striking moral or physical defects, and being of ancient family, and very rich, would have been considered an eligible match, perhaps, by any other young woman less romantic or independent in spirit than Beatrice. He was a favourite at court; and, indeed, possessed many essential qualities for such distinction. He had not even a bubble of wit of his own, but a happy talent for discovering and laughing at the leaden jokes of the prince. He was an admirable collector of town twaddle, and had an endless magazine of gossip. He boasted of having beaten Philidor at chess, and yet, somehow, he never could avoid being checkmated by his serene master. He could drive a bullet through the ring of a key at a hundred yards, with his rifle; and yet a wild boar, as huge as a bonassus, would pass unscathed by him, if his highness had previously fired and missed the valiant brute. In short, he was gifted with excellent court tact, and was looked upon as a mirror of good-breeding.

He had been much struck with the beauty and graces of Beatrice, and still more profoundly affected by the sight of the noble domains of Edelstein, Adlershof, and the large mansion in the capital. He had paid much attention to the one during two carnivals, and had dreamed of the others with great constancy during twice as many years; and, as he found that he was not making all the progress he could desire in the heart of the lady, he determined to enlist his serene master in his cause, and solicit his gracious interest with the count and his daughter. He declared himself passionately in love; and, in truth, he really did admire Beatrice more than any thing in the world, except his place, her estates, and the court dinners. Thus, when Edelstein opened his mind to the prince and princess, and requested their highnesses' counsel, he was overjoyed on finding that he had been anticipated by the very man whom, of all others, he most coveted for a son-in-law.

This intelligence was quickly conveyed to the *ober jäger meister*, by his serene protector. The former lost no time in ordering out his gala carriage; he bedecked himself in his full dress uniform, bade his servants put on their best liveries, and wash their faces; and then, ordering his jäger to equip himself with his embroidered baldric, and silver-hilted hunting sword, proceeded in state to the residence of the master of the horse. Here he announced in due form the object of his visit; he urged his suit with as much ardour as if he had been pursuing an eighteen-branched stag; and entreated his noble friend to place his name and fortune at the feet of his daughter. His request was well received; Beatrice's heart was declared to be as much disengaged as her hand; and he took his leave, having obtained Edelstein's solemn promise that he might consider the affair arranged.

No sooner had he departed than the count proceeded to his daughter's apartment, and there, briefly stating what had occurred, thus concluded: "You will therefore immediately prepare to receive his

excellency, the *ober jüger meister*, as your future husband."

If the sudden shock produced by this intelligence upon the mind of Beatrice was almost overwhelming, the surprise and anger of her father was not less intense, upon hearing her reply, after a short pause, "Father, thou surely canst not be serious,—I scarcely know the count."

"Serious!" exclaimed Edelstein, his eyes gleaming,—"yes! by all my forefathers, I am as serious as mortal sinner on the bed of confession."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated the daughter; "thou canst not be so cruel to thy only child."

"Cruel, Beatrice! is there cruelty in wishing to establish you in a situation that will be coveted by every maiden in Engelsbad? 'Tis I should ask thee, if thou art not trifling!"

"No! by my sainted mother's memory am I not! Never was resolve more fixed than mine; I cannot marry the count."

"Beware how you excite my choler," retorted Edelstein; "I, also, am fixed in purpose. As sure as thou art my only child, thou shalt marry him."

"Never!" replied Beatrice, calmly, but firmly—"never!"

Then, placing her beautiful arm round her parent's neck, she added, "Father! ask my life—thou gav'st it, thou canst take it. To spare thee mental or bodily agony, I would suffer death. To die is nothing—but to live a life of odious misery, such as that, is worse than death."

"Why," rejoined the father, somewhat softened by the fervency of her manner, "what are your objections? Is he not nearly as noble as ourselves? The father of the first Baron Hirschthal fell at Roncesvalles. Has he not fortune and place? and does he not stand high in courtly favour? Every woman in the 'residenz' is in love with him."

"But I am not, and never can be," retorted Beatrice.

"You shall!—you must!" exclaimed the father.

"Impossible!" ejaculated the daughter.

"Impossible!" vociferated the count—"an Edelstein knows no such word. Remember our family device, 'all's possible to the brave.' Your great ancestor, the tenth Count Edelstein, gained it by riding up the breach of a fortress of Palestine, in the face of a host of Saracens. But I waste words. His excellency has my promise; an Edelstein never yet broke a vow."

"Heaven have pity on me then!" replied the maiden; "I tell thee, father, if you force me to this detested marriage, a shroud shall be my bridal dress."

"Romantic nonsense! my purpose is irrevocable; I would sooner hew off my right hand than retract."

"Oh! father," said Beatrice, "the bare idea is death; what would be the reality?"

Surprised at the earnestness of his daughter's manner, the count answered: "What are your motives? Why this headstrong opposition? Your heart is disengaged?"

Beatrice turned deadly pale, and her frame trembled violently.

"Your heart is disengaged, I repeat?"

Beatrice made no reply; but she clasped her hands together by an involuntary and expressive movement.

"What!" exclaimed the father, his anger rapidly increasing, "is it possible? No! it cannot be! answer me, girl; have you dared think of any other person without my knowledge? Speak! I repeat," he continued, with increasing vehemence. "You hesitate—I see guilt on your forehead."

After a short pause, during which Beatrice was struggling with violent emotion, she replied with animation, "Yes, father, I love."

"Love!" retorted Edelstein, his voice choked with anger, "who is the man that has dared to gain your affections without consulting me, your parent? Who is it?"

"That is my secret, father," mildly replied the other: "it is buried here—here, in this heart thou would'st fain break."

"Were a thousand hearts to break, it matters not, girl! No! were the person worthy of you—were he not some obscure, some base-born fellow, thou would'st not evince this hesitation: but I shall discover him; my hand is not so feeble that I cannot avenge an insult. Listen to my irrevocable vow. My curse, my malediction be upon thee, if thou dost not forthwith consent to marry Count Hirschthal!"

Thus saying, he rushed from the room.

When Beatrice had somewhat recovered from the effect of this scene, she wrote and despatched the following note.

"Dearest Emily,—I always told you that I was born to misfortune; that the hopes and joys of this world are but idle deceptions, illusive dreams. My father knows that I love—but not the object of my affection. This he shall never know. He has sworn that I shall marry Count Hirschthal, under penalty of his malediction. I would sooner perish! I have sworn to Alfred never to become the wife of another. An Edelstein never broke a pledge. Let that console him. No, Emily, I can die, but ne'er be false. *'Mit ihm, mit ihm ist seligkeit, und ohne Alfred Hölle.'* Come to me, I am distracted."

The young person to whom these lines were addressed, was the orphan daughter of an officer, a soldier of fortune, who had fallen in the generous effort of saving Edelstein's life in a charge of cavalry. She was of the same age as the Countess Beatrice; and, out of gratitude, had been selected by the count, as the playmate and companion of his daughter. They had been reared and educated together; and were as sisters in confidence and affection. Emily had a brother, a young officer of extraordinary promise, who was considered, not only the most accomplished, but the handsomest youth in the duchy of ——. He was a protégé of the count's, and owed to him his education and advancement. Little was the latter aware that the humble youth was the object of his daughter's love.

Alfred Dolmau had known his sister's friend from her infancy. When a boy, he had been allowed to visit the mansion at will. At a later period he had frequent opportunities of seeing Beatrice; and, as the count would as soon have imagined that the young penniless orphan would aspire to the hand of an archduchess of Austria as to that of his daughter, he frequently invited him to his house in town and country, and permitted him almost uncontrolled access to her presence. Dangerous and fatal privilege! The childish fondness they felt for each other had grown with their growth, and ripened into tender sympathy.

This sympathy had terminated in a devoted attachment, to which the romantic character of Beatrice gave an intensity bordering on ecstatic worship. It was not, however, until the preceding summer, that the lovers' lips had first proclaimed the secret that their eyes and manner had so often betrayed. They had then pledged their faith to each other, with all the solemnity and vehemence of the most ardent passion. This engagement had sunk deep in the mind of Beatrice: she was an utter stranger to all coquetry; she did not look on a vow as one of those idle assurances so commonly given, so commonly violated. It was made in the face of God; she had invoked Heaven as her witness, and to her it was as binding as though a minister of the church had sanctified it with his blessing.

To describe the feelings of Alfred when his sister communicated the contents of her friend's note would be impossible. Jealousy, admiration, tenderness, and despair, alternately racked his heart. He rushed, like one frantic, from the house, and passed the night in wandering in the adjacent forest. His miserable sister dreaded lest he should be brought home, a corpse. At length, he returned; but in a state of mind scarcely less frantic than when he quitted the house. Disregarding all obstacles,—the character of the count, and the madness of aspiring to the hand of Beatrice, he talked of throwing himself at her father's feet, and of trying to soften his heart. He then declared his resolution to provoke Hirschthal to single combat; forgetting that he could only meet with insult from the one, imprisonment and the vengeance of the prince in consequence of the other. In vain, his sister argued.

The voice of reason in such cases is a feeble barrier to the frenzy of passion.

After one or two days passed in this state, Alfred's better genius at length prevailed. His ingratitude towards his benefactor, and the horrible idea of bringing down a father's malediction upon the head of the woman he loved, or of involving her in his own misery, was insupportable.

His principles of honour were of the highest order; and although the result should be death, he resolved to make an effort to subdue his feelings, and to give a proof that he was worthy of Beatrice's esteem.

"Sister," said he, "my resolution is now immutably adopted. I have been wild, more than insane, to think of Beatrice. The prejudices of birth have placed an insuperable barrier between us. God knows how tenderly, how devotedly I love her. The feelings can only end with life;—but I have a duty, a holy duty to perform. I cannot boast of noble ancestors, but my own deeds shall ennoble us. It never shall be said, that, in order to gratify my own selfishness, I brought a father's curse upon a daughter's head. No! I will fly the country. Beatrice must marry the count! She says she will not break a pledge: tell her I will release her from her vow; say to her, that I implore her to submit to her father's commands! nay, more—say, I bid her do so! We must meet once more—I will then absolve her from her promise. Go! I will hasten to the palace, and offer my resignation. Thou shalt come with me into Italy. My talents as a painter will suffice for our support. I will try to live for thee."

Emily made no opposition to this proposal; and, in the course of the day, communicated it to her friend.

Beatrice listened calmly. She shed no tears; but, after some minutes' meditation, replied,—

"Be it so; he has shown to me an example of submission that must be imitated. Beatrice von Edelstein will not be outdone in generosity. He shall not have upon his soul the remorse of bringing down a parent's malediction upon a wretched daughter's head. The nauseous draught shall be swallowed. My father shall see, that to an Edelstein 'all is possible.' Return, my dear Emily, and inform your brother that I applaud his resolutions. You say that he earnestly implores a last interview. Let him come to the chapel in the left wing of the mansion, at eight, on the eve of the day fixed for my nuptials with Count Hirschthal."

The young maidens had scarcely separated, ere Beatrice descended to her father's cabinet, and, with a tone of mild supplication, thus addressed him:—

"Father, does not your heart relent? must the odious sacrifice be consummated? am I to be forced into this marriage—this living sepulchre?"

"May Heaven's vengeance light on thee and me, if I prove faithless to my promise!" replied the count.

"The duke has fixed this day week for the ceremony; their highnesses will honour us in person."

"In a week!" exclaimed Beatrice, and she shuddered.

"I have sworn it," replied the count.

"Then Heaven's will be done!" said the unhappy girl; "and may the dire consequences of this horrid decision fall lightly upon thee, my father. But no more;—tell Count Hirschthal the victim is prepared. Oh, that I had no heart, or that it would burst!"

The count could scarcely credit what he heard; his joy at having obtained his daughter's consent, superseded all other considerations. He little heeded the solemn expressions of her agony, which he attributed to the romantic exaggeration of her character; and, as he had no faith in the duration of such sentiments, he already saw her, in his mind's eye, one of the happiest, as she would be the most noble and wealthy woman at court. He rose,—pressed her to his heart,—lavished upon her every possible expression of parental tenderness, and declared that she was not only thrice worthy of her noble lineage, but even too good for Hirschthal.

The eve of the day appointed for the marriage ceremony had already arrived. It was towards the close of December. The weather was cold and gloomy,—sombre as the hearts of the young couple who were to meet for the last time. The hour fixed by Beatrice for this interview was nigh at hand. She had seen her Emily in the morning; and the latter remarked, with joy, that Beatrice appeared more calm, more resigned, than upon the previous days. She seemed to have armed her mind with a degree of unwonted fortitude and philosophy, far different from the accustomed vivacity of her nature. She bade adieu to Emily with a tearless but solemn tenderness, saying,—

"God bless thee, dearest sister; alas! to-morrow, when thou see'st me—how changed! Well may I exclaim with Lessing, 'The flowers of my life have bloomed away—the dreams of my youth are dreamed out.' Adieu! tell your brother I shall await him in the chapel."

An hour before the given time, Edelstein entered his daughter's apartment, and, taking from a casket a splendid set of jewelry, said,—

"These, my child, are thine. They were thy mother's; pure as may be the lustre of these gems, they are less so than thee. Ah! could our long line of noble ancestors wake from their graves!"

"Let them sleep, father," rejoined Beatrice, solemnly; "their descendant envies their repose."

"They would say," continued the count, "that thou as far outshinest them as these diamonds exceed those pearls in lustre."

"Pearls! father," replied the maiden, "pearls be-token tears. It is an ominous gift. Can'st shed tears, father? If so, prepare the fountain of thine eyes, for to-morrow shall be a day of mourning."

Edelstein was about to quit the room, much affected at his daughter's manner, when she exclaimed, "I have yet a boon to crave."

"Ask and it is granted," retorted the count.

"It is thy blessing."

"Why at this moment, my child? besides, do I not hourly bless thee, and Providence, for granting me such a daughter as thou? I must hasten to take his highness's commands for to-morrow; I have some business, also, to transact with your future husband. In an hour or two I shall return, and bless thee for the last time as Beatrice von Edelstein."

"We are frail creatures, father," rejoined Beatrice; "God can give, he can take away; life is but as the down on the mountain flower; a breath, and it is sped. Who knows? I have a heaviness—an icy, leaden heaviness, that oppresses my soul. Give me, I implore thee, thy benediction."

The count placed one hand on his daughter's head, and, raising the other to heaven, fervently invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon her; then, pressing her to his bosom, he hastened from the chamber to conceal his emotion.

No sooner had he departed, than Beatrice threw herself upon her knees, and for a while prayed fervently; then rising, and opening a cabinet, she took from it a small phial of some dark fluid. For a while she gazed at it intently, and then placed it upon the table. She then clasped her hands before her, and, with heaving bosom, expanded nostrils, and fixed eye, stood motionless, like some noble production from the divine chisel of Canova. Intense moral agony was depicted upon her brow; a mental struggle was passing between the gloomy certainty of the living morrow, and the dark terrors of eternal night. But the combat was brief. With one hand she flung back the rich luxuriant curls that clustered in disorder round her forehead; with the other she seized the phial, and, in an instant its contents were drained to the last drop.

"Father, unhappy father, may my sin not fall on thee hereafter!" were the only words she uttered, as she sank half fainting on her seat.

The loud toll of the cathedral clock now boomed upon her ear. It was the first stroke of the appointed hour. She seized a light, descended the staircase, and hastily traversed the long suite of splendid apartments that were already prepared for the bridal feast. In a moment more she gained the oratory, and the unhappy Alfred stood before her. For some time the wretched lovers gazed upon each other without utterance. They silently regarded each other's features, and were struck with the fierce ravages that grief had worked in them. The hand of time seemed to have

At length the maiden exclaimed,—"Alfred, you wished to see me before your departure; 'twere better had we spared each other this cruel interview. But our meeting must be brief. Time flies; my hours are numbered."

"Oh! to-morrow, to-morrow," rejoined he, "you will have leisure sufficient: grant me but a few moments, and I will bless you."

"To-morrow, Alfred! alas! for me there is no morrow," answered Beatrice, with solemnity.

"Talk not thus I implore you—it will drive me to madness."

"'Twere a blessing sometimes," replied the young countess; yes, 'twere better to outlive reason than to outlive hope."

"Oh! would that I had lost the one, when the other perished," rejoined her lover. "To-morrow!—God in heaven! to-morrow will be the grave of all that made life dear to me—and yet of what use is life to such a wretch as I? Oh! Beatrice, if you knew how I have loved you, worshipped you from infancy. Absent, present, awake, asleep, your loved image has been my only star. It has been my light, my being, my very self—bereft of thee I cannot live."

"Live, Alfred! I command you," replied Beatrice, earnestly: "live as you value my peace now and hereafter. Swear to me, swear by the memory of our innocent loves, swear by your immortal soul, that you will not seek to shorten the days which God has granted thee."

Alfred bent his head—paused.

"Swear, I repeat," exclaimed Beatrice, "as you would hope for my blessing!"

Alfred raised the forefingers of his right hand, whilst he bent his head, and answered, "I swear: yes, Beatrice, I swear! But hearken: honour and duty command that I should absolve you from your vow; you are the affianced of another: but I also swear never to forget you, either in health or sickness; whether as the bride of another, or as you are now standing, in all the godlike purity of virgin innocence; whether amidst the living splendour of courts, or in the gloomy silence of the grave—nothing shall tear you from my heart. No!—may the warm life-blood curdle in my veins, and may this right hand wither, if e'er I stretch it forth in love or amity to human soul, if I forget thee. I ask for no return: you are absolved—absolved for ever. I crave your pity—before to-morrow dawns I shall fly for ever."

"Oh, Alfred," replied the maiden, "am I not to be pitied? Ah! you know not half the horrid sacrifice—but the time will come when all will be revealed."

She now paused, her voice became enfeebled; an icy chillness was creeping towards her heart, whilst the fever of ten thousand fires burned fiercely in her throat.

"Begone—begone," she added; "I must leave you whilst I have yet strength."

The poison had evidently commenced its deadly action. A marble, livid paleness o'erspread her features; her eye had lost its lustre, and the vermilion of her quivering lip had been replaced by an ashy whiteness.

"God of my fathers! exclaimed Alfred, in an agony of distress, "you are ill; accursed that I am!"

"'Tis nothing!—Here," said she, taking from her bosom a locket set in brilliants, "wear this for my sake; 'twas my dying mother's gift."

At this moment, the echo of voices and footsteps resounded through the adjoining chamber. Beatrice collected her remaining strength, and exclaimed, "Fly! fly, as you hope for my dying blessing—fly! it is my father: fly, or you are lost!"

The effort was too much for her: her brain turned with sickening dizziness; she staggered, and fell senseless into the arms of the wretched Alfred.

At that instant, the doors of the oratory were burst open; and no language can describe the surprise and fury of Edelstein and his intended son-in-law on discovering Alfred leaning against the altar, his left arm supporting the inanimate body of Beatrice, which he pressed with frantic agony to his heart, whilst in his right, he presented a pistol in the direction of the entrance.

"In the name of God!" exclaimed the youth, "do as you will with me, but bring help, or she perishes! the chill hand of death is on her!"

"Traitor! base-born seducer!" was the simultaneous reply of both counts. In an instant, their swords sprang from their scabbards. The weapons were buried in the body of their victim. The pistol had also exploded—its effect was mortal. Within a few minutes, three inanimate bodies were conveyed from the little chapel. The maledictions of the whole city fell upon the youthful murderer.

About five years subsequent to this catastrophe, a stranger of prepossessing countenance and noble carriage, but bearing on his brow the traces of profound suffering and premature old age, arrived at the romantic and secluded village of —, situated on the banks of the river Lahn, near the frontier of the duchy of —.

He was supposed to be a foreigner, and an artist; for he spoke, or feigned to speak, little of the language, and amongst his effects were different utensils of a painter. He hired a small chamber at a retired inn; lived in the utmost seclusion; held no communication with any of the inhabitants; neither wrote nor received letters, and occupied himself solely with painting and mechanics.

His mysterious manners at first excited the suspicion of the local authorities; but, on examination, his papers were found to be in order. Beyond his mere name, Charles Lamotte, nothing could be discovered about or against him; and he was, therefore, permitted to remain unmolested. His reputation with the simple villagers was, however, somewhat equivocal; for, independent of his strolling about after nightfall in the adjacent forests, where he was heard talking to himself, or as if communing with some invisible spirit, he pored over books, containing mystic figures and symbols, he used strange instruments, and other supposed agents of necromancy: and it was, therefore, bruited abroad, that he was either the Wandering Jew, or a personage holding dealings with Satan. This belief was confirmed by the village brazier and tinman, who asserted, in confidence, to his customers, that he had been called upon to assist Monsieur Lamotte in fixing up, in his chamber, a strange and devilish machine, surmounted by a glass globe; that he, Lamotte, had gone into the next room, and, although there was no apparent communication, had spoken as distinctly to him as though placed at

his side, and told him of all his movements and looks as truly as though under his very eyes. However, as he paid regularly for his modest chamber and repasts, and there was no farther evidence against him, matters were allowed to take their course, and, after a month, the subject was forgotten.

The magician, or, rather, mechanician, for such, in fact, he was, usually passed his evenings, after sunset, in strolling through the dense woods that clothed the craggy and romantic borders of the river. He appeared well acquainted with the neighbouring country, but it was remarked that he studiously avoided passing the limits that divided the principality of — from the duchy of —. On one of these occasions, however, instead of confining his ramble to the confines of —, he struck into the woods of the duchy, and rapidly bent his steps towards the picturesque ruins of an old feudal bourg, whose donjon still reared its venerable head on the summit of a lofty crag, near the borders of the river.

The castle itself was in ruins, but the proprietor had built a modern edifice at its base, evidently intended as a summer retreat. The spot appeared familiar to the stranger; for, on gaining the enclosure of the garden and vineyard, he made straight to a wicket, concealed by a mass of ivy and creepers, entered the enclosure, and directed his steps towards a rustic temple, that commanded a view of the adjacent valley.

It was a night of peculiar brightness and serenity. The moon shone splendidly, and threw her mellow light upon the fair prospect around. Hill, wood, and dale, were defined with mid-day accuracy. Myriads of twinkling stars spangled in the firmament. The silence of the surrounding scene was unbroken even by the breeze; the notes of the very nightingale were hushed. It was a night for meditation: a night for communing with past recollections, with images that can alone be recalled in the calm hours of solitude. The stranger stood for a while with his arms crossed, and gazed upon the lonely, tranquil scene: then, taking from his bosom something that glistened in the moon's rays, as though 'twere set with gems, he pressed it fervently to his lips and heart. Then he moved slowly onward towards the eminence on which stood the temple. He was about to enter, when his eye lit upon a vision that transfixed him, breathless, to the spot.

The stranger had been a soldier; he had faced death with undaunted valour by field and flood, and his cheek had never blanched; but his knees now smote violently, his body quaked like the light aspen, his eyes seemed starting from their orbits, his teeth, chattered for very awe. It is a fearful thing, reader, to meet, or fancy that one stands before, a being of another world. To see the grave yield back its dead is awful; the stoutest heart might quail.

Near the window stood a tall female figure; the moon's rays fell brightly, distinctly, upon its wan and death-like features—there could be no error. It stood there motionless as death. Whether ethereal spirit or mortal body, 'twas there; plain, distinct, as the very moon itself—it bore the image of Beatrice! An involuntary groan burst from the tortured heart of the stranger. The figure turned. Its eyes fell upon him, melancholy and glassy, such as they are when fixed in death. A piercing shriek was heard; and in an instant more, Alfred, the exile, pressed

once more to his bosom, the living, but wasted and inanimate, form of his beloved Beatrice.

A few days subsequent, the stranger was suddenly missed from the village. His books, his drawings, all his trifling property, remained untouched. He had been last seen in the woods leading towards the ruined Castle of Adlershof. On the same day that he was missed, the hat of Beatrice was found by her attendants upon the edge of the precipice overhanging the foaming Lahn. Her scarf was seen waving some yards beneath, from the branch of a stunted shrub, that shot forth its gnarled limbs from between a casual crevice. There were marks of footsteps upon the banks above, as if two persons had struggled violently. Count Edelstein's noble daughter had, apparently, perished.

About seven or eight years from this period, a venerable German nobleman arrived at —, on a mission to the Court of —. Amongst the sights to which he was conducted, was the exhibition of the "Invisible Girl," which, at the epoch alluded to, excited general attention, as much from the ingenuity of the deception, as from the varied talents of the unknown female from whom it derived its appellation.

The nobleman was requested by a friend to address the performer in his native tongue,—a request he complied with, saying, "Fair invisible, since you profess to know all things, and combine the talents of a magician with all the graces of a siren,—tell me, I pray you, who I am, and whence I come?" There was no answer. The nobleman repeated his question. Still there was a silence. The bystanders smiled, and some observed they did not think she spoke the language. The nobleman again addressed her, and pressed her to speak. There was still a pause. At length the voice replied, "Thy heart would quail, old man, were I to say all I know." The count started, but rejoined, "Speak! there is no one here that understands the language; since you know so much, speak! Whence am I?"

"From the land where the feelings of humanity and nature are sacrificed to the prejudices of blood."

The nobleman again started, and turned pale; the voice had struck upon an awful chord in the bosom of Count Edelstein. "Go on, go on," said he, after a moment's reflection.

"Be it so," replied the performer. "You had a daughter, count; you drove her to distraction, to self-murder. But God was merciful. A soldier saved your life in battle. Your sword drank the blood of his son; but the Providence that watched over you in the hour of battle, held out his shield, and saved you this crime."

"Hold, hold, in mercy hold!" rejoined the count. "Know you aught of the fate of my child, or of Alfred Dolman? Speak, and half my fortune is yours."

"Go ask the foaming Lahn, go ask the exile's grave."

The aged count could hear no more; the blood rushed to his brain; he staggered, and had fallen, had not assistance been afforded. He was conveyed to a private room, and at length recovered his senses. Staring wildly around him, he exclaimed, in his native tongue, "My child, my unhappy child! Oh! if it be thou, appear, that I may bless thee! but haste,—my moments are, I feel, numbered,—the hand of death is on me." A door opened; Beatrice, sup-

ported by Alfred, rushed to his feet. "You have my blessing! Father Almighty!"—the shock was too violent. A relapse took place, and in less than three days, the remains of the last Count Edelstein were committed to the grave.

Such was the tale told to me in Germany of the female who personified the "Invisible Girl." Having asked my informer to elucidate certain portions of the narrative which appeared obscure, he replied nearly in the following terms. The bodies of Hirschthal and Beatrice were removed from the chapel: the former speedily breathed his last; an empty phial, upon the table of the second, instantly disclosed to her attendants the fatal truth. Physicians were sent for: antidotes were administered;—she was restored to life, but bereft of reason. By judicious care she at length recovered, and, a few days previous to the arrival of Alfred at the village of —, had been removed to Adlershof for the benefit of air.

Upon the night of the catastrophe, Alfred's bleeding body was conveyed by the police to prison. His wounds, though severe, were not mortal. He had been shielded by the form of his beloved. He recovered, after a long confinement. His judges acquitted him of premeditated murder; but he was condemned to degradation and perpetual banishment. He wandered with his sister to Rome, where he shortly buried her. He there fell in with a countryman, who imparted to him the secret mechanism of the exhibition known as that of the "Invisible Girl." The inventor died before it was yet perfected. By dint of application, Alfred succeeded in completing it, and was proceeding to England, when he was attracted by some hidden sympathy to the village of —. Unconscious of Beatrice's existence, he had wandered to the old ruins of Adlershof; hence the lovers agreed to fly together. The hat and scarf were purposely placed upon the craggy banks of the Lahn, to deceive her attendants. In a few days they were united. Upon the death of Count Edelstein, the "Invisible Girl" inherited his noble property. France has become her adopted country.

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

AISHA.

BY THE HON. COLONEL CARADOC.

"PULCHERIA.—Not to hold you in suspense, behold the virgin,

Rich in her natural beauties, no way borrowing
The adulterate aids of art. Peruse her better;
She's worth your serious view.

GRATIANUS.—Here's a marriage made up o' the sudden.
MASSINGER'S *Emperor of the East*.

It was during a sojourn among the Bedoween tribes, inhabiting the eastern shores of the Red Sea, that I fell in with the heroine of a tale, which, though it does not aspire to be strange, nevertheless claims to be true.

"I shall take it for granted that very few of my readers have been in Araby the Stony, and seen the descendants of Ishmael in their parental domains. In order, therefore, to prefix something, by way of a frontispiece, to my short story, for the eye of those

whose travels in the Levant have been confined to the Turkish carpet in their dining room, I shall hastily sketch the physiognomy of a country whose aspect has never varied from the days of the great Moses himself.

Stern and monotonous as may be the general features of what is often misnamed a desert, let not the reader suppose that all is barren. That vast uncultivated expanse which lies in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea, is far from presenting the eternal and unbroken level of sand that those, who are born in the green islands of the West, believe to be the universal character of the Arabian Peninsula. At least, I know such was *my* belief, when, in the days of my youth, I fancied myself setting out with Antar on a lion hunt, or jogging by the side of some holy hadgee, who, half dead with thirst, was travelling to quaff salvation in the bubbling waters of Zemzem.

There are, indeed, some accursed patches, where scores of miles lie before you like a tawny Atlantic; and great is the despair of the back-broken traveller, as he stretches from his camel, only to see one yellow wave rising before another. But he knows that his measure of misery must be filled, so he rolls his sash a little tighter around him, to prevent one grand fusion of his inside, stuffs a little more handkerchief into his mouth to keep out the poisonous hamseen; and then, with a patience kindred to that of his beast, awaits the sulphureous spring which is to be the resting-place for the night.

But, now and then, and far from unfrequently, there are regions of wild fertility, where the earth shoots forth, with munificence, a jungle of aromatic shrubs. The trimmest garden in England cannot boast of such sweets; and most delicious are the sensations conveyed to the parched European, as his camel breaks down the underwood with his broad feet, and scatters to the air the exhalations of a thousand herbs. Though there be little or no rain, the dews fall heavy; and wherever there is a germ to develope, it is brought forth with a luxuriance, of which the richest heather of the Highlands can give no idea.

There are other districts of those unchanging regions where the hard and compact gravel would do honour to a lady's shrubbery. In these spots, you meet with dwarf trees, and long ridges of low bare rocks, disporting themselves in most singular vagaries of configuration, and along whose base you find the yellow partridge, and the black-eyed gazelle—that eternal simile for all beauteous maids in all Arab tales.

It was under a projecting ledge of one of these rocks that was pitched the tent of the sheikh, who governed, with biblical simplicity, a wild but affectionate tribe. This dignity had long been in his family; for though the Arabs do not deem it the least incumbent on them to follow, link by link, the chain of hereditary descent in the choice of their rulers, or think that a tribe of men can be bequeathed like a flock of goats, yet they will willingly raise a son to the elevation his father held before him, if there be a fair chance of a succession of virtue. The chief of an Arab community has no sinecure: the civil list of their first magistrate (to use the parley of the West) depends on his own spear; his wife is his only chamberlain; his steed his only throne. He dispenses, and, peradventure, executes the law. He must have more courage than his subjects, with no more than

equal division of the spoil—the first in the skirmish, the last on the battle-field.

The tribe consisted of about sixty males, with the proportional accompaniment of women and children, which, with the grinding-stones for their corn, constituted their only encumbrances. A number of black hair tents, in quaint array, and of funereal appearance, of all sizes, of all forms, some with one pole, some with half a dozen, and stretched in all manner of ways, by all imaginable contrivances, were spread around. It was intended by a sort of traditional propriety, that there should be a street down the middle of the encampment; but it was necessary to take the will for the deed, for the irresistible charms of a smiling tree, a comely bush, or a dimpling pool, seduced the yielding habitations into all directions. A score of camels were grazing around, and seemed luxuriating upon something invisible to all eyes but their own. A flock of goats was skipping along the crags, now trying to crop the "yellow hair" of the stunted acacia, and now digging for roots with their fore feet. A few horses were tethered before the tents, exposed to the scorching sun by day, and the thick dew by night. A score of imps were sleeping under their bellies, or straddling upon their backs, put there by their mothers by way of keeping them out of mischief, when they went to draw water from the spring, or gather such fuel as was to be found. These horses, the jewels of the Nejid, the Howards and Talbots of a long line of ancestry, appear, in their quiescent state, like many a bit of blood, fallen from high estate into a cab, over whose salient ribs and drooping crest the Yorick of Oxford Street moralises as he walks; but a keen eye will trace, in their half-starved look, the smouldering fire, the dormant muscle, and all the indications of an energy at will, that shame more pampered breeds, and make this aristocracy of the earth a marvel in the history of their race. The name of that sleepy-looking mare, with a young sheikh between her legs, lives, perhaps, in ten thousand mouths. Her health is a subject of anxiety to tribes who have never seen her; and though there be not a gold coin in the possession of her owner, the three tales of a pacha might be insufficient to buy her.

Few and scanty are the garments of the desert; but of these, the variegated kerchief, which makes part of the travelling head-gear of the Arab, and the striped mashlah, had been laid aside. As with every uncivilised people, when the moment of excitement is over, the men had sunk into utter listlessness. Nothing was to be heard but the scolding and chattering of the senior ladies of the company. To admire ugliness in its sublimity, it is necessary to see an old Arab woman; and to have an idea of the sounds pectoral, guttural, and nasal, which human organs can accomplish, it behoveth the inquisitive traveller to awake her wrath.

The men were sitting before their tents, courting the sun, of which, verily, one would think they had had enough in their lifetime. Some were lazily affixing to the end of long poles pieces of iron, of sundry shapes and dimensions, which had served more peaceful masters as handles to saucapans, or bars to grid-irons; but, being sharpened and beautified, were now to enact the parts of spear heads. Others were making the toilet of their matchlocks, and scrubbing barrels of portentous length, and still more

frightful thinness. The greater part were sitting upon their heels and looking on, as if they had never seen such doings before, or counting the stock of powder they had got in their last visit to Suez or Gaza, each grain of which is as large as a pea. Look well into the almost transparent bodies of these fleshless and muscular men, and you will see that hardly one has come scatheless out of the eternal warfare in which they live. Some bodies are actually full of holes; one might fancy the unhappy patients had just recovered from a newly imported small-pox, of colossal virulence. How they cure wounds, which, by every rule of chirurgery, ought to be mortal, is beyond European comprehension. Boiling oil is the gentle specific for all harms by gun-shot; and the actual cautery is the katholikon for every ailment, great or small, in the whole range of nosology. Such a system of therapeutics well belongs to what is called, in French phrase, "*la médecine héroïque*."

Willingly would you turn from the figures of these rugged men to look on the young Aisha. She was young and slight, and entering her thirteenth year, what time the young ladies of the desert are quite ready to come out. Her limbs were more graceful than the branches of the acacia when moved by the evening breath of the skies, and her steps more elastic than those of the young kid of Kashmeer. In the dark velvet of her eye there was peace and love. You could see reflected in it all the phases of her guileless soul, and still find love, nothing but love. Her whole being had been bathed in this gentle dew of nature. She was beginning to feel in her heart "a deathlike stillness, which is not repose;" and when her breast heaved heavily, it was like the heavings of the earth when it seeks to pour forth its hidden floods. Unlike the females of the towns, the Arab maidens hide not their faces, and start not from man; they meet his gaze with all the courage of innocence, and walk erect, as though their sex had never fallen. A long red scarf shaded her brow, and fell, unconfined, upon her bosom. Shall I say it? Aisha had a star on each cheek, a sort of triangle on her forehead, and a full moon on her chin, all most cunningly impressed in dotted lines of cerulean hue; but there were three dimples on those cheeks and that chin, which wanted no foreign aid; and such was a nose, whose peer had met no Moslem eye since the days of Roxalana, that I doubt whether the small silver ring that pierced it did not rather impair than improve its effect. Aisha was clad in the female covering of her country: as it was her only one, how shall I name it? It was large, and long, and dark, with voluminous sleeves, tucked up and twisted over the shoulder, allowing her beautiful arm to escape from their folds, like a sunny rivulet that comes dancing from its shady bed; her small hands and elongated fingers bore the indefeasible impress of nobility; and, as she walked, her little naked feet were as like Sir John Suckling's little mice, as the simile of a poet need be.

Aisha's mind was neither empty nor blank; for who can rove over the boundless desert without feeling an elasticity of the spirit, an evaporation of the soul, which the crowd of civilisation confines, compresses and crushes? Who, whose being has been kindled at the very fountains of the sun, whose infancy has been saturated in his beams, who has daily followed him in his course, without a cloud to veil his glory, or intercept his embrace, but feels an ex-

pansion of his faculties, which no schools can give? Her religion was a simple one: she needed not the Imaun Moawiyah to tell her that there was a God; the stars in the heavens had already told her that; but he had added, that he had sent a prophet upon earth, and, as Moawiyah's head was gray, she believed him. This was the extent of her theology; and, indeed, the Imaun himself knew no more. As it was proper to give her some spiritual advice, he had told her to avoid the juice of the vine, and, above all, to obey her husband in all things.

This was not difficult, for Aisha knew no more of a vine, than of a British oak, and the husband had not yet appeared.

I must now hasten onwards in my story. I staid some weeks with this kind and hospitable tribe, and then proceeded on my wanderings. The old shiekh parted with me like a son; and when Aisha asked me to stay, I felt that the sooner I went the better. She was really surpassing in loveliness, gentle as the fawn at her feet, yet lively as the light of her skies. I had not basked in the heaven of her love, but I could guess the depth of its devotion; and when, many years afterwards, I heard the circumstances I am now relating, of all the things that were past, my memory turned to none more fondly than my brief acquaintance with the Arab girl.

In the spring of the year 1822, a Bedoween tribe, between Suez and Tor, had waylaid and plundered a caravan, from Cairo, on its way to Djidda. It was laden with great riches, and carried the speculations of some of the wealthiest merchants of the Nile. Mohammed Ali vowed vengeance; but he knew, since his campaign in the Hejaz, how bootless a task it was to gallop after the robber of the desert, where every man who amuses himself in collecting his own taxes, and takes to the trade of Turpin, bestrides as good a friend at a pinch as Black Bess herself. He, therefore, enjoined the Pacha of Suez to make it known, far and near, that he gave one year to the plunderers, either to bring back the spoil, or repay its worth; and if, at the expiration of that period, there appeared neither money nor merchandise, he would march a body of troops into the offending country, and put to death all he met.

It was just as this year of grace drew to a close that I left the shores of the Red Sea, and that the pacha's troops were let loose along them to commence their career of destruction. However, whether it was that they met nobody, that they recollected Pharaoh's impotent rage on these same sands, or that they soon grew sick of the desert, the fact is (and let them have the honour of it,) they returned in three weeks withholding any harm to mortal.

The division that took this military walk was about twelve hundred strong, and was chiefly composed of men from the northern and mountainous districts of Greece. Montenegrins, Chimariotes, Servians, and Thessalonians, hardy descendants of Scanderbeg and Czerni George, who are found all over the Turkish empire, selling their blood to a dynasty they hate—the most dissolute of its subjects in peace, the most cruel in war, Mussulmans in the mosque, Christians before the Panagia, their ideas of religion and of loyalty are about equally defined.

A Turkish regiment invariably amuses itself on the way by firing at every thing it sees. Wo to the pigeon, the quail, duck, wild or tame, that comes

across it. The platoon exercise begins incontinently; balls, slugs, shots, and, not unfrequently, ramrods, go whistling after the rash animal. The more adventurous spirits of the corps make little excursions, that turn out as profitably as pleasantly, having also, the advantage of relieving the commissariat. As the whole system is carried on with the grandest contempt for small matters, and as the head of the column generally arrives at its destination before its tail has begun to move, it is not to be wondered that the neighbourhood of the line of march on these occasions is in no want of guests.

It was at the close of a scorching day, in the beginning of summer, that an armed man, and a stranger, arrived at an Arab encampment. He went boldly up to the first tent he saw, and with the frankness of a soldier, and coolness of a Turk, asked hospitality from its inmates. An Arab has singular notions of honour and charity; he will certainly plunder you, and, possibly, slay you, when you are no longer in his keeping; but he never refuses food to those who ask it; and as long as you are in what he conceives his territory, you are safe. He will shed his best blood for you to day; but, beware of your friend to-morrow, when you have got some other protector.

As this straggling soldier is the hero of my epic, it is fitting that I should describe him. There may be some learned Thebans among my readers who have had the services of his stick at Bab-el-Molook, in stimulating the poor devils of the glebe to look for mummies. He was just the fellow to precede an English thane, or a Russian prince.

Juma, for so he called himself, first saw the day in Cavala, a port in Macedonia; which also gave birth, some sixty-five years ago, to the present ruler of Egypt, who, after playing the bucanier in the country of Alexander, has taken to play the king on the throne of the Ptolemies. Our hero was the son of Greek parents: of his father, little was known; but his mother was a beauty, who was always looking out of the window with well-blackened eyebrows, and a flower over her left ear. Hence, as there were many Albanians in the town, some people were malicious enough to suppose that there may have been some satisfactory cause for the sympathies which led him, at a very early age, to Tepelen, and there placed him, first, as chiboukji to Ali Pacha, with all the honours, pleasures, and immunities, attached to the situation; and then, as his face became rougher, and his sinews tougher, enrolled him in the body-guard of that ruthless prince. While living with his mother, he had rejoiced in the apostolic prenomens of Yani; but he soon threw overboard this rayah name, and was admitted to the communion of the faithful under that of Juma, which, being done into English, means Friday. I know not why this appellation is so common in certain parts of the Ottoman Empire; for though Friday has achieved celebrity in the West from having designated an illustrious individual, I have yet to learn its claims to an equal place in the fasti of the East. After many a foray, and many a surprise, after having defended many a fort on the crag, and fired many a village in the valley, Juma, for some misfortune or mal-practice,—for crime and failure differ but in name, found his head in danger, and fled to try his fortune at Athens. Here he protected our classical countrymen in their excursions to Marathon and Colonna, under

certain conditions and considerations, and robbed them if these were uncomplained with. This mode of life sufficiently suited him: there was no want of Greeks to beat, and he had plenty of pork (*proh pudor!*) and Marsala, his favourite edibles; a viaticum, without which no explorer of antiquity ever lands from any of his majesty's ships at the Piræus; for the enthusiasm of an Englishman depends, all the world over, on the temperature of his stomach. However, Juma dreamed of greatness; the tail of a pacha used to tickle his nose as he slept, and his slumbers were no longer peaceful; so he set out one morning for Scio, and arrived there just in time for the massacre. When there were no more men to kill, nor women to insult, he sailed for Alexandria, and embarked in a pirate, by way of keeping his hand in during the voyage. The war with the Wahabees, those martial puritans of Islam, had just broken out, and he accompanied Too-sun Pacha to Mekka. Here his Albanian recklessness of danger, grafted on the natural cunning of his stock, early raised him into the favour of the pacha; he was put about his person, and, on his return to Cairo, was transferred to the establishment of his father, in whose house and affections he gained a distinguished place, as a willing countryman, an unscrupulous knave, and a daring soldier.

Juma was certainly a handsome man. He was one of those devil-may-care looking fellows one so often meets in the East, with piercing eyes, smooth brown complexion, unwrinkled cheeks, and vigorous frame, to whom it is impossible to affix an age. His might oscillate between the verges of twenty and forty, according to the fancy calculation, or suspicions of the observer. If you judged by his physiognomy, you would say that he was not young, for it must have taken years to have imprinted on it the character of daring it habitually wore; if you looked at this firm tread, and the muscular play of his limb, his white teeth and black moustachio, you would swear that time had left no mark there. His thin waist and broad shoulders appeared symmetry itself; but then, where is the production of Nature's most unskilful journeyman, whose grievances a Sultane tailor cannot redress? In such a costume who does not look well? For those who seek splendour, where such a glittering panoply? For those who love a manly garb, where one so martial?

His hair was shaven before, to give more expanse to his already commanding forehead. Spurzheim would have chuckled with joy at such a map of the brain, bounded as it was above the ears by two of the finest bumps of destruction that ever met the eye of a phrenologist. He wore no turban, large masses of curls fell upon his shoulders from beneath a little red cap, poised obliquely on the head, and it was a wonder how he kept it there. He wore a waistcoat closed round the neck, so richly embroidered, that you could hardly detect the crimson velvet of which it was made. His jacket was of the finest blue cloth, gleaming with gold; yet its magnificence was married with taste, and it was at once gorgeous and gentlemanlike. Start not, reader, at this epithet; there are as many gradations of fashion in the dress of the East, in the cut of a guibbeh, and the cock of a turban, as in the thousand shades between St. James's and Wapping. The immense sleeves of a shirt, of unwrought silk, and (what is rare) perfect whiteness, emerged from a labyrinth of gold lace; those of the jacket had longitu-

dinal slits below the shoulders, and were thrown behind the arm. The snowy kilt was gathered into a thousand folds, and descended just below the knee, where it kissed the leggings, which, according to the last code of Epirus, matched the waistcoat in quality, colour, and design. These were confined by silken garters, with gold bosses under the knee; and his sandals were laced on by thongs equally ornamented. Instead of the shaggy cloak of his country, a white capote of the finest wool, and most delicate manufacture,—the most expensive article, perhaps, of his dress,—was pendent from his back, such as the Magrebin merchants bring from Tripoli, and value with the products of Hindostan. But what was all this in comparison to his arms—those pets and household gods of the whole race, from Cattara down to Misal-longhi? The stock of his long fowling-piece was incrustured with mother-of-pearl, while coral and filigree crept along it up to the very mouth. The handles of his pistols were inlaid with turquoises, and the sheath of his yataghan was of solid silver, curiously engraved. These were in a belt studded with gilt knobs, round which was rolled a shawl, that would make the fortune of a Parisian lover. Juma looked like a coxcomb; but you saw that he was a brave one, and that the fantastic scabbard held a ready blade.

In truth, as he stood, he was a figure which "limners love to paint and maids to look upon;" considerably unlike those travelled youths who show the Medora's of the fancy-ball how Conrad did not dress, and look as like Greeks as a yeomanry hussar does a Hungarian "garde noble."

I doubt whether Nature intended Juma to be a complete rascal. He had no religion, it is true: I never met an Arnaut who had. He was no patriot; for his country was the bazaar and the coffee-house, wherever they might be. He had no allegiance but to the hand which paid him; and it ended with his monthly allowance. He loved nothing—not even himself. But courage, that antiseptic of the heart, that quality that prevents a complete corruption in some men's nature, covereth, in this world, at least, a multitude of sins. And so it ought; for let people say what they will, it is a quasi-virtue.

Such was the man who walked into Shiekh Mousa's tent, such was the species of a genus that had never met Aisha's eyes before. Poor girl, she was not above the weaknesses of her sex. She was lost in as much wonder as admiration; none of the heroes, immortalised in the countless verses of the thousand-and-one songs of her grandmother, ever wore a shape like this. She had seen fine eyes and black mostachios, but there was a distinguished air about him that she had never seen, and which always goes to a woman's heart. He looked exceedingly like a *mauvais sujet*; and I have heard that this too, has a charm for the sex,—but I loathe a supposition so flagrantly immoral. There was an ease and refinement about the Caireen Elegant that always meet an instinctive response, and find a ready sympathy in the breast of the wildest and most untutored female. She took him for the great pacha himself, for he had more silver on one of his pistols than she had ever seen in her whole life.

Juma entered the encampment with the lordly port of an Osmanli, and established himself with the air of an envoy from the seat of government. This might

shock the independent spirits of the men, who care no more for a firman of the sultan than for a rotten date; but so unusual a bearing fixed still more the already fascinated heart of Aisha. Juma was no novice in the trade of charming, and he charmed wisely. He out-Heroded the loudest and bloodiest Herods of the tribe in recounting the horrors of battle; his campaigns with Ali of Yanina, his charge with the spahis at Prevesa, and his rush with the Roumelioti down the pass of Castro. He then, in a softer tone, told his hot and thirsty auditors of the roses of Adrianople; of the iced plum-juice of Sham; of the shady forests of Caramania; and the water-melons of Scanderoun. He adapted to the Greek melodies of his youth legends of Othman and Bayezid; and, when his Turkish traditions began to fail, he would put Persia under contribution, and sing of Rustam and the fair-haired Zal.

In short, Aisha loved, and Juma saw that he had succeeded. He troubled himself no more about his comrades of the expedition, well knowing that his interest was sufficiently strong at court to get his absence pardoned. He told Aisha he intended to marry her, (for with all his good breeding, he could not conceal that he thought he was doing her a great favour,) and submitted his intention to the old shiekh. Mousa did not appear half so enchanted as Juma expected, and not in the least flattered. He told him that he might marry Aisha if he would live with them; that he would never submit to his daughter being imprisoned in a house; that the very idea took away his breath; and that she would die of suffocation before the birth of her first child.

Juma promised all old Mousa asked; he said he must return to Cairo, but that, surely, Mousa would have no objections to his taking his bride there for a visit. Aisha's eyes sparkled with joy at the idea: what a world was about to be opened to her! He promised to be back within three moons; and he would return with such a collection of arms, ammunition, and blue shirts, as would make the tribe of Mousa the envy of the peninsula.

The lovers were married according to the very simple ceremonies of Islam; a young camel was killed and boiled in the milk of its mother. Aisha ground the corn, macerated the maize, and toasted the cakes herself, that were to smoke in the nuptial platter; a new tent had been pitched, and was strewn with the flowers of the acacia; and next day Aisha and her husband were travelling with their backs to the rising sun, and mounted on two dromedaries, which Mousa kept for services of speed.

They halted at Suez, that paradise of flies; not that Aisha was tired: almost born on a camel, she was as much in her element upon his back as a ship is on the wave. Here Juma cut off a man's ear with his yataghan, in the scuffle that invariably attends the daily supply of water which comes from the distant springs. So, not wishing to call upon the *cadi*, he put Aisha on her dromedary, and away they started for Al Kahira the Great.

At Al Kahira they arrived in due time, and Juma took his young wife to the citadel, where he, and some birds of his own feather, tenanted a half-ruined house, allotted to the *personnel* of the pacha's establishment. It was near the site of that stupendous leap which would stagger the mightiest hunter in Connaught who ever rode at a wall—a height of six

feet on one side, with a fall of thirty-seven on the other, was taken flying by the last of the Mamlooks when the bell tolled the signal for extermination, and at a moment when the rest of his brethren took a still more perilous jump into eternity. Well did old Anym Bey deserve, after such a feat, that his days should be long; and long they were—for he died but a few years ago, with eighty winters at his back.

Whatever the fact ought to be, the fact is, that treachery and cruelty often succeed. This massacre of the Mamlooks, committed in the coldest blood by Mahommed Ali, who, up to the hour he had appointed, was playing at chess with one of their chiefs, put Egypt into his hands, and laid the foundation of that independence which he afterwards virtually acquired; but from that moment he excited the jealousy of the Porte, and her watchful enmity has never slumbered. Once did the sultan try to do the thing manfully, and sent a capidji bachi with an imperial taskeree to cut off his head; but Mahommed Ali was luckily in Upper Egypt at the time; and rare, oh rare! had left at Cairo, as his lieutenant, a devoted friend—probably the only one he ever had in his life—Mohammed Bey, who shewed more courage than perhaps the pacha would have done himself, received the executioner, read his order, and cut off his head;—a summary proceeding, which the Porte dared not resent. This act of vigour placed the viceroy in the rank of independent princes; and, let the devil have his due, awakened in him a gratitude towards his friend which only expired with the old bey. Still, his enemies were abroad; the Porte encouraged them, though none dared do the deed. Many a bold spirit, while thinking how acceptable the news of the pacha's death would be to the sultan, calculated the immense chances that were open to individual ambition in a country like Egypt, when once the hand was withered that held all the threads of government. Many an old comrade who had started with him at the beginning, with equal hopes and equal capacities, as bold and as reckless, but less fortunate, measured the hateful distance that separated him who had reached the goal from him who had been stopped on the way. Many a young heart, strong in its own energy, felt that to dare was to rise. It is the property of despotic governments that the slave of to-day may be the tyrant of to-morrow; and the star of the hardy adventurer leads to every thing. What gold and silken dreams were woven by this conviction for the unquiet spirits of a country where there is no valve for excitement, and whose brain could they entwine more gratefully than that of Juma?

Juma, as I have said before, was a favourite at court, and he found no difficulty in getting his wife placed as an attendant in the harem of the pacha. The ladies were anxious to see this young savage of the wilderness, and they expected to derive no little amusement from such an importation. The natural antipathy to the Arab race was forgotten in the longing for something new to enliven their grated domain. The fairy frame of Aisha, in her solitary blue robe, contrasted strangely with the fat figures, be-muslined and be-shawled, around her; and at their assurances of protection the bruised pride of the Arab rose in her breast.

But she was too simple and too childish long to estrange herself from her kind; and, as the ladies showed an evident expression of good-will towards

their new plaything, Aisha lent herself with a good grace to the transformation that was about to be effected. They died her jetty hair auburn—not to make use of a harsher term; they committed a most gratuitous act of supererogation in plastering her well-marked eye-brows; they drew the surmezh through her lids, though nothing was wanting to impart a darker languish to her eye; they tied up her fingers in little bags of wet hemah, to give them the tinge of the rose. They thought her miserably thin, so it was decided unanimously that she should consume daily a certain portion of pastry dipped in grease: but what pained and puzzled them most, were those most horrible devices with which her face was variegated; and it was agreed to consult the Frangi doctor whether a process of slaying might not remove these abominations. When they took her to the bazaar or the bath, they tied a black thing, like a jelly-bag, on a face of which she had never been ashamed before; they covered her in a dozen envelopes; they put her feet into slippers from which she parted company at every step; and finally, they rolled her up in a huge silk winding-sheet, and perched her, who had ridden the best blood of Yemen, on a donkey for a steed.

All this was bad enough. As long as the silks and brocades of the Bezesteen, and the gold ornaments of the Armenian jewellers, brought a succession of wonders to her sight, she bore her confinement with equanimity. At last she became perfectly miserable: often would she take her husband's hand, and look over the Mokattam Hills towards the tents of her father, and say to him—"Juma, dear Juma, when shall we leave this odious crowd? If we remain here, I feel that I shall die, for my heart beats more languidly, and my blood creeps more slowly every day. Nevertheless, sole light of my soul, do as thou listest, for thy will is my will, and thy home my home."

"My love," replied Juma, "before the moon is round we shall be far from this."

It is asseverated by the scandalous tongues of Cairo, that at a certain hour after the mid-day meal, his highness the pacha retires to the cool and quiet retirement of the harem, there to indulge in certain infidel productions which exhilarate the heart of man. The splendid beverage of the sultan is Rosolio frothed by champagne: the viceroy, with a proper sense of inferiority, confines himself to humbler port. Deep, they say, are those solitary potations, and delicious is the sherbet invented by his ministering handmaids to chase the thirst they create.

"My dear little Aisha," said the Arnaout one morning to his young wife, "has the pacha taken any notice of you yet?"

"Oh, no. When he saw me he asked me who I was, and said he hated an Arab; that we were only fit to be beasts of burden, and ought to have been born with humps on our backs, like our camels. Oh, Juma! let us leave these people, who despise me; better, surely, a tent with affection and freedom, than a palace without." Here the poor girl burst into tears.

"My love," said Juma, "you must get over this prejudice of the pacha before we go, or perhaps he will not let us go at all. Take this powder; when next he asks for a draught of sherbet, throw it into the glass: do it dexterously, for all depends on the surprise. It will give a flavour that will enchant him with his cup-bearer. When he commends the mix-

ture, tell him that your father brought the wonderful compound from Damascus, and that he desired you to present it, with many good wishes to his highness, as a potion fit only for the palate of a pacha."

The same evening the pacha drank his port, and called for his sherbet. Aisha rushed forward to tender the aromatic draught; but, unaccustomed to the carpets which were spread around, her little foot tripped, and the sherbet fell from her hand. A huge Angora cat, that had been lying on the sleeve of the pacha's caftan, descended, with a purr, from his exalted station, and, seduced by the odour, lapped up the scattered liquid with a satisfaction that made the pacha's mouth water.

In five minutes the cat was rolling in a corner of the divan in the agonies of death. A Genoese doctor, who had escaped from the galleys in his own country, and had been made inspector of hospitals at Cairo, was called upon to open the animal. He declared that the cat had been poisoned, and, as he was versed in those matters, sapiently added, that it was a particular receipt which had been brought to Alexandria by the Venetians, and was still used by the Arabs.

As my tale is on the Nile, no one need ask what became of Aisha. That very night the stiffened and swollen body of her who was called the Antelope by her tribe, floated towards Alexandria, and her old father is watching for her in vain.

Juma was so horrified at the treachery of his wife, and his remorse was so touching at having married an Arab, that the Pacha sent him, for change of scene, up to Assouan, as captain in one of the new regiments raising by the French renegade, Selves; and very likely, at this moment, my hero is cashieff of a province, or a bim bachi of the Nizam Jedid, with a diamond decoration glittering on his breast. Thus, with regard to Mohammed Ali and Juma—master and man—we may say,

"Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit; hic diadema."

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

RHODA TRACY;

OR, THERE IS NO ACCOUNTING FOR THE CAPRICES OF WOMEN.

BY R. BERNAL, ESQ. M. P.

It is a common subject of complaint by ill-natured critics, that the heroine of every tale is always beautiful. As I have to deal with facts, and not with fiction, it would not be worth while to enter upon a refutation of the justice or propriety of such complaint. I will, at once, without circumlocution or evasion, confess that the lady whose portrait adorns the following pages was lovely—yes, eminently lovely in person. Every grace, every fascination that the most fortunate combination of eyes, mouth, nose, hair, and complexion, could present, was united in the fair person of Rhoda Tracy. What more detailed description can be necessary? excepting that I may respectfully entreat each and every one of the charming female readers of the Book of Beauty (should they honour this trifling narrative with a perusal,) to look into her mirror, and then to imagine that she is really

admiring the sweet and engaging features of Rhoda Tracy.

There are passages in every man's life particularly ridiculous; still, were we enabled to travel the old journey over again, I verily believe, that in most instances, if the same temptations existed, we should commit the same absurdities. Thus, recollecting now very keenly and freshly, how desparately in love I was with Miss Tracy some years back, I do not doubt, if Time could make a retrograde movement, but that I should be found renewing, as vigorously as before, all the follies that once distinguished my conduct, in consequence of that tender passion. For a whole prolonged season, from Christmas to July (it being leap-year in addition,) did I not court the sunshine of the smiles of the gentle Rhoda? did I not cling to every word of fancied encouragement that issued from her cherry lips? did I not, in spite of every obstacle, pursue her fairy footsteps like her own shadow? And was it all in vain? Yes,—painful and humiliating as the remembrance proves, I must avow the truth—my admiration and efforts were not rewarded as they merited.

Miss Tracy was then resident in London, in the house of a female relation, a widow lady of opulence, and from whom, as the world reported, she had very great expectations. I had the advantage of possessing the *entrée* of the family, and of being upon terms of perfect intimacy with both the ladies. And it was not at all unnatural, therefore, to find myself becoming a most devoted slave to the bright eyes of the lovely Rhoda. For days, weeks, and months, I dangled in her train, scrutinising every look, and analysing every action, with the purpose of extracting any thing that could feed my anxious hopes, and add more fuel to my torturing passion. But, although Miss Tracy was perfectly artless and unreserved in her general converse and demeanour with me, yet I felt there was something still wanting, the absence of which restrained me from making a direct proposal. When in her society for hours together, and on many occasions in the presence of others, did I persecute her with a system of attentions, so incessant and particular, as to excite the amusement of every observer. Playfully, gracefully, and kindly she listened to my unintelligible declarations, and smiled on my pantomimic actions; if not encouraging, certainly not (as I flattered myself) repressing, the homage so sincerely tendered to her.

Love soon ripened into jealousy. Amongst the various frequenters of Mrs. Strickland's house (Miss Tracy's relative,) the Marchese Luigi Santabarba was one received upon a very friendly footing. An Italian by birth, he was completely in fashion, and eagerly courted by all the exclusive and inclusive circles in town. He was in the prime of life, of an elegant person and charming manners; he waltzed, and danced the *Polonnoise* in perfection; sung Venetian and Neapolitan ballads delightfully, accompanying himself on the guitar and piano-forte; and, moreover, he gloried in a pair of most romantic moustaches. At least, this was what every female *connoisseur* of any distinction, from Grosvenor Square to Pall Mall, declared and adjudged. To have ventured upon openly impugning such a decision would have been an act of insanity, if not of high treason. But in my private opinion—which was, perhaps, somewhat biassed by envy—the marchese was a pushing, not to

say a forward fellow, whose personal appearance, or accomplishments, were in nowise comparable with my own, and who looked very much like what you would imagine one of the heroes of the opera of *Fra Diavolo*, or of the ballet of the *Brigand de Terracina*, would be, were he deprived of his stage attire of be-ribboned hat and embroidered jacket.

However I might be disposed to estimate Santa-barba and his pretensions, it was very evident that Mrs. Strickland and Miss Tracy valued him and them highly, and that the marchese himself, feeling the advantage of his position, was inclined to treat me with a proportionable share of cool indifference. The unequivocal praises which were continually expressed to me by Rhoda, of this abominable Italian's attractive qualities, irritated every nerve, and quickened every jealous feeling of my heart. Unwilling, and fearing, to tear myself from the presence of Miss Tracy, I was condemned, day after day, to undergo new and increased tortures. I did not dare to leave the field open to my rival, who was equally assiduous in his attendance; and I enjoyed the consummate felicity of witnessing the progress of his insidious advances into the favour and good graces of the dear idol of my worship. Oh! how internally and heartily did I utter maledictions upon that confounded Santa-barba, and pray that he, with his whiskers and guitar, might be buried in the crater of Vesuvius when warbling to the lovely Rhoda his interminable couplets, that always rhymed with *core* and *amore*, *morte* and *nerte*, or some such similar conventional nonsense. And to behold a beautiful girl, not destitute of a good proportion of understanding, listening, with undiminished attention and gratification, to the daily repetition of all this! Really, the recollection itself is sufficiently galling.

The summer had arrived; Mrs. Strickland and her fair relative had quitted London, to pass the season at a cottage villa in Devonshire. Matters between all parties remained in the same state; no invitation had been made to me to join them in the country, neither could I discover that one had been given to the marchese. The town was dull and empty; and I was silly enough to fret myself into a fit of blue devils.

Roaming, one day, without plan or object, through the dusty and deserted streets, I chanced to meet with an old college friend, from whom I had been separated, by the contingencies of life, for a considerable period. In my then state of mind, the occurrence of any novelty would have afforded relief, and the greeting and recognition of my friend Wilson were productive of great pleasure to me. As he had no particular business or occupation to prevent him, it was quickly arranged that he should remain some days with me; there being sufficient accommodation for him in the establishment I then supported.

Frank Wilson, had been, from his first entrance upon college life, a thoroughly hard-reading man. The scantiness of his pecuniary means, joined to his own natural inclination for studious pursuits, had stimulated his exertions to the attainment of distinguished success. Soon after he had graduated, he was ordained, and his scholastic honours were more solidly confirmed by the acquisition of a fellowship of the college to which he belonged; the emoluments of which were, in his straitened circumstances, of much importance to him.

Having resided on a retired curacy for some time, he had subsequently accepted of the situation of tutor to a young gentleman, with whom he travelled over every part of the Continent, being absent from England for a considerable period. He had but lately returned when our meeting took place. Wilson was a man of reserved habits; and, in manner, most awkward and unprepossessing. In person and figure he was decidedly unfortunate: short of stature, and spare and ungainly in make, he had to encounter the additional disadvantage of possessing a face seamed all over by the small-pox, and still further disfigured by an inveterate obliquity of vision. First impressions would have been so directly against him, that he would have been pronounced vulgar and disagreeable, though silent and reserved. Those who could be intimately acquainted with him, knew that his mental resources were most ample; his acquirements in both ancient and modern literature, extraordinary; and that he had not neglected the cultivation of some of the lighter and elegant pursuits which occasionally smooth the more rugged paths of science. Moreover, Wilson's heart was (to use an humble saying) in its right place: he was kind and liberal in his feelings, though he rarely, if ever, made any demonstration of them. A slight service which, in early life, I had rendered to Wilson, had been the means of his forming, as I believed, an attachment to me; if, from the inherent coldness of his nature, and his singularity of disposition, he were really capable of forming any thing like an ardent friendship.

At our first *tête-à-tête* dinner, Wilson was less reserved than usual; he informed me that he had been enabled to save and put by some money during the continuance of his tutorship, and that the income of his fellowship allowed him to live in comparative comfort. I had been for some days desirous of relieving my mind of part of its burden of regrets, vexations, and jealousies, by confiding the same to some friend who would sympathise with me in every detail. Now, Frank Wilson was not exactly the confidant I should have selected for warmth of feeling, readiness of sympathy, &c.; but I was impatient; the wine had made me more restless; I found Wilson a steady listener, and to him I poured out the tale of all my love—the catalogue of all my hopes, fears, disappointment, and jealousy. In one point alone I was guarded—never communicating to my companion the name either of my fair mistress, or of her relative, Mrs. Strickland. The course of my recital was not once interrupted by any remark or comment on the part of Wilson, until towards its close, when inspired, perhaps, by the juice of the grape, I had been singularly eloquent in the description of the beauties of the lady; Wilson, no doubt, under an equal degree of inspiration, in a sudden burst of fervour exclaimed, "Yes! yes! such clustering auburn locks, such blue and liquid eyes, might have seduced Alexander himself from the path of duty!"

The oddity of this exclamation, so foreign in itself from the cautious and icy demeanour of Wilson, provoked my laughter to such a degree, that he became confused: colouring up to the eyes, as if conscious of having committed some striking impropriety, he finally relapsed into his ordinary silent and abstracted mood.

Wilson consented to accompany me into Devonshire, to take up our temporary abode at the watering-

place, in the vicinity of which the cottage of Mrs. Strickland was situated. I had related to him the circumstances of her present residence, but had still concealed the names of the parties; and on our arrival at S—, the place of our destination, I at once proceeded, alone, to make inquiries, and to reconnoitre. The residence of Mrs. Strickland was not more than half a mile distant from the town; but my feelings of anticipated pleasure were not a little allayed by the accidental discovery, that my aversion, my evil genius, that horrid Italian marchese, had been, for some days, domiciled in S—, and had been a constant visitor at the house of Mrs. Strickland.

I could restrain myself no longer; *coute qui coute*, I determined, without farther delay, upon an interview with the beautiful Rhoda Tracy. The evening was not too far advanced, when, with beating heart and excited imagination, I followed the road which led to Mrs. Strickland's cottage. Fortune for once appeared to befriend me. The lovely object of my affections was leaning out of the window of her apartment, apparently welcoming the cool and refreshing breeze that waned with her luxuriant ringlets, and played over her glowing cheeks.

"Mr. B——!" exclaimed the charming girl, with one of her most inviting smiles; "how glad I am to see you! what can have brought you into Devonshire?"

"How can you, Miss Tracy, seriously ask me the question? Have you not some slight feeling of compassion?" I replied.

"Compassion! Mr. B——, you are indeed so odd, as I told your old acquaintance, the Marchese Santabarba, lately."

"The marchese! Rhoda, you distract me!" was my incoherent remark.

"Yes, Mr. B——, the marchese—he is as entertaining as ever; I wish you had been here during the last beautiful moonlight nights; his guitar was heard to such effect in that delightful air, *Idol mio, mio ben amato*."

"Miss Tracy, you will drive me mad!" I hurriedly exclaimed. "I cannot now express my feelings; but I will venture to impart them to you, to-morrow, through my friend, Mr. Wilson."

"Wilson! who—what do you mean?" replied the lady.

"A most respectable friend of mine, a clergyman, the Rev. Francis Wilson, who is well acquainted with all that has occurred—with the impudent pretensions of that philandering Italian; with your undisguised preference for that whiskered minstrel; with—"

"For the love of Heaven!" cried Rhoda, in hurried and imploring accents; "dear Mr. B——, pray—"

But here all further communication of her wishes or requests was arrested by the approaching footsteps of the redoubtable Santabarba himself; who, with guitar gracefully slung across his shoulders, now made his appearance, as some troubadour knight of olden time, to serenade his peerless mistress.

Rhoda hastily retired from the window, and, closing the casement, altogether disappeared. The marchese looked astounded at my unexpected presence; but I gave him no opportunity for questions, observations, or explanations; merely making him the most

distant bow, I hastened back to S——, to my friend Wilson. To him, without any thing like lucid order or conciseness, I violently discharged all my rage against the cruel fair, the cause of all my imaginary wrongs, seasoning my tale with heated and exaggerated accusations of her flirtations with the whiskered and guitar-strumming Italian.

"But who or what is this lady?" coolly asked Wilson, in his slow and impenetrable manner.

"You shall know all and every thing to-morrow, my good friend," I replied. "This night I will write a letter to her, making a direct proposal of marriage, and bring matters to a crisis; and you, my dear Wilson, shall carry the letter, and personally request her answer. I have already apprised her of my intention."

That same night, I accordingly indited the following epistle:

"DEAR MISS TRACY,

"Forgive my ridiculous abruptness and incoherency. Long I have loved you! Dare I hope that you are not regardless of my devoted attachment! My friend Wilson, who takes charge of this letter, is in my entire confidence; he knows every thing. Pray see him: favour him with an interview, and intrust him with your decision of my fate and happiness.

"Your devoted, &c."

Having addressed this letter properly, I sent it to Wilson's room, he having retired for the night.

Morning came: I had listened for Wilson's departure on the important business which I had confided to his care; and I awaited, in eager suspense, his return. I had just seated myself at the breakfast-table, when Wilson arrived, breathless, and in a state of excitement and irritation which perfectly overwhelmed me. His usually pallid countenance was unnaturally flushed; while his eyes, so generally devoid of all expression, sparkled with feverish animation.

"Well, what news? what answer, Wilson?" I anxiously exclaimed.

"Talk not to me of news, answers, or any such absurdities," cried Wilson, in a loud and impatient tone: "Did you not assure me that an Italian marchese, Santabarba, was paying his addresses to, and was encouraged by the lady you had styled as Rhoda Tracy! and yet you can expect me to listen to all your trifling—your—"

"What! are you going mad, too, Wilson?" I replied, interrupting him, in pure astonishment. "What, in the name of heaven, has happened!"

"Ask me no more questions; I have not common patience to attend to them," Wilson rejoined, with great emphasis. "When I arrived at the cottage of Mrs. Strickland, that confounded marchese had already been before me, and had accompanied the lady in a walk before breakfast. But I can delay no longer; I am going back directly; you shall hear all ere long."

Before I could make any farther inquiry or remark, Wilson had hastily again left the town, on his way to the cottage. After more than a quarter of an hour's reflection, I decided upon visiting the false and heartless coquette myself; and upon endeavouring to solve the mystery which so suddenly appeared to have involved us. Upon my arrival at Mrs. Strickland's residence,

and before I reached the gate of the lawn, I perceived, at some little distance, Wilson and Miss Tracy walking arm-in-arm through the shrubbery that skirted the sides of the grounds surrounding the house. Unseen by them, I had the advantage of observing their movements, progress, and gestures. From their manner, it was apparent that not any cause of dispute or difference of opinion could have then existed between them. I was in ecstasy. Rhoda, my beloved Rhoda, had then convinced my sterling friend, Wilson, of the gross fallacy, the cruel injustice, of my hasty and jealous insinuations respecting her encouragement of the marchese—Wilson, my plain, unpretending, but honest friend, Wilson, had strengthened the appeal made by my letter to Rhoda's pity and affection, by a manly and unvarnished statement of my love, my idolatry, my anguish, and my hopes. Rhoda, that adorable creature! had at last yielded to the interesting tale of all my woes and sufferings; while Wilson, cold and obdurate as he might be, was, as a faithful proxy, receiving her tender and modest confession. What happiness! what transport, after the tedious and painful ordeal to which I had been exposed! My feelings were too powerful for utterance; I only could enjoy my triumph, my bliss, in silence, and unobserved.

I followed them cautiously: the well-shorn grass on which I trod echoed not the pressure of my footsteps. I at length could hear all their conversation. "My beloved Rhoda!" "My dearest Frank!" were the first sentences that greeted my bewildered ears.

"What delight to meet once more again, after such an age of absence!" fondly said the fair lady.

"And how satisfactory to receive this explanation from your own lips, dearest girl!" tenderly responded the excellent, faithful, and inimitable Wilson, as he quietly folded his arm around the waist of his compliant companion.

I could bear this scene no longer; but, in a fit of rage, and with all the sublime dignity of some hero of Racine or Corneille, I broke upon the faithless pair, and vehemently inveighed against their unparalleled duplicity. Each saluted me with the most uncompromising burst of laughter.

"What! is it come to this pitch of insult and injury!" I cried.

"Calm yourself," replied Wilson; "this lady is, and has been long, my lawful wife."

"Soothe that needless agitation; pray do now compose yourself!" added Rhoda; "this gentleman is, and has been long, my lawful husband."

My thoughts became so perplexed, that I lost the power of speech for a few moments. When I became calm and reasonable, each of the parties took hold of my arm in a friendly manner; and as we walked round the lawn, I was informed of the following particulars.

Wilson, at the time he was performing the duty of his curacy, became acquainted with, and paid his addresses to, Miss Tracy. She favoured his suit. As Miss Tracy possessed no fortune whatever, having

only expectations of eventual and contingent benefits from her relation, Mrs. Strickland; and as the fellowship held by Wilson was voidable upon his ceasing to be a bachelor, a private marriage had been agreed upon between them. It accordingly took place; and, although it might be considered not strictly honourable or equitable that Wilson should have retained his fellowship under false pretences, still, such was the fact; his worldly resources being so limited, that the income was of the first importance. Their union was studiously concealed from Mrs. Strickland; and they had determined to live apart, till more prosperous days should be at hand, when Wilson might be enabled to give up his fellowship, and avow his marriage. For these reasons, he had accepted the engagement of travelling tutor; and, within the last week, the promise of a comfortable living in the gift of his former pupil, had rendered him independent of his college, and the world.

"And the Marchese Luigi Santabarba?" I rather curiously, though cautiously, inquired.

"Oh, the impudent rascal!" replied Wilson. "You quite alarmed me at first with your insinuations and suspicions—so groundless, so unreasonable!"

"Yes, dear Mr. B——, how could you be so cruel, so unkind, so unjust?" expostulated Mrs. Wilson. "You yourself admired his singing, his dancing."

"No, madam; no," I replied. "Indeed I——"

"Come, my good friend, you must not indeed let your disappointment overcome your good sense," said Mrs. Wilson, in her most insinuating tones, as she quickly interrupted me. I said nothing more on the subject; but I could not help thinking a good deal.

"But you do not ask me who this noble marchese really was," cried Wilson. "Judge of my surprise when I met the fellow here, at recognising in him a quondam hairdresser of Naples, one Luigi Battone by name, afterwards an understrapper at the opera of Bologna; and who having picked up, by various tricks, some little money, came to this country to improve his fortunes. The *Briccone* knew me directly, and has decamped without ceremony."

"And is all this really true?" I asked, with an involuntary sigh.

"Yes, indeed, every syllable is true," replied Mrs. Wilson, as she smiled with mingled affection and contentment on the singular partner she had chosen for life; and who formed so complete and ridiculous a contrast to herself in person and appearance.

As I listened sorrowfully to her reply, I thought I never beheld so lovely and perfect a being as Rhoda, or so ugly and ungraceful a specimen of Nature's handiwork as her husband, the Rev. Francis Wilson. I communed temperately with my own thoughts—I reflected on my own personal appearance with becoming moderation; but I could not help repeating to myself, "There is no accounting for the caprices of women."

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

A LEGEND OF HALNAKER.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

Perchance she died in youth: it may be, bowed
 With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb,
 That weigh'd upon her gentle dust, a cloud
 Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
 In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
 Heaven gives its favourites—early death; yet shod
 A sunset charm around her, and illumine,
 With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
 Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red."

BYRON.

HALNECHE, now called Halnaker, like all those other edifices erected of old, for the purposes of safety and defence, is sufficiently prolific in the history of its own events. But whatever might be the antiquity of its more ancient foundations, it was only in the reign of the Tudors that it rose into splendour and importance.

Like many other castellated residences, which subsisted, perhaps, for six or eight centuries in succession, the castle of Halneche, the ruins of which are still visible in the neighbourhood of Goodwood—has been suffered, as we have said, to accumulate its legends and its chronicles. The following story, or, rather, sketch, is derived from one of those same reminiscences of the past; although somewhat intermixed, it may be, with fanciful variations and embellishments, which, however, have their foundations in reality. The scene of the event we are about to rehearse, is distinctly traced to the reign of Edward VI., the short-lived son and successor of the volatile and impetuous Henry VIII.

The castle was, at that time, in the possession of the Baron d'Aubigny, who had resolved to bestow the hand of his only daughter and heiress upon the haughty and somewhat turbulent Sir Rudiswolfe de Montford; the fortunate descendant, and eventual successor, of one de Montford, whose courage in the field, and dexterity in council, had enabled him to accumulate several wealthy possessions during the long civil wars which distracted the reign of the imbecile Henry VI.; for ambition, no matter how advanced, was ever the ruling passion of the last Lord D'Aubigny, who owned the castle of Halneche.

But the Lady Eleanor, the fair maiden thus unceremoniously bestowed, loved (as but too often happens) another. The handsome, the ingenuous, the nobly descended Henry Merston, had already, and too surely, secured an interest in her heart. But fortune was inauspicious; the very chances which, in past times, had raised the family of de Montford to power, had proportionately depressed that of the Merstons.

The Lord D'Aubigny, stern and imperative as he naturally was, did not, however, stop to harass his only child and daughter with personal reproaches respecting an affair to which he should never be brought to give his consent. But, suddenly employing all his influence with the council, who assembled on the demise of Henry VIII., he procured that his daughter's lover should be appointed to join the Lord Warden of the Marches; in order to assist in repressing the disorderly but desperate attacks of the Scot-

tish borderers, now more than ever inclined to revenge the sacking of Edinburgh and Leith (facetiously called by Lord Huntly, the "Rough courtship"), recently inflicted on the Scots, in consequence of their refusal to deliver their infant queen to Henry of England's protection. The Lord D'Aubigny, therefore, having procured the banishment of Merston, now summoned de Montford in his place. But another visiter, of still greater power, influence, and authority, was also fated, it would appear, to sojourn within the walls of Halneche. Edward VI. himself, whose sickly constitution balanced for a time between improvement tending towards manly strength, and the more subtle influence of a premature and untimely decay, had just undertaken a progress to the coast of Sussex; and resting, on his advance, at Halneche, had resolved on visiting it more particularly on his return. Leaving his daughter, therefore, to do the honours of Sir Rudiswolfe's reception, the Lord D'Aubigny had now set out, in order to meet the royal party, as well as to be their guide when they should draw near his own habitation.

On the summit, then, of the loftiest tower of the castle of Halneche, gaily flaunted in the summer breeze, the armorial banner of the Baron D'Aubigny. The shrill-sounding bugles of the advanced guard of the king already announced the coming of the youthful monarch, and joy and triumph seemed to encircle the ancient battlements of the fortalice. But appearances are frequently deceitful: grief, uncertainty, and distraction, were, alas! the prevailing destinies that ruled the interior of the noble dwelling.

The Lord D'Aubigny himself, accustomed to the boisterous and eventful times of Henry VIII., had looked with pity, almost approaching to contempt, upon the youthful and feeble person of his successor; and had accordingly in many instances much neglected those courtesies and gentler duties generally yielded to a reigning prince. Consequently, a fear, lest his neglect might be in some manner or another resented, now weighed upon his mind.

In the meantime, the Lady Eleanor, who grieved for the absence of Merston, had once more gently but decidedly rejected the suit of Sir Rudiswolfe de Montford; who, with all that quick and vindictive impatience which characterises the actions of men unaccustomed to contradiction, had taken horse and departed, even before the return of the Baron D'Aubigny himself. Such was the situation of the inhabitants of Halneche, at the time of Edward's approach, on his tour through this portion of the southern territories of his dominions.

The scenery which skirts this district of the coast of Sussex, is, in its character, both varied and picturesque. The cliffs are ranged, in many parts, in fanciful and capricious outlines, forming a pleasing contrast to the seemingly endless level of the surrounding waters; while the features of the more inland landscape exhibit both cultivation and diversity.

The youthful king—the most amiable—perhaps the only mildly dispositioned inheritor of that crown which after Wolsey's master descended upon the heads of so many immediate heirs—felt alike animated with the scene, and revived by the exercise consequent upon his journey; so much so, indeed, that a feeling like that of health suddenly restored after long absence, seemed to have refreshed and reinvigorated his frame. The courtiers in his train,

snatching every opportunity of examining closely, keenly, and intensely, all the varying changes of his countenance, fancied at last that they beheld the natural colour once more spread itself upon his cheek. The Lord of Halneche, in particular, whose disposition, as we have already had occasion to remark, was of a nature more than ordinarily aspiring and ambitious, felt it necessary, therefore, to exert himself to the utmost, in order to gain the graces of a prince who was destined, as might be supposed from the circumstance of his youth, to sway the regal sceptre throughout a period much beyond that of most other kings.

Determined, then, upon gaining the ear of Edward, at whatever sacrifice and whatever price, the Lord D'Aubigny led the way to his own castle of Halneche, towards which, through the well known downs of Godingwood,* the royal cavalcade progressed, little imagining, however, that the first tokens of his loyal obedience were to be made at the sacrifice of that marriage of his daughter with Sir Rudiswolve; on which, despite the knight's departure from Halneche, he was as much determined upon as before.

Amongst other hastily got up shows and devices, a morris-dance, after the fashion of the times, had been ordered for the temporary amusement of the king. For this purpose, rustic seats had been erected in the open air for the accommodation of the spectators, and above these there rose a pavilion, composed of branches fresh in the leaf, bent and twisted into a sort of network; while the foundations of the gallery were supported by short thickset pillars of gnarled and knotted oak. The flooring alone was overspread with a matting entirely covered with crimson silk. In the centre, which was somewhat elevated, was placed a couch, covered with velvet, on which was richly embroidered the arms and quarterings of the king. But though the entire pavilion was raised several feet from the ground, and thus kept apart, as it were, for Edward's own particular personal comfort, it was, nevertheless, so completely and entirely open, even where the trellised work seemed thickest, that the youthful monarch was as much exposed to the gaze of those around him, as if he had been placed directly in the midst of them.

Into this pavilion, the king, in accordance with the gallant usage of the times, led the Lady Eleanor. But what comfort, happiness, or satisfaction, could the fair Eleanor now hope to experience from either the presence of the king, or from witnessing the merry, though not inelegant, evolutions of the dance? Her thoughts, which the tumult of the scene had for a moment diverted, again reverted to Henry Merston—absent and lost to her—nay, more, sent to peril himself amidst the rude onsets and forays of an irregular war; and stupified more than amused with the scene, her eye wandered vacantly and unconsciously over the surrounding groups, though the veil of net and silver, which enveloped her countenance, concealed her varying emotions from the crowd. But Edward, with that acute and intuitive sensibility, so often to be remarked in young persons who already draw towards the grave, read a sorrow in her faint though kindly smile, which filled him with a lively feeling of sympathy and compassion.

"Fair Lady Eleanor," he said, gently inclining towards her as they sat together, enthroned upon the

couch or chair of the rustic pavilion overlooking the gay caprioles of the dancers, "could I but know what might best suppress that oft-repeated sigh!—which comes, too, at a time when sighs are unwelcome guests. But, indeed, fair Lady Eleanor," he continued, interrupting himself, as if a new thought had suddenly occurred to him, "I do myself at times feel away, and, like a spirit wandered in a dream, know not the while what best may give me rest!"

So saying, Edward partially stooped, as if accompanying his words with a slight reverence,—a mode of speech that suited the almost chivalrous gallantry of the times. Then added, in a sort of half-suppressed under tone, "Talk to me, sweet Lady Eleanor, or appear to do so. I feel a faintness coming over me, which, for the present, I would fain wish to conceal. It will pass," he added, once more speaking fast and hurriedly, and still in the same low and suppressed tone of voice; "It will pass in less time than I speak. They think me *well*; and on this belief your father hath of late, I know, somewhat built. Nor would I, by such tokens of indisposition as are but known to myself and my more familiar attendants, spoil the fortunes of the future, or, when I look on *thee*, fair Lady Eleanor, the pleasures of the hour. Be heedful, however, Lady Eleanor, for see they look on us—shade me as you can—it comes—no more."

On uttering these words, Edward dropped his head still lower than before, at the same time shading his face with a glove held in his right hand. For a few moments he remained motionless, and apparently lifeless; and then again looked up with his wonted easy and good-natured cheerfulness. The whole scene, indeed, passed so quickly, that the Lady Eleanor had scarce time to answer his commands, which she, however, though but ill at ease herself, endeavoured to obey as she best could.

A single glance informed Edward that the merry party gathered around them had no suspicions of what had occurred; and, taking the hand of the Lady Eleanor, as if to lead her from her seat, he said earnestly, and with an air of peculiar and almost tender respect, "Ask but a boon, fair Lady Eleanor, and it is granted. I reign at Halneche, as well as at Westminster or the tower of Windsor; seek of me, therefore, what may at least help to restore that happiness, which, I know not how, hath appeared to me more clouded than I could have wished. Besides that, I owe you recompense."

In fact Edward had reason to feel grateful to any one who could assist him to silence the fears which were so perpetually felt for his life; the more tormenting to his friends and favourites, when it was considered which of the daughters of Henry was likely to rule after his decease.

The griefs and perplexities of the Lady Eleanor were soon rehearsed.

"It shall be ordered otherwise," said the king, as they now passed from the pavilion; "my own especial messenger shall recall your brave, but absent, lover from a post of danger, yet one of little dignity or honour. And next, your father and I will speak together: should he contest the matter, I may not *ask*, but may rather choose me to *command*. But in this I have no fears. He has already received and accompanied me with too much honour, to make me doubt for a moment his disobedience in a matter where I have determined to *will*."

* In modern times called Goodwood.

He slightly moved a delicately made hand as he spoke; and a page—one out of six who stood at each extremity of the pavilion—approached. He named the Lord D'Aubigny, and the page disappeared. He then spoke aside to a person, whom he singled out from the train, who again drew around him on seeing him finally quit the pavilion; and the Lady Eleanor, as she once more withdrew amongst her gentlewomen, could distinctly hear the name of Merston pronounced. But further comforts were in store for her; her father yielded that to ambition which he had never yielded to the feelings of paternal love. Edward, he now believed, was born to hold, not lose, the sceptre; and, perhaps—so contradictory are sometimes the motives which operate upon the human mind—he now rather rejoiced at an event which was likely to gain him the approbation of the king; who had signified his desire to revisit Halneche on his final return from his progress through the more southward counties of his kingdom.

All, therefore, was now happiness and joy within the walls of Halneche. Edward, apparently restored to almost vigorous health, was likely to raise his favourites to honours of the very highest importance. De Montford had retired to one of his own castles; and the return of Merston, now daily expected, awakened joy in all those who rejoice in another's good. While the Baron D'Aubigny, whose ambition was henceforth to be based upon his own court influence, hastened his preparations for the king's promised visit; a visit not merely of convenience to himself and train as before, but a visit of honour to the Lord of Halneche in person.

It was anxiously hoped that Henry Merston's return might anticipate that of the king; but so it was, Edward and his train, now journeying towards London, were the first to arrive. The festivities opened with a banquet, which was succeeded by a mystery—a sort of puzzle more than play—from which the audience must guess at the meaning from the allegory, and not, as in our modern times, the meaning from the personated facts. To this again succeeded a ball, which the king himself, it is said, opened with a measure, as it was then called, in which he chose the Lady Eleanor for partner.

Our story draws somewhat abruptly towards a close. Edward had hardly seated himself upon the couch of state, to which, at the termination of the dance, he had conducted the Lady Eleanor, attired, too, by his command, in all the splendours of her bridal dress, when a ghastly paleness overspread his features; his lips moved convulsively, while his eye fixed itself with a wild, undeviating, and supernatural gaze upon the blanching countenance of the Lady Eleanor. Twice, also, he raised his hand, and pointed direct toward the opposite part of the hall, while he more than once faintly whispered her,—"He comes—he is without—but—he comes too late!" At this instant a faint cry burst upon the ear of the assembly, which was almost immediately succeeded by a sort of dull, dead sound, as if something soft, yet heavy, had been precipitated from the top of some of the flanking towers of the castle. The cause, whatever it was, though it excited an uneasy and even

somewhat painful sensation in the minds of all present, was soon, however, forgotten, in their anxiety to assist, and, if possible, to restore the king. But, at the very instant when Edward began once more to show symptoms of returning life, the door of the hall opened on the side to which he had pointed, and the bloody and disordered remains of the ill-starred Merston were carried, by some terrified attendants, into the midst of the apartment.

The last scenes of a tragedy are soon concluded. Upon the extreme top of a mount, artificially raised for the purpose of jousts and tournaments, a beacon fire had been, for the first time, kindled, in honour of the king's return. This mound, which was shortly afterwards, say the chroniclers, reduced to a level with the surface of the surrounding country, descended on one side in gentle slopes, once shaped into rustic seats and galleries; but, to rearward, descended abruptly and precipitously a height of several hundred feet. Unapprised of all that had of late happened at the castle of Halneche, and simply obeying, with all the haste and expedition in his power, the king's recall, and mistaking the beacon for a watch-tower of the castle, young Merston had sprung forward upon the height; and though, probably, attempting to check the career of his courser, when too late, both had leaped the precipice, which overhung an esplanade of the castle, upon which the banquet-hall itself was made to open. Edward, with that distinctness in distinguishing sounds, with which persons in a dying or a delicate state of health are so often endowed, had, no doubt, heard the rush of the young lover's steed when he pointed to the spot whence the after sounds had proceeded. But, be this as it may, the unfortunate Merston, when found by those on guard without the castle, no longer discovered any symptom or resemblance of life.

This terrible shock, falling thus heavily and unexpectedly upon a mind long weakened and harassed by love, hope, terror, and anxiety combined, proved too much for the gentle Lady Eleanor. She sank at once, and without resistance under the blow. Her father's proud mind also yielded beneath the double ills of disappointed power and domestic bereavement. But death brought not its relief for him; his mind merely waned into a state of helpless and almost infantine idioecy; and the archives of the times, from which we take our story, soon forgot to make memento of his existence, though he still continued to live, and, during a few transient, lucid intervals, to recall many of the scenes of his former life.

Halneche and the adjoining lands passed, in the course of time, into the possession of kindred of a different name, though not very distantly related; and Edward VI., who had himself performed so prominent a part in the foregoing drama, was presently conveyed, in a litter, to Greenwich, where he, in a few weeks afterwards, expired.

This legend forms, as we have stated, but one out of many appertaining to Halneche. The principal features are the facts chronicled of the time; the details may have been, in some instances, slightly, though not very particularly, varied.

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

"APROPOS OF BORES."

RELATED BY THE LATE JOSEPH JEKYLL, ESQ. TO THE
COUNTRESS OF BLESSINGTON.

APROPOS OF bores, how frequently is the pleasure of society injured, if not destroyed, by the bores who infest it! and how seldom can we recall a single day, the enjoyment of which has not been deteriorated by their intervention!

One of the annoying peculiarities of bores is, to select the moment for relating some stupid anecdote, or for asking some silly question, when a witty, instructive, or interesting conversation is going on, to which one is desirous of listening. A particular instance of this vexatious propensity once annoyed me excessively; it occurred at a dinner given by my late worthy friend, Sir William Garrow.

"Pray tell us," said he, to a man who sat near him, "that adventure of yours in the wine vaults of Lincoln's Inn, of which I heard a garbled account the other day."

I, who always liked an adventure, pricked up my ears at the sound; and the individual, thus questioned, commenced the following story:—

"A friend of mine went to Madeira in an official situation, some years ago. He speculated largely in wine, and sent home several pipes, to be kept until his return. He wrote to request me to find them safe cellage; and I, in consequence, applied to a friend, a barrister, to procure me permission to lodge the wine in the vast cellars of Lincoln's Inn Square. I was furnished with a key, that I might have ingress and egress to this sombre spot when I liked; and having, one day, a vacant hour in my chambers, it suddenly entered my head that I would go and inspect the wine *dépôt* of my absent friend.

"Armed with the key, I sallied forth, and engaged the first porter I met to procure a candle, and accompany me to the cellar. You are not, perhaps, aware that these vast vaults are twenty feet beneath the square, and the entrance to them many feet, I believe one hundred and fifty, removed from any dwelling, or populous resort.

"We entered the gloomy cavern, and locked the door on the inside, to prevent any idle person who might, by chance, pass that way, from taking cognisance of the treasure it concealed. So great was the extent of the vault, that our feeble light scarcely enabled us to grope our way through its murky regions; but, at length, we reached the spot where I knew the wine of my friend was deposited, and had the satisfaction of finding that the pipes were in perfect condition. We were preparing to return, when the porter, who held the candle, made a false step, and was precipitated to the earth, extinguishing the light in his fall. Never shall I forget the sensation I experienced at that moment! for the extent and tortuous windings of the vault impressed me with a rapid conviction of the difficulty, if not impossibility, of discovering the door. The alarmed porter declared in terror, that we were lost, inevitably lost; that he should never see his wife and children more, and cursed the hour he left the light of day to explore the fearful cave, that would now become his tomb—a tomb, on which no fond eye would dwell; and he cried aloud in an agony of despair, at this gloomy contemplation. I urged

him to restrain his useless lamentations, and seek to grope our way in the direction of the door; and after having occupied full two hours in fruitlessly wandering through as many various and devious turnings, as if in a labyrinth, we, at length, discovered the object of our search.

"Oh! God be thanked, God be thanked!" exclaimed the porter, with frantic joy, "then I shall again see my wife, my little ones!" and he seized the key, which was in the lock, and turned it with such force, that it snapped, the head remaining inextricably secured in the wards.

"Now, now we are indeed lost!" cried he, throwing himself on the ground; "all hope is at an end, for we might knock and scream here for ever, without being heard. Why, why did I come with you! It is plain you are an unlucky man, whoever you are, and your ill fortune falls on me."

"I tried to comfort him, though seriously alarmed myself; but he became angry, telling me I could be no father or husband, to talk coolly at such a moment, and with a certain prospect of death, by famine, starving us in the face.

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" cried he, starting up in terror, "the rats are gathering round; they will devour us before hunger has done its worst."

"I have, all my life, had a peculiar antipathy to these animals; and confess that, when I found them stumbling over my feet, and heard them running at every side, an increased shudder of horror and fear filled my blood.

"Let us stave in one of the wine-pipes," said my companion, "that we may forget, in the excitement of wine, the horrible death that awaits us. Yes, let us get drunk!"

"I refused to adopt this project; and my refusal again drew forth his reproaches on my being an unlucky man, and his conviction that I had no heart in my body, as he expressed it, or no wife and little ones expecting me at home, or I would not take matters so easy.

"How many thoughts did I give to the dear objects to whom he referred, as I now dwell with anguish on the fearful probability of my never again beholding them! We searched in vain for a stone, or any other implement with which to wrench the lock, or force the hinges, both of which resisted all our efforts. Hour after hour passed away. How interminably long appeared their flight! the silence only broken by the mingled reproaches and lamentations of my companion, and the increased noise of the rats, who now, becoming more courageous, assailed our feet. Each hour strengthened my conviction of our inevitable death in this horrible subterranean, where, probably, our mortal remains would not be discovered, until every trace of identity was destroyed by the ravenous reptiles around us. My blood ran cold at the reflection, and my heart melted at the thought of them, who were, doubtless, at that moment anxiously counting the hours of my unusual absence. I seized the arm of my companion, and—"

Here one of the company, proverbial for his obtuseness, and who had repeatedly attempted to interrupt the narrative, seized my button, and, in a loud voice, said, "How do you think, Jekyll, I should have got out?"

"You would have bored your way out, to be sure," answered I, impatient at the interruption; and the

more so, as, at this instant, the butler announced that the ladies were waiting tea for us.

I ascended to the drawing-room, fully intending to request the sequel of the story; but a succession of airs on the piano, accompanied by the voices of the ladies, precluded the possibility of conversation. In a few days after I met some of the party, and questioned them respecting the conclusion. One declared that he had forgotten all about the story; another said that it had set him off to sleep, and so he missed the *dénouement*; a third avowed that, being deaf in the left ear, he had not heard more than a few words; and a fourth told me, that a tiresome man next him took that opportunity of giving him the particulars of a county meeting, as detailed in the morning papers, not omitting a single line.

Consequently, to this hour, I am ignorant how the gentleman and porter escaped from the vault.

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

A SYRIAN SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY."

THE SUN WAS quivering above the horizon, when I strolled forth from Jaffa to enjoy the coming breeze amid the beautiful gardens that environ that agreeable town. Riding along the previous day, my attention had been attracted by a marble gate, the fragment of some old temple, that now served as the entrance into one of these enclosures, their secure boundary otherwise formed by a picturesque and impenetrable hedge of Indian fig.

It is not a hundred yards from the town; behind it stretches the plain of Ramle—the ancient Arimathea—broad and fertile, and, at this moment, green; for it was just after the latter rains, when Syria is most charming. The caravan track winding through it, led to Jerusalem.

The air was exquisitely soft and warm, and sweet with the perfume of the orange bowers. I passed through the marble portal, adorned with some florid yet skilful sculptures, and found myself in a verdant wilderness of fruit-trees, rising in rich confusion from the turf, through which not a single path seemed to wander. There were vast groups of orange and lemon-trees, varied occasionally with the huge offspring of the citron-tree, and the glowing produce of the pomegranate; while, ever and anon, the tall banana raised its head aloft with its green or golden clusters, and sometimes the graceful and languid crest of the date-bearing palm.

While I was in doubt as to the direction I should bend my steps, my ear was caught by the wild notes of Turkish music; and, following the sounds, I emerged upon a plot of turf, clear from trees, in the middle of which was a fountain, and, by its margin, seated on a delicate Persian carpet, a venerable Turk. Some slaves were near him; one of whom, at a little distance, was playing on a rude lyre; in his left hand was a volume of Arabian poetry, and he held in his right the serpentine tube of his Nargilly, or Syrian pipe. When he beheld me, he saluted me with all the dignity of the Orient, pressing his hand to his heart, but not rising. I apologised for my intrusion;

but he welcomed me with serene cordiality, and invited me to share his carpet and touch his pipe.

Some time elapsed in answering those questions respecting European horses and European arms, wherein the Easterns delight. At length, the solemn and sonorous voice of the muezzin, from the minarets of Jaffa, came floating on the air. The sun had set; and, immediately, my host and his companions performed their ablutions in the fountain; and, kneeling towards Mecca, repeated their accustomed prayers. Then rising, the Turkish aga, for such was his rank, invited me to enjoy the evening breeze, and accompany him in a walk round his garden.

As we proceeded, my companion plucked an orange, and taking a knife from his girdle, and cutting the fruit in half, offered me one moiety, and threw the other away. More than once he repeated this ceremony, which somewhat excited my surprise. At length he inquired my opinion of his fruit. I enlarged, and with sincerity, on its admirable quality, the racy sweetness of its flavour, which I esteemed unequalled; but I could not refrain from expressing my surprise, that of fruit so exquisite he should so studiously waste so considerable a portion.

"Effendi," said the Turk, with a grave though gracious smile, "to friends we give only the sunny side."

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

THE PARTING.

BY MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN.

THEY parted—not as lovers part—
With tearful eyes, and throbbing heart;
With passionate words, that seem too weak
To utter half the soul would speak:

Something 'twixt anger and disdain,
A grief too haughty to complain—
Mingled in looks all sad and chill,
With words more sad and chilling still.

And pride was on her lip and brow,
And on her cheek a fever glow;
And conscious right that doth impart
Too stern a feeling to the heart.

All these forbade the words that might
Have changed his anguish to delight;—
For words of truth, in accents sweet,
Would yet have brought him to her feet.

But no—she knew not of a love
That mere suspicion thus could move;
'Twas not for her to bind the chain
That he had riven thus in twain.

Poor, simple girl—perchance she deemed
Man's blighted love like hers then seemed;
That he would turn, and sue, and kneel,
For what her lips might still reveal.

She knew not that man's spirits rise
Superior to such destinies;
Some flowers from off his path it shakes—
'Tis woman's heart alone that breaks!

From the Retrospective Review.

A VOYAGE TO THE MOON.

The Discovery of a New World; or, a Discourse tending to prove, that 'tis probable there may be another habitable World in the Moon. With a Discourse concerning the possibility of a Passage thither. By Dr. John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester. Written in the year 1638.

THE learned and right reverend person whose memory is responsible for this work, appears to have been a man of profound and exact erudition, of vigorous intellect, and of great personal virtue. According to all the biographical dictionaries, he obtained the high respect of the literary generation among whom he lived, and the various works which are attributed to him, will enable posterity to understand how fully he was entitled to it. We think it right to say this of Bishop Wilkins, at the very outset of our remarks upon his book; because, unless we thus expressly acknowledge his general claim as an author to approbation, the tone of our observations upon that small portion of his works, to which we shall confine ourselves, might possibly create a belief, that we were either deceived as to the Bishop's true character, or, at any rate, that we were inclined to deceive others. For we are afraid that we shall have occasion to laugh a little, in the course of this article, at some of the speculations in which the worthy prelate indulged himself; and it is but fair, therefore, to say, that in one very small part of this very small treatise, he is as rational a writer as any man who ventured upon subjects of natural philosophy before the age of Newton.

Having thus made our peace with the admirers of Bishop Wilkins, we proceed to state, that certain persons in the Bishop's own day, and many before it, had broached sundry astronomical doctrines, which the learned prelate thought it not amiss to explode. He, therefore, put forth a tractate, the title of which we have given, wherein he very triumphantly exposes some of the more vulgar errors into which the smatterers in natural philosophy had fallen; and urges, with very considerable ingenuity, several *a priori* reasons for believing in some of the prominent doctrines which have since been established by Newton and his successors. But the good Bishop pursues his triumph too far; he drives his enemies back into the land of speculation, and unluckily gets lost in it himself. For having established, or, at least, talked sensibly enough upon thirteen preliminary propositions as to the nature of the moon, and her relations to the earth, he waxes bold, and ventures at once to enunciate his fourteenth proposition, thus:—"That it is possible for some of our posterity to find out a conveyance to this other world; and if there be inhabitants there, (which, by-the-bye, is settled in proposition thirteen,) to have commerce with them." How he supports this notion, we intend briefly to show.

Before, however, we proceed to the execution of this task, we cannot but express our astonishment, that, in this our day of speculation, no projector should have attempted to do that of which Bishop Wilkins has here, in some sort, shown the possibility. The philosophers' stone is even now sought after; and some lives are at this day consumed in search of the *elixir vite*. The academy which Gulliver found

at Lagado, is still in existence; and though the projects which he describes have been, for the most part, supplanted by others, many of the new ones are not one whit less hardy and extravagant. It would be equally invidious and endless to adduce examples: no one, with the use of his eyes, can fail to perceive that the "*nil mortalibus arduum est*," is as applicable now as ever. And, therefore, we again marvel at the abandonment of this project of Bishop Wilkins, which, to say the plain truth, is, in comparison with some that we could name, "sense, absolute sense."

The Bishop sets out in his adventurous course with a very pretty piece of sophistry:

"If we do but consider by what steps and leisure all arts do usually rise to their growth, we shall have no cause to doubt why this also may not hereafter be found out amongst other secrets. It hath constantly yet been the method of Providence, not presently to show us all, but to lead us on by degrees, from the knowledge of one thing to another.

"It was a great while ere the planets were distinguished from the fixed stars; and some time after that ere the morning and evening stars were found to be the same. And in greater space (I doubt not) but this also, and other as excellent mysteries, will be discovered. Time, who hath always been the father of new truths, and hath revealed unto us many things, which our ancestors were ignorant of, will also manifest to our posterity that which we now desire, but cannot know. *Veniet tempus (saith Seneca) quo ista quæ nunc latent, in lucem dies extrahet, et longioris ævi diligentia.* Time will come, when the endeavours of after ages shall bring such things to light as now lie hid in obscurity. Arts are not yet come to their solstice, but the industry of future times, assisted with the labours of their forefathers, may reach that height which we could not attain to. *Veniet tempus quo posteritæ nostræ nos tam aperta necesse mirentur.* As we now wonder at the blindness of our ancestors, who were not able to discern such things as seem plain and obvious unto us; so will our posterity admire our ignorance in as perspicuous matters.

"In the first ages of the world, the islanders thought themselves either to be the only dwellers upon earth, or else, if there were any other, they could not possibly conceive how they might have any commerce with them, being severed by the deep and broad sea. But after times found out the invention of ships, in which, notwithstanding, none but some bold, daring men durst venture,

"And yet, now, how easy a thing is this even to a timorous and cowardly nature? And, questionless, the invention of some other means, for our conveyance to the moon, cannot seem more incredible to us, than this did at first to them; and therefore we have no just reason to be discouraged in our hopes of the like success."

Upon which ingenious reasoning we will only observe, that it might be used, with equal propriety, to show that we may hereafter mount up to the fixed stars themselves, or build houses at the South Pole, or live at the bottom of the ocean, or, in short, do any thing which our ancestors thought could not be done. The professors in Swift's academy, and that ingenious projector, who, in the reign of George I., actually broached a scheme for manufacturing deal boards out of saw-dust, reasoned, no doubt, after the fashion of this learned prelate.

In the following passage, however, he bethinks him of some few difficulties:

"Yea, but (you will say) there can be no sailing thither, unless that were true which the poets do but feign, that she made her bed in the sea. We have not now any Drake, or Columbus, to undertake this voyage, or any Dædalus to invent a conveyance through the air.

"I answer, though we have not, yet why may not succeeding times raise up some spirits as eminent for new attempts and strange inventions, as any that were before them? 'Tis the opinion of Kepler, that as soon as the art of flying is found out, some of their nation will make one of the first colonies, that shall transplant into that other world. I suppose, his appropriating this pre-eminence to his own countrymen, may arise from an overpartial affection to them. But yet thus far I agree with him, that whenever that art is invented, or any other, whereby a man may be conveyed some twenty miles high, or thereabouts, then 'tis not altogether improbable that some or other may be successful in this attempt.

"For the better clearing of which I shall first lay down, and then answer those doubts that may make it seem utterly impossible.

"These are chiefly three.

"The first taken from the natural heaviness of a man's body, whereby it is made unfit for the motion of ascent, together with the vast distance of that place from us.

"2. From the extreme coldness of the ethereal air.

"3. The extreme thinness of it.

"Both which must needs make it impassible, though it were but as many single miles thither, as it is thousands."

And then he comes to a query which, we do wonder, did not frighten him from any further prosecution of his scheme. For having shown that, even if men could fly, the swiftest of them would probably be half a year before he arrived at his journey's end, he asks the following very natural question.

"And how were it possible for any to tarry so long without diet or sleep?

"1. For diet. I suppose there could be no trusting to that fancy of Philo the Jew, (mentioned before,) who thinks that the music of the spheres should supply the strength of food.

"Nor can we well conceive how a man should be able to carry so much luggage with him, as might serve for his Viaticum in so tedious a journey.

"2. But if he could: yet he must have some time to rest and sleep in. And I believe he shall scarce find any lodgings by the way. No inns to entertain passengers, nor any castles in the air (unless they be enchanted ones) to receive poor pilgrims or errant knights. And so, consequently, he cannot have any possible hopes of reaching thither."

We have certainly no intention of following our author through the dull train of reasoning—or rather through that complicated web of conceits and hypotheses—by the aid of which he overcomes or eludes the three first of his difficulties. It is sufficient for us to say, that after soundly swinging Aristotle "for teaching that heaviness is an absolute quality of itself, and really distinct from condensity," and honouring with his approbation certain admirable but inapplicable doctrines of "the learned Verulam;" he comes to the following notable conclusion, wherein,

after writing more weary passages than we have patience to count, he does not seem to us to have made any great progress towards his promised demonstration.

"From hence then (I say) you may conceive, that if a man were beyond this sphere, he might there stand as firmly in the open air as now upon the earth. And if he might stand there, why might he not also go there? And if so, then there is a possibility likewise of having other conveniences for travelling." Quod erat demonstrandum.

But then recurs the grand difficulty: how is a man to carry with him provisions for half a year's journey? For as to sleeping by the way, to provide for which would have puzzled a less sanguine projector than the bishop, in that he finds nothing to stop him.

"Seeing we do not then spend ourselves in any labour, we shall not, it may be, need the refreshment of sleep. But if we do, we cannot desire a softer bed than the air, where we may repose ourselves firmly and safely as in our chambers."

But, still as to the *viaticum*!—how is that affair to be managed? The bishop obviously feels himself hard pressed here, and accordingly, after approaching the question two or three times, and as often running away from it, he puts a bold face on the matter, and, girding up his loins, attacks the difficulty thus. The manner in which he contrives to introduce a hit at the papists is capital.

"And here it is considerable, that since our bodies will then be devoid of gravity, and other impediments of motion, we shall not at all spend ourselves in any labour, and so consequently not much need the reparation of diet; but may, perhaps, live altogether without it, as those creatures have done, who by reason of their sleeping for many days together, have not spent any spirits, and so not wanted any food, which is commonly related of serpents, crocodiles, bears, cuckoos, swallows, and such like. To this purpose, Mendocæ reckons up divers strange relations. As that of Epimenides, who is storied to have slept seventy-five years. And another of a rustic in Germany, who being accidentally covered with a hay-rick, slept there for all the autumn, and the winter following, without any nourishment.

"Or, if this will not serve, yet why may not a papist fast so long, as well as Ignatius or Xaverius? Or if there be such a strange efficacy in the bread of the Eucharist, as their miraculous relations do attribute to it, why then, that may serve well enough for their *viaticum*."

"Or, if we must needs feed upon something else, why may not smells nourish us? Plutarch and Pliny, and divers other ancients, tell us of a nation in India that lived only upon pleasing odours. And 'tis the common opinion of physicians, that these do strangely both strengthen and repair the spirits. Hence was it, that Democritus was able, for divers days together, to feed himself with the mere smell of hot bread.

"Or if it be necessary that our stomachs must receive the food, why then it is not impossible that the purity of the ethereal air, being not mixed with any improper vapours, may be so agreeable to our bodies, as to yield us sufficient nourishment.

"I know it is the common opinion, that no element can prove aliment, because it is not proportionate to

the bodies of living creatures which are compounded. But,

"1.—This ethereal air, is not an element; and though it be purer, yet it is perhaps of a greater agreeableness to man's nature and constitution.

"2.—If we consult experience and the credible relations of others, we shall find it probable enough, that many things receive nourishment from mere elements.

"First, for the earth; Aristotle and Pliny, those two great naturalists, tell us of some creatures that are fed only with this. And it was the curse of the serpent, Gen. 3. 14. *Upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life.*

"So likewise for the water. Albertus Magnus speaks of a man who lived several weeks together by the mere drinking of water. Rondoletius (to whose diligence these latter times are much behold-ing for sundry observations concerning the nature of aquatils) affirms, that his wife did keep a fish in a glass of water without any other food, for three years, in which space it was constantly augmented, till at first it could not come out of the place at which it was put in, and at length was too big for the glass itself, though that were of a large capacity. Cardan tells us of some worms that are bred and nourished by the snow, from which being once separated they die.

"Thus also is it with the air, which we may well conceive does chiefly concur to the nourishing of all vegetables. For if their food were all sucked out from the earth, there must needs be then some sensible decay in the ground by them, especially since they do every year renew their leaves and fruits; which being so many, and so often, could not be produced without abundance of nourishment. To this purpose is the experiment of trees cut down, which will of themselves put forth sprouts. As also that of onions and the semper-vive, which will strangely shoot forth, and grow as if they hang in the open air. Thus likewise is it with some sensible creatures; the chameleon (saith Pliny and Solinus) is merely nourished by this; and so are the birds of paradise, treated of by many, which reside constantly in the air, nature having not bestowed upon them any legs, and therefore they are never seen upon the ground but being dead. If you ask how they multiply? 'Tis answered, they lay their eggs on the backs of one another, upon which they sit till their young ones be fledged. Rondoletius, from the history of Hermolaus Barbarus, tells us of a priest (of whom one of the popes had the custody) that lived forty years upon mere air. As also of a maid in France, and another in Germany, that for divers years together did feed on nothing but this: nay, he affirms, that he himself had seen one who lived till ten years of age without any other nourishment. You may find most of these, and some other examples to this purpose, gathered together by Mendocæ. *Viridar. lib. 4. prob. 23, 24.* Now, if this elementary air, which is mixed with such improper vapours, may accidentally nourish some persons, perhaps then, that pure ethereal air may of itself be more natural to our tempers.

"But if none of these conjectures may satisfy, yet there may happily be some possible means for the conveyance of other food, as shall be shewed afterwards."

This grand difficulty once mastered, the road to the

moon seems easy enough: at least, so thinks the bishop. Accordingly, he crows through half a dozen pages over the ingenious discovery thus made and explained, and it is not till he gets to the very end of his treatise that he stumbles upon another difficulty, which well nigh destroys the whole speculation. For, though he has provided in the notable way already described for overcoming the cold and rarity of the atmosphere, and for a full supply of sleep and food by the road, he has yet left one small element out of his calculation, without which this goodly scheme falls to pieces. For how, in the name of wonder, are we to be conveyed? Little would it boot a man bound for the East Indies to assure him, that he may get biscuits and fresh water at Madeira and the Cape, that he may sleep upon the passage as much as he likes, and to demonstrate to him with all possible clearness, that the human body may pass along the surface of the waters, unless you provided him with vessel, rudder, compass, and all the means of actual navigation. Some thought like this seems to have struck the bishop in the midst of his triumph, and to have brought him down from the clouds rather precipitately. *Nil desperandum*, however; so he takes heart, and after cudgelling his brains for a while, he actually presents us not with one conveyance only, but with a choice.

"If it be here inquired, what means there may be conjectured for our ascending beyond the sphere of the earth's magnetical vigour.

"I answer. 1. It is not perhaps impossible that a man may be able to fly, by the application of wings to his own body; as angels are pictured, as Mercury and Dædalus are feigned, as hath been attempted by divers, particularly by a Turk in Constantinople, as Busbequius relates.

"2. If there be such a great ruck in Madagascar, as Marcus Polus, the Venetian, mentions, the feathers in whose wings are twelve feet long, which can scoop up a horse and his rider, or an elephant, as our kites do a mouse; why then it is but teaching one of these to carry a man, and he may ride up thither, as Gany-mede does upon an eagle.

"Or if neither of these ways will serve, yet I do seriously, and upon good grounds, affirm it possible to make a flying chariot, in which a man may sit, and give such a motion unto it, as shall convey him through the air. And this perhaps might be made large enough to carry divers men at the same time, together with food for their *viaticum*, and commodities for traffic. It is not the bigness of any thing in this kind, that can hinder its motion, if the motive faculty be answerable thereunto. We see a great ship swims as well as a small cork, and an eagle flies in the air as well as a little gnat.

"This engine may be contrived from the same principles by which Archytas made a wooden dove, and Regiomontanus a wooden eagle.

"I conceive it were no difficult matter (if a man had leisure to shew more particularly the means of composing it."

To which commodious and available vehicles, we marvel, that the bishop did not think of adding the Beetle, on which Trygaeus, in *The Peace*, of Aristophanes, performs a similar journey.

Such, then, is one of the serious speculations in which a learned prelate in the days of Charles II. was wont to busy himself. We have thought it right,

in these times of ingenuity and research, once more to direct the attention to such projectors as may have less of common sense than of leisure and money, to a scheme which a hundred and fifty years ago seemed very promising, but which has latterly fallen into unmerited oblivion. We beg it may be observed, that our duty is now discharged; and that if a passage to the moon is not speedily discovered by some aerial Parry, no blame can, in common justice, be attached either to Bishop Wilkins or to *The Retrospective Review*.

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

THE DREAM OF PETRARCHA.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

WHEN I WAS younger, I was fond of wandering in solitary places, and never was afraid of slumbering in woods and grottoes. Among the chief pleasures of my life, and among the commonest of my occupations, was the bringing before me such heroes and heroines of antiquity, such poets and sages, such of the prosperous and of the unfortunate, as most interested me by their courage, their wisdom, their eloquence, or their adventures. Engaging them in the conversation best suited to their characters, I knew perfectly their manners, their steps, their voices; and often did I moisten with my tears the models I had been forming of the less happy. Great is the privilege of entering into the studies of the intellectual; great is that of conversing with the guides of nations, the movers of the mass, the regulators of the unruly will, stiff in its impurity, and rash against the finger of the Almighty Power that formed it; but give me rather the creature to sympathise with; apportion me the sufferings to assuage. Allegory had few attractions for me; believing it to be the delight, in general, of idle, frivolous, inexcursive minds, in whose mansions there is neither hall nor portal to receive the loftier of the Passions. A stranger to the affections, she holds a low station among the hand-maidens of poetry, being fit for little but an apparition in a mask. I had reflected for some time on this subject, when, wearied with the length of my walk over the mountains, and finding a soft old mole-hill covered with gray grass by the way-side, I laid my head upon it, and slept. I cannot tell how long it was before a species of dream, or vision, came over me.

Two beautiful youths appeared beside me; each was winged; but the wings were hanging down, and seemed ill adapted to flight. One of them, whose voice was the softest I ever heard, looking at me frequently, said to the other, "He is under my guardianship for the present: do not awaken him with that feather." Methought, on hearing the whisper, I saw something like the feather of an arrow, and then the arrow itself, the whole of it, even to the point; although he carried it in such a manner that it was difficult at first to discover more than a palm's length of it; the rest of the shaft (and the whole of the barb) was behind his ancles.

"This feather never awakens any one," replied he, rather petulantly; "but it brings more of confident security, and more of cherished dreams, than you, without me, are capable of imparting."

"Be it so!" answered the gentler; "none is less inclined to quarrel or dispute than I am. Many whom you have wounded grievously, call upon me for succour; but so little am I disposed to thwart you, it is seldom that I venture to do more for them than to whisper a few words of comfort in passing. How many reproaches, on these occasions, have been cast upon me for indifference and infidelity! Nearly as many, and nearly in the same terms, as upon you."

"Odd enough, that we, O Sleep! should be thought so alike!" said Love, contemptuously. "Yonder is he who bears a nearer resemblance to you: the dullest have observed it."

I fancied I turned my eyes to where he was pointing, and saw at a distance the figure he designated. Meanwhile the contention went on uninterruptedly. Sleep was slow in asserting his power or his benefits. Love recapitulated them; but only that he might assert his own above them. Suddenly he called on me to decide, and to choose my patron. Under the influence, first of the one, then of the other, I sprang from repose to rapture. I alighted from rapture on repose, and knew not which was sweetest. Love was very angry with me, and declared he would cross me throughout the whole of my existence. Whatever I might, on other occasions, have thought of his veracity, I now felt too surely the conviction that he would keep his word. At last before the close of the altercation, the third Genius had advanced, and stood near us. I cannot tell how I knew him, but I knew him to be the genius of Death. Breathless as I was at beholding him, I soon became familiar with his features. First they seemed only calm; presently they grew contemplative; and lastly, beautiful: those of the Graces themselves are less regular, less harmonious, less composed. Love glanced at him unsteadily, with a countenance in which there was somewhat of anxiety, somewhat of disdain; and cried, "Go away! go away! Nothing that thou touchest, lives."

"Say rather, child," replied the advancing form; and, advancing, grew loftier and statelier; "say rather, that nothing of beautiful, or of glorious, lives its own true life, until my wing hath passed over it."

Love pouted; and rumbled, and bent down with his forefinger the stiff short feathers on his arrow-head; but replied not. Although he frowned worse than ever, and at me, I dreaded him less and less, and scarcely looked toward him. The milder and calmer Genius, the third, in proportion as I took courage to contemplate him, regarded me with more and more complacency. He held neither flower nor arrow, as the others did; but, throwing back the clusters of dark curls that overshadowed his countenance, he presented to me his hand, openly and benignly. I shrank on looking on him so near; and yet I sighed to love him. He smiled, not without an expression of pity, at perceiving my diffidence—my timidity: for I remembered how soft was the hand of Sleep, how warm and entrancing was Love's. By degrees, I grew ashamed of my ingratitude; and, turning my face away, I held out my arms, and felt my neck with his. Composure allayed all the throbbings of my bosom; the coolness of freshest morning breathed around; the heavens seemed to open above me; while the beautiful cheek of my deliverer rested on my head. I would now have looked for those others:

but, knowing my intention by my gesture, he said consolatorily—

"Sleep is on his way to the earth, where many are calling him; but it is not to them he hastens; for every call only makes him fly further off. Sedately and gravely as he looks, he is nearly as capricious and volatile as the more arrogant and ferocious one."

"And Love," said I, "whither is he departed? If not too late, I would propitiate and appease him."

"He who cannot follow me, he who cannot overtake and pass me," said the Genius, "is unworthy of the name—the most glorious in earth or heaven. Look up! Love is yonder; and ready to receive thee."

I looked: the earth was under me: I saw only the clear blue sky, and something brighter above it.

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

THE CONCERT.

BY MISS WORTHINGTON.

DID it ever occur to our readers, as they sat in a concert-room, that the warbling beings in the orchestra were genuine fellow-creatures? that those plumed and jewelled heads might ache, those eyes flow with tears, those white-gloved hands be wrung with anguish? We think not: contented to gaze and to listen, we vaguely imagine the dark-eyed signora, the ringleted English girl, live only to sing; that they dwell for ever in a sort of mysterious musical existence—*vox, et præterea nihil*. The contrary is, however, sometimes forced on the spectator's senses.

Clara Fielding was born with the finest musical capabilities. Her mother died almost in Clara's infancy, and the child was educated by her remaining parent, amidst poverty and difficulties of various kinds. Himself a public singer, though not of celebrity, his life had been one long struggle with penury; whilst the mortifications to which a second-rate public performer is inevitably and constantly subjected had soured his temper, and rendered him but a harsh preceptor. He had a son, three years older than Clara, who was brought forward as one of those "wonderful children," who are so frequently offered up to the parental Moloch. The diminutive spectres of the past will sweep before my readers—perhaps the victims they have seen, applauded, and involuntarily aided to destroy—George Aspull, the infant Lyra, and a crowd more, whose innocent voices cry from their untimely graves.

Alfred Fielding, however, was indeed a boy of astonishing musical abilities; at seven years old he had his concerts, where crowded hundreds listened in amazement to his instrumental performance, and hung with delight on the melodious sounds that issued from his infant mouth. Sometimes the attenuated form and palid cheek were remarked to the father, who instantly replied by an assurance that he was in perfect health, and "never so happy as when playing." This last assertion was in a great measure correct. Besides a natural passion for music, vanity and premature ambition had been instilled into his little heart, and there was no degree of application to which

he would not have submitted, rather than be surpassed.

At five years old, Clara made her first appearance before the public; rather to inure her early to their gaze, than from any display of which she was then capable. She was a beautiful, clever, but very volatile child, and it required great occasional severity to oblige her to a sufficient diligence for her father's future plans.

Four years Fielding continued to reap a golden and abundant harvest. He went on the Continent with his children, and Alfred was admired and caressed by the potentates of Europe: he returned to his native country to be still more celebrated; and, after appearing for the fourth season before a London audience, who did observe (for people have hearts) that he looked paler and thinner than ever,—that "his voice was certainly going,"—and that they never saw a boy with such large eyes,"—it was answered, that Alfred Fielding had a cold; and he was taken down to Hastings, where, in six weeks, he was laid in his silent grave, and the sea-mew dips her white wing over it.

Clara was now alone. It has been said and sung, that the tears of childhood are forgotten as soon as shed; but such is not always the case: the brother and sister had loved each other with uncommon affection; and it might truly be said, that in Alfred's grave Clara's vivacity was buried: she was never reproached for it again. By that skill in self-delusion which every mortal possesses so exquisitely, Fielding easily persuaded himself that a cold caught at his last concert, or a damp bed at an inn, or a variety of purely accidental causes, had occasioned the boy's death; and turned, with redoubled ardour, to cultivate his little daughter's talents. As an instrumental performer, she seemed never likely to equal her brother; but her voice promised to be of most surpassing beauty, and by the earnest advice of his professional friends, he refrained from any public exhibition of it during her childhood.

Over those years we will pass: they were marked by none of the enjoyments peculiar to that season of existence. Alfred's death had reconsigned the family to poverty; for Fielding, with the usual carelessness of his caste, had saved but little; so that poor Clara's time was divided between the laborious pursuit of her future profession and the severest household drudgery. Yet, authoritative and exacting as her father was, she loved him most affectionately; for hers was a heart overflowing with tenderness, and, except an Italian grayhound, that a foreign prince had given her brother, Clara had nothing else on earth to love. At length she approached womanhood, and, in spite of toil and privation, grew up tall and handsome, if not blooming; her hair and eyes were so dark, and her general turn of features so Italian, that at one time her father meditated bringing her out as a native of that country. But an idea that still greater interest would attach to her as the sister of the celebrated Alfred Fielding, occasioned this plan to be finally relinquished.

Clara was not quite sixteen when she made her debut. It was a most brilliant one: constant and judicious cultivation from her infancy had given every possible perfection to a splendid voice, of unusual power, of almost unrivalled compass, of unearthly sweetness. She also possessed all the sensibility in-

dispensable for a truly great singer—a sensibility that, having little else on which to expend its power, exhaled itself in music with irresistible charm and pathos. Although naturally timid and retiring, early habit had so familiarised her to the public gaze, that her self-possession was almost that of a veteran; her elegant figure and handsome face had, doubtless, their share in producing the rapturous reception with which the young aspirant was almost overwhelmed. The exulting father anticipated golden days once more; and felt tempted to fall at her feet and worship her.

From this moment began that dazzling, that intoxicating career, which has been run so often, and which has sometimes terminated in a night as sudden, as profound, as the early burst of morning was splendid and astonishing. Public and private concerts; musical festivals at York, at Birmingham, at Manchester; private exhibitions for the especial behoof of royalty; suppers at the Duke of *this*, and breakfasts at the Marchioness of *that*; visits, and invitations, and fetes, and verses, and gold bracelets clasped with emeralds, and bouquets of flowers, and baskets of fruit, crowded on each other, leaving Clara scarcely time to breathe. Hardly more complete is the change experienced by the poor little unsightly worm, that, after a two years' residence in the mud, one summer's morn climbs a stem of grass by its native water, and then becomes, it knows not how, a splendid insect, glittering like a jewel, and pursued, as it floats through the air by the coveting eye of admiration.

Without a mother, or any other female protector, the youthful Clara was beset by dangers, to which she had no advantages of education or example to oppose. Fielding was not exactly a bad man, but he had no guiding principles, save interest and self-indulgence; nor had he ever attempted to warn his inexperienced child of the precipices she must approach. But there are some soils so excellent, that although no careful hand has ever sought to cultivate them, scatter but a few grains of good seed, and they will produce a luxuriant harvest. There are also *hearts* thus constituted—and such a heart was Clara's. In addition to this inestimable possession, notwithstanding her natural and inevitable enjoyment of her own fame, there would, at times, come over her inmost soul, amidst the glare and the glitter, the mighty rush of the orchestra behind her, the waving sea of uplifted faces, the ringing of plaudits in front, or even whilst the titled steward was handing her up to the orchestra as if she were a queen, a feeling that her position and her triumph were unreal, hollow, and evanescent. Perhaps this humility and sense of insecurity had been acquired, when, as a little child, at Hastings, she pillowed her dying brother's head on her bosom, and heard him faintly whisper, "Clara, it was that last concert that killed me."

This triumphant career had continued for a year, and Fielding, grown wiser, carefully amassed their earnings, and lived economically. During this period, incessant labour in her profession, combined with late hours and all the vicissitudes of a public singer's life, had materially impaired Clara's health, whilst cares of a different nature oppressed her mind. A nobleman, whose years might have enabled him to be her grandfather, pursued and annoyed her by attentions, by presents, by a thousand polite arts of persecution. For a considerable period she abstained from her usual reserve with him, because she was perfect-

ly ignorant of views, which in a younger man she might have suspected; and when she became aware of their nature, she knew not how to shelter herself from his assiduities. Her father was no protection to her; the ladies of rank, who invited her to their houses, never dreamed of extending to Clara the shield they held over the young females of their own class. "She, you know, is a singer," was enough to make such neglect intelligible. But there was one person in the world, who always could, and always did, afford her succour.

Aldovini, the first tenor of the day, frequently sang with Clara: he was as celebrated as herself, and had enjoyed his fame much longer. It was a condescension to sing with any but a countrywoman, and Clara felt flattered by the distinction. They practised and they rehearsed together, and an intimacy naturally grew up between them; she formed her taste by his opinion, and it was amazing how her expression increased when she sang with Aldovini. On his part, he appeared sometimes entirely to forget that he had any other auditor; for, *il primo tenore* had a profound contempt for every thing English, from its climate to its music—Clara Fielding, perhaps, being the sole exception. Respecting the duke, Aldovini had no greater pleasure than exhibiting to his grace the sense of his own superiority, and shielding her completely from his attentions. He could always pretend, as a foreigner, not to understand what the duke said, and his grace felt that he could not conveniently quarrel with such a person; so that there were few objects in creation more hateful to him than Aldovini's falcon eye, raven whisker, and aquiline nose, relieved by the fair pale forehead of Clara.

The poor girl herself, thus thrown on his protection, and ardently grateful for the readiness and address with which it was always afforded, speedily learned to look up to him, to trust him, to obey him—to love him. A sort of sentimental, Platonic connexion, was gradually established between them. A mere amusement to the Italian; to Clara the only real source of happiness she possessed upon earth. This attachment, such as it was, was never interfered with nor commented on by her father, beyond a satirical smile, with which he sometimes looked at them.

Under these auspices, Clara's second London season commenced; her health was impaired, but her father was not a man to consent to any relaxation in her efforts, and of late her spirits had risen, and supplied any lack of strength. Early in the year her fresh career began: "Miss Fielding's first morning concert" was duly announced and advertised; all the difficulties, and heart-burnings, and quarrellings ensued, that invariably precede the public production of harmony, vocal or instrumental. But, at length, every thing was satisfactorily arranged; the prima donna of the day, at Aldovini's earnest request, consented to sing once "for the chalk-faced child;" whilst he acceded to all Fielding wished, except permitting Clara to sing a duet with any body but himself: on that one point he was inexorable.

The very night before the concert, when Clara, exhausted by the fatigues of the day—the coaxings, and the practising, and the signing the tickets—was resting herself in a little sitting-room called her own, her father came hastily in, with a bewildered air of consternation, and an open letter in his hand. Its contents were speedily communicated. A professional

friend of Fielding had induced him to vest the large profits of the preceding year in a theatrical speculation in which he had engaged. This man had become a bankrupt, and fled; and Fielding was, in all probability, liable to a share of his responsibility. Mere poverty was not greatly dreaded by either Fielding or Clara; they were familiarised to it; and, moreover, they both felt that she had the power of commanding affluence: but this personal liability was something vague and terrible. Not a word of reproach passed Clara's lips, although she had combated this manner of appropriating her earnings with as much firmness as she had ever ventured to exhibit, in opposition to her father; but she was overwhelmed, like himself, by the idea of what exasperated creditors might attempt. After a short pause, Fielding, who was traversing the room with hasty steps, approached his daughter, and said, in a low hoarse voice, "You can save me, Clara; and you must."

"Me! I!" she cried, in surprise and half-awakened joy, while she sprang from her seat. "Can I? tell me how!"

"Yes, you can; I have sometimes thought of speaking to you about it before, but I was unwilling; and, besides, you were so young, and—and so —. But now it must be done. The duke, Clara, has often offered me almost any sum I required, to use my influence over you to treat him more graciously; and I really feel it a duty now, both to you and myself, to accept his proposals. Therefore —. Don't look at me in that way, Clara, and shudder, as if it was something monstrous and unheard of. Let me tell you, such offers have been made me more than once: and I believe that I have been a fool to refuse them. Only that I certainly was proud of your being so correct; and had you continued as particular, with regard to all others, you should never have heard a word on this subject from me, come what might. But after this silly connexion with that fellow Aldovini, I don't see why I am to be more scrupulous than other people."

"Father!" shrieked Clara, who had hitherto stood entranced in horror, "you are not in earnest! you cannot mean what you say! Aldovini! there is nothing, I swear to you, father, wrong between us. Oh! how can you think so ill of your child!"

"Clara, Clara! don't, when I am half distracted, drive me quite mad! It may be very well to talk in this way with your fine ladies, though they aren't a bit nicer than you, perhaps, after all; but to me! No, no; you may fancy, foolish child, that you are very cunning! but you cannot deceive me. What! make me believe that Aldovini, who can live with the noblest in the land, and has them all at his beck, comes and sups with you on bread and butter, and radishes, only to sing duets! Clara, I think it my duty not to allow you to throw yourself away; and, therefore, I shall tell the duke."

"Father," reiterated Clara, "you will kill me if you talk in this way."

These words, and the voice of agony in which they were uttered, arrested Fielding's attention; and perceiving, from her ghastly countenance, that he must try different methods, he softened his tone, soothed or rather endeavoured to soothe her, and began a gentle enumeration of the duke's many claims on her attention.

"Be merely civil; but at present you are really

quite rude to him. And then there is Dr. Grimsworth always saying you sing too much; and all that."

Clara had sunk on a seat; she arose, and in a faint hollow tone said, "Let me go now, father. I cannot talk to-night any more. To-morrow—" and seemingly unable to utter another word she quitted the room.

Fielding immediately proceeded to some persons connected with his treacherous friend, and endeavoured to enter into an arrangement with them as to his affairs. A representation respecting the concert, procured him a promise of personal immunity for the following day; and Fielding returned home, resolved, in the course of it, to conclude such a treaty with the duke, as should relieve him effectually from his present horrid anticipations. Long habituated to live by expedients, he revolved many schemes in his mind for his extrication. One was to fly with Clara to the Continent the moment the concert was over, and thus avoid forcing her to a step for which she evinced so violent a repugnance. In justice to Fielding it must be said, that not without a severe struggle, not till a prison stared him in the face, had he resolved on sacrificing his daughter. How far he really was influenced by her supposed weakness with Aldovini, in yielding to the duke's proposals, cannot be said; at least it formed part of the union he laid to his soul, on the occasion. While Fielding was thus occupied, Clara sat on the floor in her own chamber in a state of mind difficult to be described. A blow had been struck to her very heart, and a sense of utter hopelessness, of being a lonely, wretched, enslaved creature, bowed to the earth by immeasurable calamity, long filled her soul, depriving her of all energy, all power even of thought. The pecuniary embarrassment was forgotten—one sole image stood before her—her father! One only sound rang in her ear—those words, never to be forgotten—those unutterably hideous words! Clara had dearly loved that sole parent; she had even respected him; and now the overwhelming sense of his loathsome baseness was paramount to every other. Hours passed unheeded, during which she shed no tears, but sat motionless as a statue, gazing on vacancy. At length she partially recovered the first stunning shock, and began to think. She had only one friend on earth to consult in her extremity; and to that one she knew the most insupportable part of her grief would occasion no surprise. Aldovini had more than once uttered mysterious expressions, which Clara now understood but too well. A single ray of hope, too, gleamed faintly on her benighted soul: it was possible that there was even happiness in store for her; but she ventured not to dwell on this vision. Towards morning, exhausted nature sank into a brief oblivion.

She awoke somewhat refreshed, and comparatively calm. She had been visited with strange but soothing dreams. Her brother's form had hovered before her, clad in long glittering garments; and, smiling on her, said, "Fear nothing, Clara, you shall be happy to-morrow."

The following morning, the actual business of the concert pressed on both father and daughter so engrossingly, that they had no time for conversation. Clara, accustomed from infancy to share in such labours, moved mechanically through her duties; only an occasional convulsive shudder, and the wandering of her eye, betraying the perturbation and anguish within. All the machinery being in order, her toilet

completed, a *souçon* of rouge on her wan cheek, the transparent bonnet tied loosely under her chin, even the *bouquet* and pocket-handkerchief ready, she repaired to the apartments adjoining the concert-room, and gazed around in speechless impatience for Aldovini. The night before, he had been engaged to sing at a *fête* given by a lady of rank, and, perchance, the marquess' claret was unusually tempting. Be that as it might, the overture was actually over before he appeared; and the vocal part of the concert was to open with a duet between Clara and himself. When she saw him, when she heard his voice, a sudden sense of peace and security came over her; her eyes lit up, and her "O Aldovini! how late you are!" was uttered with something like a smile. In another moment she was facing a brilliant audience, and tumults of applause were echoing round her.

She had frequently sung the appointed duet with Aldovini; it was one which the public were never weary of listening to from their voices; and as those ravishing tones floated round the room, rising and falling—now singly in melodious stream—now blending in one mingling gush of harmony—all listened in breathless, entranced delight, nor dreamed of the throbbing anguish beneath the veiled bosom of the siren. As Aldovini led her away, she entreated him, in an eager whisper, to speak to her alone; they entered a small apartment adjoining the one where refreshments were placed; and in a few nearly inarticulate, broken words, she communicated the events of the preceding evening.

"Advise me—for I am almost out of my mind—How can I escape? How can I avoid this terrible—Oh, Aldovini! you are so much more experienced than I am! Advise me, for pity's sake!"

"More experienced, indeed," replied Aldovini, with a smile and a sigh; "I thought something was the matter. Stay—let me think; and don't tremble *poverina*: but, sit down—remember the *cavatina* is still to be sung."

She sank on a chair. After manifest disturbance, and even embarrassment, he approached, and taking her cold hand, said, "You have only one refuge, Clara, if you will accept it. *Here!*" and he struck his breast. "Come with me, *Chiarina mia*; it will be better than being sold to that old *scelerato*. Come to Italy with me, *cara fanciulla*. My engagement is broken with those opera fools; and within a week I will be ready. I hate the country, and shall rejoice to quit it. I have lost two notes since I came. You, meanwhile—"

"But my father," interrupted Clara; "he would never consent."

"Consent!—to what? Consent to what, Clara?"

"To—such a thing; he has so great a horror of my marrying a foreigner."

At these words, Aldovini suddenly withdrew the arm he had thrown round Clara; and, drawing back, looked earnestly upon her. The whole expression of his countenance changed; his eyelids dropped; a softened smile quivered for a moment on his lip. Then he said, in a tone of great feeling, "And is it indeed so? is it possible?" Still he remained gazing fixedly upon her; while she stood in breathless surprise and anxiety. A struggle was visible on his countenance; a second change succeeded; and then,

as if resolved, he returned to her side, retook her passive hand, and said:

"I might deceive you, but I will not, Clara. *Un sol bacio*; perhaps it is the first and the last you will ever give me, for, *cara mia*, though it appears you have never heard the fact—I am married. *Cara mia*," he repeated in alarm, as she sprang back with a faint, suppressed cry, and sank on her seat.

There was a pause; Clara uttered not a word; and, after a moment, Aldovini continued:

"I am nearly twenty years older than you, Clara, and have been married these dozen years. My wife is a beauty; and has the voice of an angel. She likes the Prince of Hesse-Brennenberg better than poor Giulio Aldovini the singer; and you—you—dear and innocent child, are, I fear—"

At this moment, several eager voices called on her for her attendance in the orchestra.

"Clara forgive me!" whispered Aldovini, as he raised her from her seat. Still silent, a convulsive shudder was her only reply. Her father appeared, calling her hastily and sternly. She stepped quickly forward and followed him.

The noonday sun shone full on Clara as she appeared in the orchestra; her numerous admirers looked at her and were struck by her bewildered air. The *cavatina* was put into her hand, and the symphony began. It terminated with a single trumpet note, and the thunder roll of the kettle drums. At that instant she started, and gazed wildly around. One soft sound from a flute, and Clara's lips parted for the first note of the recitative. A shriek—a single piercing shriek issued from them; and she fell forward in the orchestra. The utmost confusion instantly prevailed; a strange discordant sound, produced by the ready bows of the various instruments, slipping hurriedly down the strings, mingled with the surrounding voices. The unhappy girl was carried off, and some minutes elapsed; several of the audience inquired at the entrance to the private apartments, and strange rumours began to circulate. At length, it was currently reported in the concert-room that Miss Fielding was dead.

"Dead! you don't mean to say that she died in the orchestra!" exclaimed a lady of very high rank, in an indignant tone.

"I rather think she did."

"Oh! then it is quite time to give up concerts, if the singers are to be so devoid of decency as actually to die before one's very face!" said the same lady.

Rumour, for once, spoke truly. Clara had, indeed, expired as she fell; although the fact was not ascertained for some time afterwards.

Aldovini, as he rushed past every one else, and lifted her from the ground, was the first who even imagined this terrible event; but he recalled her look when that fatal word passed his lips—her total silence afterwards; and now he gazed on her livid countenance, and *felt* all was indeed over.

"Back, old man!" he exclaimed to the duke. "Back, fiend!" he repeated to her father, as, all his Italian passions roused to frenzy, he struck him away.

Then, clasping her in his arms, he continued in a broken voice, "She is at rest! you cannot harm her now! Clara, Clara, pray for me in your bright abode, and forgive me!"